FIRST REGIMENT

CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD

YORKTOWN–CHARLESTON

1881

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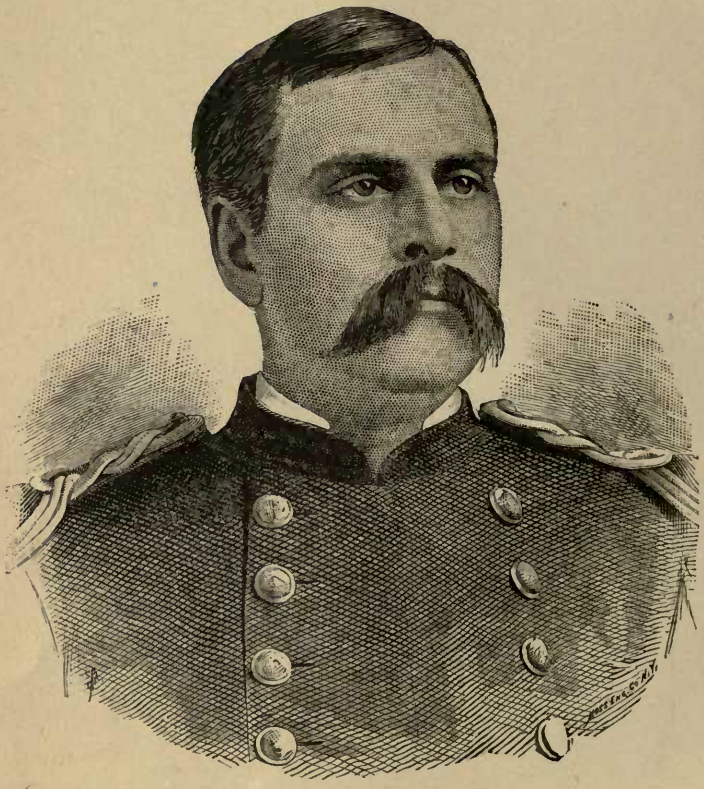

COL. LUCIUS A. BARBOUR,

FIRST REGIMENT CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD.

TRIP

OF THE

FIRST REGIMENT C. N. G.,

TO

YORKTOWN, VA., AND CHARLESTON, S. C.,

OCTOBER 17–28, 1881.

BY JULIUS G. RATHBUN,

BREVET BRIGADE-CORPORAL, AND HISTORIAN FIRST REGIMENT.

HARTFORD, CONN.:
PRESS OF THE CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD COMPANY.
1882.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Historian of the First Regiment enters upon his duties with greater reluctance than upon almost any other act of his life, unless possibly when he had the measles.

The trip of this celebrated body of troops, accompanied by the 2d Co. G. F. G. and so many prominent officials and guests, was, to use a common expression, "simply immense," affording much pleasure to us all, and, without doubt, resulting in much general good to the whole country. The Historian feels that his feeble pen cannot do justice to the occasion.

Perhaps the pen of a Motley might convey some idea of the motley gathering at Yorktown; or maybe that of Macauley would macauley difference in the world in the relation of the story of our grand reception at Charleston; or possibly Irving could better portray the beauty of Washington.

But, it having devolved upon the writer to tell the tale, he will act according to the last fond injunction of the help-him-eat, who remained at home, which was, "Do right"; the Colonel said, "Do write"; the officers said, "Write about something!" Therefore, I right about face—and write.

J. G. R.

In looking over this narrative before subjecting it to the tender mercies of the printer, I find that the first, second, and third persons have been used very loosely. Will the reader please excuse all short-comings; for it has been written "by jerks," for want of spare time to devote to the work.

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THE ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATION.

The movement to secure a National celebration of the Centennial of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the erection of a monument commemorative of the event, was inaugurated by M. Glennan, Esq., of Norfolk, Va., editor of the "Norfolk Virginian."

He first proposed the subject in 1875, again in 1876, and in 1878 opened correspondence on the subject; but failing to awaken the interest desired, he publicly advocated, in his paper of July 9, 1879, a preliminary celebration of the ninety-eighth anniversary of the surrender.

The "Hampton Monitor" of July 12th seconded the proposition, followed by the "Philadelphia Record" of July 18th; afterwards the press in general responded.

September 3d, a mass meeting was held in the old town by the citizens of Yorktown and neighboring towns, at which arrangements were made for a preliminary celebration, and resolutions were adopted, recommending "That delegates from all the States be appointed, to meet in Philadelphia, to consider the subject," respectfully requesting the Secretary of the Navy "to order the fleet, about to assemble in Hampton Roads for the purpose of a naval review, to be present in York River, in front of Yorktown, on the occasion of the preliminary celebration," and requesting the Secretary of War "to authorize General Getty, commanding at Fortress Monroe, to participate, with the troops under his command, in the military observance of the same."

These resolutions led to the meeting of the governors of the original thirteen States at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Oct. 18, 1879, at which meeting the proposition of Mr. Glennan (who was present) was heartily endorsed, and the

recommendation of the appointment, by the Governors of all the States, of commissioners, was adopted, Gov. Holliday of Virginia at once appointing Mr. Glennan to represent Virginia, in appreciation of his services. (A reception was given at Carpenter's Hall previous to the meeting at Independence Hall.)

The preliminary celebration, which was quite an imposing affair, took place at Yorktown on Thursday, Oct. 23, 1879. Fully ten thousand persons from all parts of the country participated. The military and naval display was very fine. The meeting was called to order by Dr. R. H. Powers, the President of the Yorktown (local) Centennial Association. Gov. Holliday presided, and delivered a patriotic address. Orations were delivered by Gen. William B. Taliaferro, of Gloucester County, Capt. James Barron Hope, of Norfolk, Hon. John Goode, Member of Congress from Virginia, Col. Sol. Lincoln, of Massachusetts, Gen. James W. Latta, of Pennsylvania, Col. J. N. Staples, of North Carolina, Prof. Eli Chandler, representing the French Republic, Maj. W. A. Beamish, representing England, and Col. J. E. Peyton, of Haddonfield, New Jersey, who had been from the first quite active in the matter.

Resolutions were adopted, but only one need be given here:

Resolved, third, That we call upon the Congress of the United States to give practical effect to the resolution offered by Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, on the 29th of October, 1781, and passed by the Continental Congress, viz.:

"*Resolved*, That the United States, in Congress assembled, will cause to be erected at Yorktown, in Virginia, a marble column, adorned with emblems of the alliance between the United States and His Most High Christian Majesty, and inscribed with a succinct narrative of the Surrender of Earl Cornwallis to His Excellency General Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the combined forces of America and France, and to His Excellency, Count de Rochambeau, commander of the military troops of His Most Christian Majesty in America, and His Excellency the Count de

Grasse, commanding-in-chief the Naval Army of France in the Chesapeake."

The Hon. John Goode presented the matter soon after the opening of Congress, and prompt action was taken, a committee composed of a Senator and member from each of the colonial States appointed, those from Connecticut being Hon. Wm. W. Eaton, U. S. Senator, and Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, Member of Congress.

The committee organized with Senator John W. Johnston of Virginia as Chairman; an appropriation of $100,000 was made for the erection of the monument, and $20,000 to aid in the celebration, afterward increased by $20,000.

The President of the French Republic, and the representatives of the families of La Fayette, Rochambeau, De Grasse, and Steuben were invited to be present. A site on which to erect the monument was selected, and a programme mapped out.

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, was selected as the orator, Capt. James Barron Hope, of Norfolk, the poet, and Paul H. Hayne, of South Carolina, was selected to prepare the ode. Col. Henry C. Corbin, Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Army, was appointed Master of Ceremonies, Maj.-Gen. W. S. Hancock, U. S. Army, appointed Commander of the Forces, and Rear-Admiral R. H. Wyman, U. S. Navy, Commander of the Fleet.

The Governors of the thirty-six States appointed each a Commissioner from his State, the Commissioner from Connecticut being Gen. William H. Bulkeley.

THE MONUMENT.

The Secretary of War, in letters dated July 22, 1880, appointed a commission of artists, consisting of R. M. Hunt of New York, J. Q. A. Ward of New York, and Henry Van Brunt of Boston, to submit a design and model, which was accepted.

It consists of, 1, the "Base"; 2, the "Podium," or Drum, supporting thirteen dancing figures; 3, the "Shaft," or up-

right column; 4, the "Capital"; 5, the "Pedestal"; and 6, the "Figure," the height being as follows: Base, 25 feet 8 inches; Podium, 14 feet 4 inches; Shaft, 35 feet 1 inch; Capital, 5 feet 4 inches; Pedestal, 3 feet 9 inches; Figure, 11 feet 4 inches; the total height being 95 feet 6 inches.

(The inscriptions are omitted for want of space.)

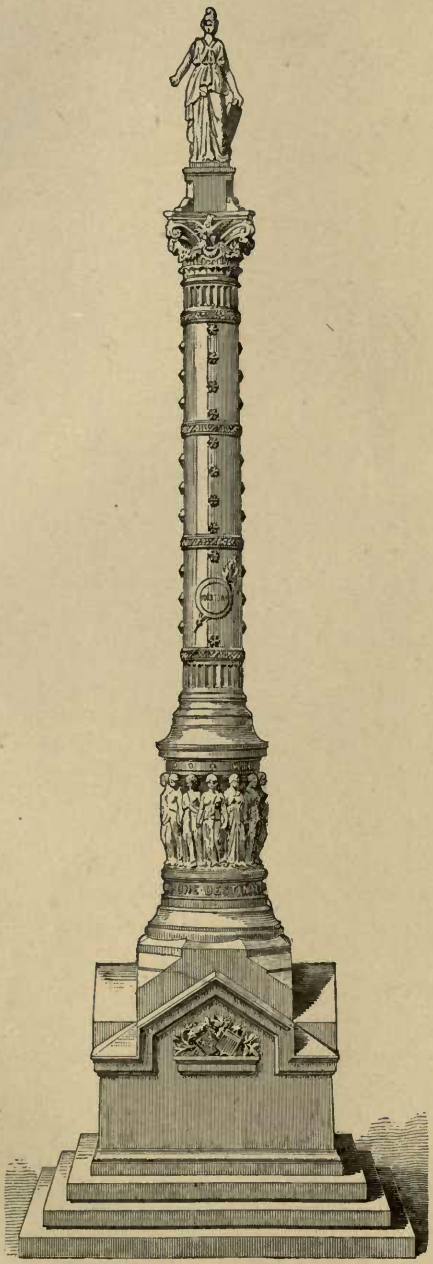
CONNECTICUT AT YORKTOWN.

In the great struggle at Yorktown in 1781, Connecticut troops bore a conspicuous and honorable part, and many pages might be filled with the brave deeds of Connecticut men.

General the Marquis de La Fayette had command of the Right, consisting of Light Infantry, in the 2d Brigade of which was the First Battalion of Connecticut troops, under Lt.-Col. Huntington, the troops of Connecticut, New York, and South Carolina being brigaded together under Gen. Hazen; from these troops the detachment was selected who made the desperate but successful assault on the British redoubt, on the night of Oct. 14, while the French troops were equally successful in storming a second redoubt; the possession of which two works completely hemmed in Cornwallis and his army, causing him to give up all hope, resulting in a cessation of hostilities Oct. 17th, and the final surrender Oct. 19th.

Therefore it was eminently fitting that Connecticut should take a deep interest in this celebration, and should be well represented in the imposing military display. As has been stated, Gen. Wm. H. Bulkeley had been appointed Commissioner from this State, since which time he had been elected to be Lieutenant-Governor, but continuing his office as Commissioner.

He had, from the first, been in full accord with those who were laboring for the success of the enterprise, and had been enthusiastic in the matter of having Connecticut do its part. From papers and documents on file in the office of the Secretary of State, to which, by the courtesy of the officials, the



YORKTOWN MONUMENT.

writer has had access, the following will show the course of proceedings which led to the famous trip of the First Regiment.

At a meeting of the Commissioners for the Yorktown Centennial Celebration, held in the Capitol at Washington, D. C., Dec. 10, 1880, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the Commissioners respectfully ask the Governors of the States to take such measures as will secure a sufficient appropriation of money from their respective Legislatures to enable their States to take a suitable part in the celebration."

FRED. W. M. HOLLIDAY, *Chairman.*

S. LINCOLN, *Secretary.*

U. S. SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ROOM OF THE COMMISSIONERS

ON THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL, January 1, 1881.

HON. WM. H. BULKELEY,

Commissioner from the State of Connecticut to the Yorktown Centennial:

Sir,—In accordance with the instructions of the Joint Committee of Congress on the "Yorktown Centennial," I have the honor to inclose herewith a copy of the programme of ceremonies for the dedication of the Yorktown Monument.

I am, sir, very resp'y, your ob'd't serv't,

JOHN J. TUCKER,

Clerk of the Committee.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT,

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, HARTFORD, January 20, 1881.

To the General Assembly:

I have the Honor to transmit to you a resolution of the Commission on the Yorktown Centennial Celebration. In connection therewith, I would renew the suggestion of my first message, that this Legislature should make such enactments as will enable the State of Connecticut to take her proper place in this interesting ceremony.

H. B. BIGELOW, *Governor.*

This communication was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, of which Hon. William A. Lewis was Chairman on the part of the Senate, and Capt. Stiles T. Stanton on the part of the House.

(Senate Bill No. 77.)

An Act concerning the Yorktown Celebration. Reported favorably by the Committee on Military Affairs.

Passed by the Senate March 30th.

Passed by the House April 5th.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Assembly convened.

SECTION 1. The Commander-in-Chief may, at his discretion, designate a regiment of the National Guard to represent this State at the Centennial Celebration of the battle at Yorktown.

SEC. 2. The spring parade and the encampment of the regiment so designated shall be suspended for the year 1881, and the members of said regiment shall be allowed the regular pay for the same number of days' service that they would receive for the parades and encampments so suspended, *provided*, that they perform that number of days' service in representing the State at Yorktown.

SEC. 3. The Quarter-Master General shall provide transportation for the regiment and its camp equipage, and the sum of three thousand dollars is hereby appropriated therefor, and for camp expenses. Any additional cost of transportation shall be borne by the regiment.

SEC. 4. The Governor and Staff, and the Yorktown Commissioner from this State, are requested to attend said Centennial Celebration, and the Quarter-Master General shall provide for transportation and expenses.

SEC. 5. The Commander-in-Chief may direct the first and second companies of Governor's Foot Guards to accompany him to Yorktown, provided that they will consent to go without any claim for per diem, or other allowances of any sort, and will agree to pay for their own transportation, music, and commissary supplies, and in that event the sum of one thousand dollars is appropriated to each of said companies which accepts the conditions of this section, and actually sends at least sixty men, rank and file,

with their officers, and is present at Yorktown as long as the Governor directs.

Approved April 14, 1881.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
HARTFORD, April 20, 1881.

General Orders, No. 4.

VII. In accordance with the provisions of a "Special Act concerning the Yorktown Celebration," passed by the General Assembly, January Session, A. D. 1881, and approved April 14, 1881, the First Regiment Connecticut National Guard is designated to represent this State at the Celebration at Yorktown, Va., in October, 1881, and in case the Regiment decides to perform the duty assigned, it will be excused from the fall parade and encampment.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,
GEORGE M. HARMON, *Adjutant General.*

As long ago as August, 1879, Lt.-Col. William E. Cone of the First Regiment, noticed in one of the New York dailies an article setting forth what was suggested to be done at Yorktown, and stating that it was proposed to have a regiment present from each of the original thirteen States.

He at once conferred with Col. Barbour, and other officers of the regiment, and an application was sent to the proper authorities for permission for the regiment to attend the Celebration to represent the State, but without knowing what course the matter would take, so that when the First Regiment was designated as the best in Connecticut, it was very gratifying to both officers and men.

The following correspondence will explain the situation at that time.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT
CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD,
HARTFORD, October 24, 1879.

To the Commander-in-Chief, GOV. CHARLES B. ANDREWS,
LITCHFIELD, CONN.

Governor,—I have read with great interest the account of the meeting of the Governors of the thirteen original States at Phila-

delphia, to take action concerning the celebration of the Surrender at Yorktown, Va., of Cornwallis's army in 1781.

I presume the State of Connecticut will be represented by a regiment at that time, as will, probably, the other thirteen States.

It has occurred to me to apply for the honor of representing the State, on that occasion, in behalf of the First Regiment C. N. G., and have made application to that effect, which is now on file in the office of the Adjutant General.

If acceptable to yourself, we will undertake to parade a regiment that will do honor to itself and to the State of Connecticut. Any assistance you can render us in securing the acceptance of the services of the regiment, will be gratefully appreciated by the officers and men of the command.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,

LUCIUS A. BARBOUR,
Col. Com'd'g 1st Reg't C. N. G.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
LITCHFIELD, CONN., Oct. 28, 1879.

Col. L. A. BARBOUR:

My Dear Sir,—Your letter was duly received. The Yorktown Centennial is, as yet, so indefinite, that no one can make any very safe predictions.

I have no doubt but our State will be represented by some (possibly all) of its militia.

In all probability, the Legislature will be asked to take some action.

The State of Jonathan Trumbull will not be absent when any revolutionary event is celebrated.

With sincere esteem, I remain,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES B. ANDREWS.

The selection, as before stated, was made, and a great amount of work was to be done before such a body of men could be landed at Yorktown; but Quartermaster-General Harbison at once, with his accustomed push, went to work to ascertain the ways and means of reaching the place of celebration.

Yorktown is about as far from nowhere, and about as inaccessible, as any town east of the Sandwich Islands.

It had been, at one time, a very important town of the Old Dominion. Established in 1705, it grew to be the center of a thriving country, and for a period vied in importance with Williamsburg, the capital.

It is situated upon a high bluff of stone marl, on the south bank of the York river, some twelve miles from its mouth, on a level plateau, with deep ravines on either side, and was considered a very strategic point.

In 1781, Yorktown contained about sixty houses, and not to exceed four hundred inhabitants. At the beginning of the year 1881, one hundred years later, there were still the same sixty houses, but only three hundred and ninety-nine inhabitants. One was missing, and it was a great mystery as to what had become of that one. It was a most unaccountable thing, which disturbed the people very much, for heretofore they had managed to keep the number good. None of those who lived there could raise funds enough to get away; and as no one could be induced to locate there, the population remained unchanged; so that the Rip-Van-Winkle-like quiet of an hundred years was not disturbed.

And this was the place at which was to be held the most important centennial celebration of this decade; and perhaps it was as well to hold it in a decayed town like Yorktown.

Those who have visited the place can fully appreciate the remarks of the man who claimed that Cornwallis was a smarter general than Washington. "Why so?" was the inquiry. "Because Cornwallis knew enough to surrender this d——d old town, and Washington didn't," was the reply.

There was no railroad communication with the place, and it was out of the usual route of steamboat travel. When it rained, the mud was on an average two feet deep, and when it dried, the same amount of mud formed dust at least three feet deep.

A large proportion of the inhabitants were negroes, lazy, happy, and shiftless (in two senses), who, in all probability, couldn't explain how they managed to live day by day; and, very likely, the older ones would claim to have been servants in "Mars Wash'n'ton's family."

But, being somewhat in advance of our subject, we will wait until Yorktown is reached.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT
CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD,
HARTFORD, April 28, 1881.

GOV. HOBART B. BIGELOW, *New Haven, Conn.:*

Governor,—I have the honor herewith to acknowledge the distinguished favor conferred by you on the First Regiment, in designating the command to represent the State of Connecticut at the Centennial Celebration at Yorktown, Va., in October next.

The proposed celebration has been for a long time much in the minds and desires of the members of the regiment, and the selection is one eminently gratifying. I have no doubt that the regiment will avail itself of the opportunity; and it will add very much to the honors and pleasures of the command, could it have the personal presence of the Commander-in-Chief and Staff, with which we earnestly trust you will favor us during the entire trip.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

LUCIUS A. BARBOUR,
Col. First Regiment, C. N. G.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
NEW HAVEN, May 7, 1881.

COL. BARBOUR:

My Dear Sir,—I owe you an apology for not replying to your kind invitation for myself and staff to accompany your regiment to Yorktown. It seems to me it will be better and pleasanter for us all to go together, and I cheerfully accept the invitation.

Please excuse the delay in answering, and believe me,

Yours truly,

H. B. BIGELOW.

At a meeting of the officers of the First Regiment, on the evening of May 6th, there was an unanimous vote in favor of accepting the honor conferred upon the regiment.

Lieut.-Gov. Bulkeley and Quartermaster-General Harbison were present, and gave what information they could as to requirements and details connected with the trip.

There was much enthusiasm manifested in the proposed excursion, and a committee was appointed to make proper arrangements, which consisted of Col. Lucius A. Barbour, Lt.-Col. William E. Cone, Maj. Arthur L. Goodrich, Capt. Charles B. Erichson, Capt. Thomas M. Smith, and Quartermaster Richard O. Cheney.

These officers soon found that there was to be much work and but little play in making the arrangements, but took hold, as might be expected, with a will.

The regiment had voted to go to Yorktown ; the question next to be considered was how to get there ; and it proved to be a vexatious question before it was fully answered. Early in the season, the regiment threw out a couple of skirmishers, consisting of Lt.-Col. Cone and Quartermaster Cheney, who advanced on the skirmish line as far as Baltimore.

In June, Quartermaster-General Harbison, Col. Barbour, Capt. Erichson, and Quartermaster Cheney, formed one four, marched on Baltimore, and succeeded in entering the city, when they looked thoroughly into the matter of transportation, the plan then proposed being this : to proceed by rail to Baltimore, thence by steamer to Yorktown, after which to visit Washington, Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, and Richmond.

The result of the negotiations showed that it would necessitate the purchasing of at least a couple of steamers, including the officers and crew, in order to carry out that plan ; and as the State of Connecticut would have no particular use for steamboats after the Yorktown parade, and there being no suitable place in the Capitol to store steamboats, it was decided best to look elsewhere for transportation.

In August, Col. Barbour and Col. S. J. Fox, Assistant-

Adjutant-General, visited Richmond, Yorktown, Fortress Monroe, Baltimore, and Washington, on business pertaining to the trip of the regiment, to look over the field selected for the encampment, and learn the details of the military part of the celebration.

During the summer, the members of the committee prosecuted their search after a steamer, as the majority of the troops seemed desirous of going by water, could suitable arrangements be made. In addition to the cities already mentioned, New York, Boston, Portland (Maine, not Connecticut or Oregon), and other cities, were canvassed, in search of a suitable steamer.

Toward the latter part of July, Capt. S. G. Sluyter, of Hartford, a well-known ex-sea-captain and a thorough seaman, was admitted into the counsels of the seekers after knowledge of steamers, and at once asked if he had a large steamer anywhere about his clothes; but, like all the rest, his assortment of ocean steamers was small; but he proved to be a valuable assistant, because of his acquaintance with ships and ship-owners.

As the result of his inquiries, the "Acapulco," a fine Pacific mail steamship, on the line between New York and Aspinwall, was found available; or, rather, it could be chartered on certain conditions.

This was a steamer of three thousand tons, requiring a force of one hundred and thirteen officers and men to man her, and appeared to be just what had been for so long sought after; and it certainly seemed for a time as though the vexed question was settled, or would be, if the price could be settled upon.

The "Acapulco" could comfortably accommodate the First Regiment, the 2d Co. Governor's Foot Guard, with the Governor and Staff, State officers, prominent military men, and a liberal sprinkling of representative citizens of the State of Connecticut, for this was a State "picnic," it being the intention, in case a ship of this size should be chartered, to invite perhaps fifty or sixty prominent citizens to accom-

pany the troops, assessing each a certain amount, to help pay the extra cost which must be assumed if so large a vessel should be used.

The price to be paid for the "Acapulco" was fixed at $10,000, for a period not to exceed ten days; and as the time to be occupied in the trip would be, as was estimated, about ten days, there was a little matter of $10,000 to begin with; but as the owners did not insist upon an immediate decision, the committee had time to look calmly over the situation.

It was admitted that this was a splendid vessel to carry so large a body of troops, safe, roomy, and all that, but could not, because of its great draught, go to Washington or Richmond; and there must necessarily be additional expense should these places be visited.

Some time in August, a suggestion was made in one of the daily papers of Hartford, that the regiment should visit Charleston, S. C., after the Yorktown celebration. Just how the matter originated, whose the brilliant idea, and just when the suggestion was first made, the writer has been unable to ascertain; but apparently the "Courant" first made it public.

It was received with much favor; for it became more and more apparent that the Yorktown ceremonies would be tiresome, and the pleasure but little, owing to its almost inaccessibility, the obvious mismanagement of the managers in the matter of making visitors comfortable, and the well-known quality of Virginia mud and sand.

The desire to visit Charleston increased in intensity, and it soon became certain that if Charleston were left out of the programme there would be great dissatisfaction; for the proposed visit, having been spoken of in our daily papers, was also mentioned in the Charleston papers, and a desire expressed that the visit might be made.

Early in September, Col. Barbour received the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE S. C. V. T.,
CHARLESTON, S. C., SEPT. 3, 1881.

COL. LUCIUS A. BARBOUR,

Comdg. First Regt. Conn. Nat. Guard, Hartford, Conn:

Dear Sir,—From a recent issue of the Charleston "News and Courier," we learned with great pleasure that your regiment proposed extending its Yorktown trip to Charleston. A meeting of our commanding officers was at once called; but the very severe hurricane prevailing on the day appointed prevented the meeting, and has occasioned the delay in communicating with you.

On the part of the South Carolina Volunteer Troops in this city, I have the honor to assure you that, should you be able to carry out your intentions, we shall give you a most cordial welcome, and do all that lies in our power to make your stay with us agreeable.

Trusting that nothing will prevent your visit, I am

Yours very truly,

C. IRVINE WALKER,

Brig.-Gen'l Com'd'g Fourth Brigade S. C. V. T.

This letter was duly answered, expressing the thanks of Col. Barbour in behalf of the regiment, for the invitation, but stating that the matter as yet was undecided.

Directly following the Charleston invitation came an invitation from some of the enterprising citizens of Atlanta, Ga., or more directly from the managers of the cotton exposition, offering to pay all expenses from Charleston to Atlanta and return, if the regiment would visit that city for a week's encampment and visit, all of which only added fuel to the flame, and created great enthusiasm among the Connecticut troops.

Just then a serious difficulty arose; when it was supposed that everything was lovely, it was found that the "Acapulco" could not enter Charleston Harbor, and the owners would not consent to allow the ship to lie outside the Harbor, so that one of two things was certain—if the "Acapulco" should be chartered, the troops could not visit Charleston; if Charleston should be visited another mode of conveyance must be found.

Everything was again at sea (excepting the regiment), and once more Capt. Sluyter visited New York to ascertain if any arrangements might, could, would, or should be made whereby the "'Pulco" (as some of the boys called her) could run into any port near Charleston, or could leave the troops at the mouth of the Harbor, near the bar, and return for them (a very poor suggestion, for the new revised army tactics of the Putnam Phalanx state expressly that no large body of soldiers should be left outside a bar), but all arguments were in vain, the answer being No, SIR!

Without entirely giving up the "'Pulco," inquiries were at once set on foot to ascertain if any arrangements could be made for transporting the entire party by railroad, not only to Yorktown, but to Richmond and Charleston, and return.

Rates were obtained for a part of the route, and estimates were being made as to the probable cost, when Providence smiled upon the anxious Committeemen in this way: William M. Bird, Esq., a prominent merchant of Charleston, a gentleman connected by the closest ties to Hartford, happening in the latter city about this time, and learning that there was a possibility of the Charleston visit being given up, for the want of a steamer, interested himself in the matter, the result being this—it was found that the steamship "Charleston," running between New York and Charleston, might be had. This steamer was one of the old-style side-wheelers, moderately *fast*, not built to carry many passengers, but considerable freight; had been taken off the line for repairs, and to receive new boilers, and nearly ready for sea again.

(It was probably one of the longest steamers afloat; that is, the longest in getting started, and in reaching Yorktown.)

Without making too long a story, the steamer was chartered, the price agreed upon being, for the trip to Yorktown, Charleston, and return, $6,000, the owners to provide certain specified articles, and fulfill certain conditions, as will appear further on.

Capt. Sluyter was engaged as caterer for the entire party, he to provide everything needful, and to receive a specified amount for each person fed.

While the "Charleston" was not nearly as large, nor so fine a ship as the "Acapulco," it was thought to be a very comfortable one for such a trip, most certainly the best to be obtained at any reasonable price, consequently everybody interested felt greatly relieved.

The 2d Co. G. F. G., having voted to take part in the Yorktown Celebration, had been invited to accompany the First Regiment on the "'Pulco," which invitation had been accepted; now that the accommodations were restricted, they were asked to reduce their music to the minimum, and the number of guests to be invited must be very limited; this was a trial to those having the matter in charge, for there were many good fellows, whose presence would have been welcomed on such an excursion.

Instead of having accommodations for seventy-five or more guests, aside from the Governor and Staff and the State officials, the number would have to be very small indeed.

The number of state-rooms was small, compared with most ocean steamers, so that even by doubling up—that is, putting two persons in every state-room—less than one hundred could be comfortably accommodated, and this must include guests, all the commissioned officers, and the non-commissioned staff.

As soon as the matter of transportation was settled, invitations were sent to the guests, the fitting-up of the quarters begun, and the final arrangements perfected, Capt. Sluyter being of valuable service in these matters. In the meanwhile the people of Charleston had not been idle, and meetings were held to take action in relation to the proposed invasion by Yankee troops.

Early in September, when it was thought for a time that the Charleston part of the programme must be left out, the papers of that city expressed deep regret, but when it became known that not only the troops were coming, but also that

one of the steamers running to that city, and bearing its name, had been chartered, there was much rejoicing. On September 26th, Gen. C. Irvine Walker, commanding the Fourth South Carolina Brigade, arrived in Hartford, as a committee from the citizens of Charleston, and together with Wm. M. Bird, Esq., met the officers of the First Regiment, and conferred with them concerning the proposed trip.

Gen. Walker was quite enthusiastic, promising a hearty welcome from the Southern soldiers, as well as citizens, tendering also the escort of his Brigade, and a review by Gov. Hagood of South Carolina.

The two gentlemen were shown about the city and the fine regimental armory, and afterward entertained by Lt.-Gov. Bulkeley at his elegant home.

Gen. Walker left the following day, apparently well pleased with Hartford, and his new Yankee friends. Col. Bruns commanded the 4th Brigade during the temporary absence of Gen. Walker at the North.

The contracts for transportation were at once signed, and the matter fully decided as to the route, so that the following general orders were issued:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT, C. N. G.
HARTFORD, Oct. 1, 1881.

General Orders, No. 5.

I. In pursuance of General Orders No. 4, Adjutant-General's Office, dated April 20, 1881, this regiment, being designated to represent the State of Connecticut at the Yorktown Centennial Celebration, will assemble on Monday, October 17th, in fatigue uniform, with knapsacks packed and blankets rolled thereon, to proceed to Yorktown, Va.

Overcoats will be folded and strapped on outside of knapsack. A tin cup will be suspended from the right lower strap of each knapsack. Captains will make immediate requisition on the Quartermaster-General, through these Headquarters, for blankets.

Companies A, B, F, H, K, and Regimental Band, will leave Hartford at 1 P. M.

Companies D and E will leave New Britain at 1 P. M.

Company G will leave South Manchester at 12 M., and embark on the steamship Charleston, at New Haven, Conn.

Officers will wear full-dress belts and nickel scabbards.

FIELD AND STAFF.—Field and Staff Officers will have their horse equipments distinctly marked, packed in a bag or box, and delivered to the Quartermaster at Union Armory, Hartford, on Saturday, October 15th, at 5 o'clock P. M.

BAGGAGE.—Dress-coats, helmets, and white trousers will be carefully packed in boxes or trunks, and be ready for transportation on Saturday afternoon, October 15th, each article being distinctly marked with the wearer's name, and will be placed in the hold until required for use at Yorktown.

Baggage will be allowed as below stated, which must be plainly marked with owner's name, and delivered to the Quartermaster at Union Armory, Hartford, at the time herein specified.

To each Commissioned Officer and Non-commissioned Staff Officer one small bag or valise, to be ready at Armory Monday, October 17th, at 8 A. M.

To each company and Regimental Band two chests, to be ready at Armory, Monday, October 17th, at 8 A. M. These in addition to those containing dress-coats, helmets, and white trousers.

Small parcels belonging to members must be tied up as compactly as possible, marked plainly with their names, and packed in their respective company chests.

The baggage of Companies D, E, and G will be delivered to the Quartermaster on the train.

KNAPSACKS.—Members will be required to pack in knapsack one comb and hair-brush, one cake of soap, two undershirts, two pairs of drawers, two shirts, three pairs of socks, four towels, four handkerchiefs, three pairs of white gloves, four collars, piece of rag or waste for cleaning rifle. Additional underclothing will be allowed, but no citizens' clothing.

IN QUARTERS.—A berth and mattress will be assigned to each man, and in no case will any member either rest on or make use of any other than his own. Each berth must at all times be kept in perfect order.

Each man will care for his own rifle, and during the trip will be responsible for the condition of his piece. Rifles will be placed in racks provided for them, and knapsacks and equipments will be stored in accordance with verbal instructions.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.—Non-commissioned officers will specially supervise their respective squads, be responsible for their neat equipments and dress, and report any neglect. They will preserve the dignity of their positions whether on or off duty. Company Quartermaster-Sergeants, except those of Companies D, E, and G, will report to the Quartermaster at the Armory on Monday, October 17th, at 8 o'clock A. M., and during the trip will be subject to the Quartermaster's orders. A member will be detailed to act as Company Quartermaster-Sergeant, in case of vacancy, or provided the Company Quartermaster-Sergeant of any company is not going to Yorktown.

DRESS.—Company officers will parade with overcoat in sling when knapsacks are worn by the men. Collars should be sewed or pinned on inside of coat, and will not be allowed to show more than a quarter of an inch above the coat collar. Captains will be responsible for this. Members are advised to wear shirts of colored flannel and to discard all white linen shirts. On shore, when not on duty, and out of quarters, non-commissioned officers and men will wear the dress-coats *fully buttoned*, waist-belt and gloves, fatigue-cap. Every man is particularly enjoined at all times and in all places, whether on duty or not, in or out of quarters, to keep his clothing in neat and soldierly order.

SERVANTS.—Officers and companies will not be allowed to take servants, arrangements having been made so that their services will not be needed, and no accommodations can be provided for them.

GUARD DUTY.—Guard duty will be performed by company, the Captain being Officer of the Day, and the Lieutenants Officers of the Guard. The Officer of the Day will be responsible for the good order and cleanliness of the vessel during his tour of duty, and will be required to turn over to his successor everything in perfect order. Having his own men under his command, no excuse will be accepted for any delinquency in this regard. The Officer of the Day will report to the Commanding Officer for special instructions. The following detail is made:

1st day, . . .	Company F.	5th day, . . .	Company B.
2d " . . .	" A.	6th " . . .	" G.
3d " . . .	" D.	7th " . . .	" H.
4th " . . .	" K.	8th " . . .	" E.

For the remaining days special orders will be issued. The company on guard is expected to furnish all special details required.

The hours of service and roll-calls for each day while the Regiment is absent from Connecticut embrace reveille at 6 A. M., and tattoo at 10 P. M., with taps at 10.30 P. M., when every member must be in quarters. It is ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY for the safety and comfort of so large a number of men on the steamer that perfect order and decorum prevail at all times, and that special care be taken by all to maintain cleanliness of quarters and decks. No smoking or lighting of matches will be tolerated at any time between decks. Discipline will and must be enforced in view of the above.

Muster pay rolls will be made out in triplicate on the new blanks prior to October 15th, and be signed before the termination of the trip.

The regiment will be dismissed, except when on parade, and members will be allowed perfect freedom of action. The honor of the men for gentlemanly conduct will be relied upon, so long as the confidence placed in them is not broken. . . .

By order of COL. LUCIUS A. BARBOUR.

JOHN K. WILLIAMS,
Captain and Adjutant.

Followed a few days after by this circular:

YORKTOWN AND CHARLESTON.

[Circular No. 1.]

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT, C. N. G.
HARTFORD, Oct. 4, 1881.

To the Members of the First Regiment, C. N. G.

This regiment has been designated by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief to represent the State of Connecticut at the approaching Yorktown Centennial Celebration. This fact should inspire every member with just pride in the organization. The trip, as arranged by the Committee, is extended to Charleston, S. C. The steamship Charleston, of the New York and Charleston Steamship Co., has been chartered. On Thursday, October 20th, the regiment will take part at Yorktown in the "Grand Military Review participated in by the citizen soldiery from all portions of the United States;" on Friday, October 21st, an op-

portunity will be given to witness the "Grand Naval Review participated in by all classes of vessels in the United States Navy," and to spend a few hours at Fortress Monroe, the largest fortification in the country, should the time permit. Leaving Old Point Friday evening, the plan is to sail for Charleston, arriving there some time on Sunday. On Monday morning the regiment will be received by the Fourth Brigade South Carolina Volunteer Troops, Gen. C. Irvine Walker commanding, and the Charleston Light Dragoons, and be reviewed by the Governors of South Carolina and Connecticut. The afternoon and evening will be devoted to excursions and sight-seeing in Charleston Harbor and city; and the steamer will leave on Monday night or Tuesday morning directly for point of embarkation. This opportunity granted to the members of the regiment is a rare one, and will prove memorable in its history.

The Governor, Staff, and State officials, with a few invited guests, will accompany the regiment. The time necessary to compass the trip will be ten or eleven days, but in the opinion of the committee the members can well afford to make the needed sacrifice of time and effort in view of the pleasures and advantages in prospect. The military and citizens of Charleston are enthusiastic in the anticipation of a visit from Connecticut soldiers, and the acquaintances formed and courtesies exchanged will be of mutual benefit. The Colonel commanding calls upon the members to respond with enthusiasm to the demands made upon them to show at all times a regiment of soldiers and gentlemen, and thus extend the fair fame of our commonwealth and regiment. The Connecticut National Guard has a reputation throughout the country which it is our duty and pleasure to maintain. The commanding officer is sanguine that the confidence thus felt in his command will not prove misplaced. The committee in making their plans have been governed by but one aim, to make such arrangements as will best conduce to the comfort and enjoyment of the enlisted men. Their efforts, it is hoped, will be appreciated. A trip of this nature and duration is of necessity accompanied by more or less discomforts, which the Colonel commanding trusts will be borne in a soldierly manner and with the feeling that they are unavoidable.

LUCIUS A. BARBOUR,
Colonel First Regiment, C. N. G.

But an immense amount of hard work remained to be done during these last days of preparation, and very few can realize the amount of work performed by the members of the committee of arrangements, in completing the many details consequent upon such an extended trip with so large a body of men.

Early in October, the officers' overcoats arrived; these were of dark blue cloth, with scarlet lining, and exceedingly handsome. Soon after, the service and overcoat chevrons arrived, and were issued to those entitled to them. Special orders No. 14 were issued from the Adjutant-General's Office, South Carolina, granting permission for the First Regiment to enter that State armed.

Permission was also granted for the regiment to visit Fortress Monroe, Va. Arrangements were made for horses to be sent from Baltimore to Yorktown, for the use of the Field and Staff, ten in all. The officers feel under great obligation to H. S. Dawley, Esq., of Baltimore, for attending to this matter for them, and for other services rendered. Mr. D. was formerly a merchant of Hartford, and a member of the Hartford City Guard in 1862.

From the correspondence which passed between the officers of the South Carolina and Connecticut troops, we select this:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT OF RIFLES,
FOURTH BRIGADE S. C. V. T.
CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 10, 1881.

COL. LUCIUS A. BARBOUR,
Commanding First Regt. C. N. G.:

Colonel,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favors of 4th and 6th insts., conveying the pleasing information that your regiment would visit us after your Yorktown trip, and also that we shall be favored with the company of the Governor's Foot Guard of New Haven.

Please accept for yourself, and convey to the Captain of the Guards, the assurance that we shall be most happy to welcome

you all, and rest satisfied that, whatever else we may fall short in, we shall not fail to give you the most hearty welcome.

Yours truly,

W. M. BRUNS,

Col. Com'd'g Fourth Brigade S. C. V. T.

This telegram was also received:

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 13, 1881.

TO COL. BARBOUR, *Com'd'g First Regt.:*

The City Council of Charleston are pleased to learn of your intended visit, and will, in conjunction with our citizens generally, do everything they can to make the visit of your command pleasant. WM. A. COURTENAY, *Mayor.*

THE DEPARTURE.

"*Sic Transit in Gloria Monday.*"

The long-expected day of departure had arrived. The clouds of Sunday, which at night had caused some anxiety, for fear of a stormy Monday, had passed away. The morning was a busy one. Scores of young soldiers, inexperienced in the art of war and sea-sickness, were busily engaged in purchasing supplies of various sorts, such as thick underclothing, woolen socks, rubber overcoats, mittens, and such like, to guard against the Charleston climate, and cigars, fancy soap, quinine pills, and cigarettes, to guard against nausea on board the steamer.

The Quartermaster's department was the scene of bustling activity. Quartermaster Cheney and Quartermaster-Serg't Worthington and assistants had their hands full. Load after load was taken to the baggage cars, which had been run on a convenient side track.

The blue-and-scarlet uniforms began to appear on the streets, and by noon a crowd began to gather at the depot.

The hour of departure was 1.15 o'clock; and at precisely 1 o'clock the battalion of five Hartford companies, A, B, F, H, and K, marched upon the depot platform, with Colt's Band playing a lively air.

The battalion had marched from the armory by way of Main and Asylum streets amid great enthusiasm, followed by many good wishes, for the cream of the young men of Hartford were going on a long and, as some believed, on a perilous journey. At the depot a great crowd had congregated, composed largely of relatives and friends of the boys, to bid good-bye and to take one more fond look at the loved ones. Co. G, from South Manchester, were already in waiting; and, after but a few moments' delay, the battalion were embarked, accompanied by the few guests from Hartford.

"*All aboard!*" "Good-bye," "Let us hear soon as possible," "Don't get S— ——k," etc., etc., followed us as we moved away amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs.

At Berlin, Cos. D and E, from New Britain, and our chaplain, Rev. J. W. Cooper, joined us, and the First Regiment was complete. Reaching New Haven at 3.30, the train was run down on Canal wharf, to within about twenty rods of the "Charleston," which had arrived from New York several hours previously, and was in waiting for us.

The 2d Co. G. F. G. were already on board with their baggage and stores; and soon the First had details from the various companies at work as stevedores.

There was a large amount of baggage and company property to unload, after which it was run down several rods to a point near the steamer, unloaded, and carried up a steep gang-plank to the deck.

This military evolution, which is not laid down in Upton's Tactics, occupied upwards of two and one-half hours, and very wearisome ones for those detailed as baggage-smashers; but the work was done cheerfully and well, and, without doubt, the laborers slept the sounder for it. Certain it is, that if some of them did not resign that night, they had

ample opportunities to throw up their positions the next day, and—did so.

As I stood, that eventful afternoon, by the gangway, and saw the baggage and traps of nearly five hundred men, with thirty or more large cases containing the helmets, blankets, haversacks, canteens, and dress uniforms of the regiment, carried on board by details of men, many of whom were entirely new to the business—youths, whose hardest average work is that of writing or counting money a few hours per day, the only lifting that enters their daily life being that of lifting their hats to young ladies, and their knowledge of carrying being the carrying of a light cane or a lighted cigarette for exercise—I repeat, when I saw these young men tugging and sweating to get the goods on board, my heart almost ached for them, and, in a moment of weakness, I thought of offering to help them; but I refrained, because I had received no orders to work; and I thought what a blessed thing physical culture is, and did the most sensible thing I could do under the circumstances—I did the grunting while they did the lifting. I did it, not for money, not for praise, simply from good will and a desire to help my fellow-soldiers.

The afternoon wore away, and so did the skin from the hands of the laborers. The Governor and Staff, the State officers, and the guests came on board and took possession of the state-rooms assigned to them; the companies came on board at intervals, and were assigned their quarters; the guard from Co. F were placed about the decks, and fine mist, almost rain, fell upon and around us; and evening and the time of our departure approached at about the same time.

Just before Gov. Bigelow and Staff arrived, Capt. Morse marched the Governor's Guard from the steamer to the wharf, formed in line and saluted as the Governor passed, which courtesy was duly acknowledged.

At just about 6 o'clock, everything being in readiness, hurried good-byes were said to the few friends who had come

to see us off, the anchor was weighed (I've forgotten its weight), the wheels began to go round, and we had at last started for Yorktown, as we supposed; but we had forgotten that our good New Haven friends sometimes get befogged; and being in New Haven harbor we directly were obliged to anchor in the midst of a fog so thick that steaks might have been sliced off ready for our breakfast, and a moisture fell upon and around us, like dews in a military company; it was something we should have been glad to have mist.

Here we waited, off the Light-house, we were told, for the fog to lift, all of which, in my humble opinion, was unnecessary; for, with such a body of troops, and after such an experience in lifting, a few strong, determined men might have been detailed from Companies F, O, G, to lift the fog, and, if told to do it, would have done it.

[Circular No. 2.]

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REG'T, C. N. G.,
ON BOARD STEAMER CHARLESTON,
NEW HAVEN HARBOR, Oct. 17, 1881.

For the purpose of serving meals to this command with the greatest ease, and to prevent confusion, the following routine will be strictly observed until further orders:

The command is divided into three detachments, the first consisting of Cos. F, K, and G. F. G., second of Cos. G, A, D, and Band, third of Cos. B, E, and H.

At the first meal call, viz., 6.30 A. M., 12 M., and 4.30 P. M., the first detachment will fall in on the hurricane deck, and march by way of the forward gangway to the tables.

At the second meal call, viz., 7 A. M., 12.30 and 5 P. M., the second detachment will proceed as above.

At the third meal call, viz., 7.30 A. M., 1 and 5.30 P. M., the third detachment will observe the same instructions.

Company commanders are charged with the execution of the above order, and each command will be accompanied by one of its commissioned officers at all meal calls.

By order of COL. LUCIUS A. BARBOUR,

JOHN K. WILLIAMS,
Captain and Adjutant.

There was considerable confusion and much grumbling about the evening meal; but such things are inevitable on such occasions. It is very like the first night in a newly-occupied house, before things can be put to rights: everything decidedly mixed, old folks tired, children crying for food, servants cross, and much discomfort felt by everyone. At such a time one must be thankful for anything to eat and any place in which to eat it.

On this occasion there was, after all, a good deal of pleasure experienced at supper by the members of the companies —notwithstanding the fact that it was dark, the decks damp and slippery, the light furnished rather dim, and all hands somewhat hungry—in this way: if one reached his hand across the table, and endeavored to grab a handful of meat, and happened to grab a handful of something greasy, there was a heap of fun in guessing whether the article secured by the grabber was butter, oleomargarine, or hot grease; or if a waiter brought a pitcher of hot coffee, and a dozen men tried to seize the pitcher, whereby all the liquid beverage was spilled on the deck, there was much quiet satisfaction felt in thinking that the other fellows didn't get any either.

But there was no danger of starvation; there were provisions enough, but the trouble was in serving so many hungry men; and of hard-tack, the old army food, there was an abundant supply.

The guests were fairly served in the cabin; and as several of the party had brought along private stores, for just such emergencies, they got along quite comfortably. Gov. Bigelow had been assigned the captain's state-room, just back of the wheel-house, where, when he wished it, his meals were served. The Governor's Staff, State officials, and a few of the more prominent guests occupied the upper saloon, while the field, staff, and line officers and the other guests occupied the lower cabin, where also the meals were served.

The hospital department, under the supervision of the surgeons and Hospital-Steward Newton, was just by the foot of the cabin stairs; the regiment and the 2d Co.

G. F. G. inhabited the basement; the whist-players took possession of the euchre deck; and in one way and another all were disposed of and provided for excepting the Barnacle, who slept and boarded around.

The Historian had the misfortune to be assigned to state-room No. 10, with the Poet, my original pair having been with the President of the Y. M. C. A. of Hartford, and I had built strong hopes of receiving much benefit from the companionship; but the Poet begged so hard for me to take up my quarters with him, whispering in my ear that he wasn't much of a sailor, and needed an old salt (some old salts would have been better) to encourage him, that he had great confidence in my nautical knowledge, and all that sort of taffy, that, out of pity, I gave up my pleasant berth and companionship to the military professor from Cornell University, and cast my lot with the Poet. (Afterward, when I was called upon to assist in the poem, I saw through the whole scheme.) And here allow me to say, that having, during the past ten years, sailed the entire length of the coast from Booth Bay, in Maine, to Chesapeake Bay, on various fishing and pleasure trips, my nautical experience was not fresh; and this will fully account for my thorough knowledge of ships and nautical phrases.

It was extremely amusing to some of us to hear the greenhorns and land-lubbers endeavor to act and speak as though familiar with such things, men who actually did not know the difference between the up-stairs hatchway and the jib gangway, or between the—the—cabin fok'sl and the scupper 'midships.

Before leaving the dock, a party of us visited the bedrooms assigned the various companies in the basement, and found that, while the sleeping arrangements were somewhat crowded, yet everything looked neat, fresh, and clean—a parlor compared to what our soldiers had to put up with during the war. In case of a storm, it would not be so pleasant; but in fair weather it would do very well.

[Circular No. 3.]

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REG'T, C. N. G.

ON BOARD STEAMER FOR YORKTOWN, Oct. 17, 1881.

Instructions for officer of the day: The hurricane deck, starboard side, to be kept for the exclusive use of the Governor, Staff, invited guests, and commissioned officers. Sentinels should be instructed to enforce this order.

The following posts are established:

No. 1 at forward hatch on main deck.

Nos. 2 and 3 amidships, near engine-room on berth deck.

No. 4 near the after-hatch on the berth deck.

No. 5 on the hurricane deck at the after-hatch.

Nos. 6 and 7 on hurricane deck.

Nos. 8 and 9 in after hole in front of saloon.

One orderly of soldierly qualities report daily to the colonel.

Sentinels will be relieved every two hours.

Officers of the day and guard are charged with the responsibility and care of the lights and lanterns on the berth deck, and not to allow their removal from the designated places except by their orders.

All smoking on the berth deck to be strictly prohibited; and sentinels will be held responsible for enforcement of this order.

Officers of the day will make frequent inspections of all parts of the berth deck, to insure perfect cleanliness, and report any neglect of companies to their captain, be responsible for proper soundings of routine calls at ship's time. Opening and closing of side ports to be under sole charge of the guard.

Old and new officers of the day will report to the commanding officer for instructions immediately after guard mounting.

Sentinels will not permit men to enter ship's boats or rigging; and at meal times one sentinel will be posted at either end, on the tables on both sides of the ship, and prevent no access to the tables during meal times, except in pursuance of orders concerning meals. Sentinels to be posted with side arms only.

In case of fire the entire guard will immediately fall in and be charged with handling it, reporting the fact immediately to the commanding officer.

By order of COL. LUCIUS A. BARBOUR,

JOHN K. WILLIAMS,

Captain and Adjutant.

FOR BULLETIN.

DAILY ROUTINE.

Reveille, 6 A. M.

Breakfast, first call, 6.30 A. M.; second call, 7 A. M.; third call, 7.30 A. M.

Surgeon's call, 8 A. M.

Guard mounting, with side arms, 9 A. M.

Band Concert, 11 A. M. to 12 M.

Dinner, first call, 12 M.; second call 12.30 P. M.; third call, 1 P. M.

Band Concert, 3 to 4 P. M.

Supper, first call, 4.30 P. M.; second call, 5 P. M.; third call, 5.30 P. M.

Tattoo, 10 P. M.

Taps, 10.30 P. M.

The regiment had the run of the whole ship, excepting the cabins and state-rooms and the—the—piazza on the right-hand side of the ship, from the front to the back stoop, all of which was reserved for the Governor and guests, as well as the officers. All the rest, the basement-story, the sub-cellar, the piazza on the left-hand side, the front and back stoops, the roofs—in fact, nearly everything, was for the use of the soldiers, who were always courteous and obliging, never refusing to let Gov. Bigelow or any of his party come on their territory, and always, even when they filled the wheel-house, allowing the pilot or Capt. Reynolds to come in and navigate the steamer.

The steward's room on deck was monopolized entirely, by members of F and K, day and night, and a lively party it was. The crowded condition of the decks, the fog and dampness, together with the general newness of things, prevented a very enjoyable evening among the troops, who retired, feeling decidedly down in the mouth—of New Haven Harbor. After the supper in the cabin, which was served at about seven o'clock, the guests' badges were distributed; these were elegantly gotten up on old gold silk, printed in black, with a border of gold braid at the top, and heavy gold fringe at the bottom, the inscription being:

1ST REGIMENT,
(Regimental coat of arms.)
C. N. G.
YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL
AND
CHARLESTON, S. C.
OCTOBER, 1881.
GUEST.

These were greatly prized on account of their elegance, as well as of the occasion. The providing these badges was very thoughtful on the part of the committee, for it was very necessary to have something to distinguish the guests from the crew.

During the evening those who did not care to amuse themselves by looking at the Light-house at the entrance to New Haven Harbor either did something else, or played whist, or gathered in little groups of old acquaintances, and talked, while the Editor-Poet wrote a hasty letter to his paper.

A majority of those on board retired early, hoping that by daylight we should be off Montauk Point at least; but while quietness reigned for the most part, and the larger part of those in the lower cabin were wrapped in blankets and slumbers, a gang headed by a grey-haired guest, who could or would not be put down, performed the opera of the "Mascot" in the cabin, interspersed with levity and loud laughter, whereby many were for a long time deprived of necessary sleep, and a bad and demoralizing example set to the young men who were on guard at the entrance.

It was an outrageous affair, and received the disapproval which it merited. It certainly seems very strange that men with grey hair and long grey whiskers will be so frivolous while away from home.

I had a long and earnest talk on the subject with the Poet on our—I mean his return to our state-room, called his attention to the hour (2 A. M.), reminded him of the example he was setting to those of us who were younger than he, of how

he was looked up to at home, and in various ways endeavored to cause him to feel the enormity of his conduct, which kindly and well-meant advice only elicited the remark, in a tone of voice which might have been heard on shore, "SHUT UP!" and this was repeated at intervals of thirty seconds, for nearly half an hour. Of the doings in other parts of the steamer I have no accurate knowledge, but have it from good authority that a well-known member of the regiment, who had gone on the trip with a rather faint heart and the fear of shipwreck, slept that night in New Haven Harbor with a life preserver securely fastened to his body; it proved effectual, for he was alive the next morning.

Those who accompanied the troops were—

His Excellency HOBART B. BIGELOW, Governor.

Gen. George M. Harmon, Adjutant-General.
" Alexander Harbison, Quartermaster-General.
" James G. Gregory, Surgeon-General.
" George H. Ford, Commissary-General.
" Frederick E. Camp, Paymaster-General.

Col. William E. Barrows,
" William B. Rudd,
" Charles C. Russell,
" Albert H. Kellam,
} Aids to Governor Bigelow.

Col. Simeon J. Fox, Assistant Adjutant-General.
Morris F. Tyler, Esq., Executive Secretary.
Lt.-Gov. William H. Bulkeley.
Sec'y of State Charles E. Searls.
Comptroller W. T. Batcheller.
Ex-Gov. Marshall Jewell, Hartford.
Mayor Morgan G. Bulkeley, Hartford.
Hon. N. D. Sperry, New Haven.
Judge Lynde Harrison, New Haven.
Hon. William A. Lewis, M.D., Plainfield.
Col. Charles A. Jewell, Hartford.
Col. John B. Clapp, Hartford.
Lt.-Col. L. L. Morgan, New Haven.

HON. HOBART B. BIGELOW,
GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

Maj. David M. Read, Bridgeport.
Maj. James B. Burbank, U. S. A., Ithaca, N. Y.
Capt. Stiles T. Stanton, Stonington.
Joseph L. Barbour, Esq., Hartford.
Stephen A. Hubbard, Esq., Hartford.
Henry T. Sperry, Esq., Hartford.
Historian J. G. Rathbun, Hartford.

In addition to these, there were a few others invited, and expected, but were for various reasons prevented from going. Of those above mentioned, Col. Barrows and Mayor Bulkeley joined us at Charleston on Sunday; Lieut.-Gov. Bulkeley, Col. Fox, and S. A. Hubbard at Yorktown, and accompanied the party to Charleston by sea; while Dr. Lewis was obliged to leave at Yorktown, and Col. Clapp and Maj. Burbank at Fort Monroe, both being recalled by business requirements. Two or three others, who met us at Yorktown, accompanied the party to Fort Monroe, as will appear further on.

In addition to those mentioned as guests, there were a few other civilians, as follows: Charles G. Day, Esq., of Hartford, the special guest of Col. Barbour, and Regimental Clerk, E. W. Baldwin, Esq., of the New Haven "Journal and Courier," the guest of the G. F. G., Ex-Alderman James Burns of Hartford, the guest of Co. B, Brevet Maj. Thomas Longdon and Capt. White's young son, the guests of Co. F, Al. Spencer, of South Manchester, assisting in the Quartermaster's department.

The number, therefore, on board was as follows, taking the Adjutant's report on the morning of the 18th as to the strength of the regiment: Field and Staff 10, Non-Commissioned Staff 6, Co. A 54, B 56, D 57, E 62, F 53, G 49, H 50, K 54, Band, not including several extra musicians, 20. Total about 475.

The 2d Co. G. F. G., with Drum Corps, 60. Governor and guests 31; Capt. Sluyter and corps of cooks, waiters, etc., 29; scattering, including a couple of tonsorial artists from Hartford, servants, and others, 6. Total about 600, to which add the total strength of those employed on the steamer,

said to be 38, and we have the number on board, upwards of 630.

Some one asked First-mate Hanscomb, a gruff old sea-dog, how many the crew numbered. "Eighteen," was the answer. "How do you make that out? I haven't seen over half a dozen." "Well," said the mate, "I'm twelve, and there's six others," and that was about right, for only one of the "six others" appeared to have ever seen salt water before, in fact, any water. I had it from good authority that on one occasion one of the crew was ordered to cast the lead, off Hatteras, I think, and not having been ordered to hold on the end of the line, or to fasten it, he did cast the whole overboard, lead, line and all. But this will be enlarged upon in due time. He evidently believed in casting his lines in pleasant places. We remained anchored near Southwest Ledge light all night. The pilot came aboard about 1 o'clock, when his assistant was sent to the shore at East Haven with one of the two stowaways found on board. Upon returning the boat was not fastened securely, and went adrift, which caused another delay, for the ship's boat was obliged to take the pilot ashore.

Of these things most of the party were happily ignorant, and slept for the most part soundly and well, refreshing their bodies for the coming day's experiences.

SICKER TRANSIT INGLORIOUS TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18TH.

Instead of being well out to sea at daylight, as we expected, we found, upon rising, that we had been obliged to remain off New Haven harbor until 6 o'clock, and were now headed for Montauk Point, the Captain having received orders to take that route, instead, as many expected, through Hell Gate and down New York harbor, which was a disappointment.

Had we done so, the Captain would have been familiar with the route (having been a long while on the New York and Vera Cruz line). Those on board would have had a delightful sail through the Sound, down East River, past New York city, and what would have been a pleasure to all of us, a trip down the Bay and out past Sandy Hook.

In all probability a much less number would have paid tribute to old Neptune, and we should have reached Yorktown Wednesday P. M.

The daily routine was begun by reveille at 6 A. M., followed by breakfast calls at 6.30, 7, and 7.30, at which there was some confusion, as might be expected among so many impatient and hungry men, for some had gone to bed hungry the previous night. The same trouble exists in camp, and wherever large bodies of men are served in detachments, and this was no exception.

A very few responded to surgeon's call at 8 o'clock, a postponement being had to a later hour, when there was a continual surgeon's call.

The sail through the Sound was a warm and pleasant one, enjoyed apparently by all, until Montauk was rounded at about 11 o'clock, from which point the course was direct for the coast of Delaware. Montauk Point consists of a high bluff

jutting out into the ocean on three sides, it being the easternmost point of Long Island. The Light-house is said to have been erected in 1795. It is not certain how the name originated, but as far as the Historian has been able to learn about on this wise: When Hendrick Hudson was heading westward, trying to discover the Hudson River, somebody on board ship saw a long island with a high, sharp point sticking out into the ocean; upon it, some Indians eating a meal. An old Scotchman on board, hearing some one wondering what meal it was remarked, "Hear the mon talk,—of coorse it's Indian meal." And ever since it has been called Montauk.

Guards were posted at 9 A. M., Company A (Germania Guard) being on duty for the day; but with all their vigilance they could not guard against the marine malaria, for along toward noon there was something amiss somewhere; the salt air was too tonic, or else the Germanias were Teutonic, for great uneasiness began to be apparent among the men of the regiment, as well as the other troops.

A great many had been busy in the basement, putting things to rights,—tidying up the rooms and making them more attractive,—dusting the furniture, fastening up brackets for vases and pieces of statuary, hanging pictures, putting knobs on the doors of their berths, castors on the bedsteads, brass rods on the front stairs,—putting Dr. Gage's patent window fasteners on the windows to keep out burglars, and rubbing hot grease on the gangways; but, for some reason, most of them came on deck, and soon wished they had staid below, while others who had been on deck went below, and directly wished they had remained up-stairs. It is very strange that it is so very difficult to suit a large body of people at such a time.

This uneasiness was manifested not because of danger; oh no! people do not lose their lives at such a time. They may lose control of their feelings, or lose confidence, or lose color, but they don't die.

And here let me say that in the following description of

marine malaria or nausea, otherwise known as S— ——s, I have to some extent copied from a letter written by myself in 1873, descriptive of an experience with the old Piscatorius Club, in the same locality.

This is a very peculiar complaint; it comes, it seizes, it conquers, it attacks old and young, rich and poor, fat and lean, officer and private, large and small, the healthy and invalid, black and white,—all have the upheavings of a guilty conscience. By diligent inquiry and quiet observation, I have learned that in the first stages the victim has a feeling of goneness in the bowelary region, a pukuliar sensation, a sort of swimming in the head, a confusion of ideas, a feeling of indignation, with a constant desire to swallow it, and a state of rebellion (or something similar) stirred within him.

He isn't sick—or says he isn't,—but has eaten something which disagrees with him,—perhaps is a little bilious; is always subject to headache at such times; thinks he will go on deck and inhale the bracing sea air. "Cigar?" "No, thank you, I don't care to smoke now; I've sworn off for a day or two."

Scene 2d. Here we are on deck, contemplating the mighty handiwork of our Maker, and enjoying the magnificent panorama spread before and around us, when there suddenly appears to our startled vision the form of a being of utterly utter wretchedness, with a forlorn appearance, a white face, lips tightly compressed, corners drawn down like unto a new moon, the light nearly gone from the once bright eyes, great drops of perspiration hanging from his brow like drops of dew on a sun-flower, fingers clutching the air, one leg of his trousers on, the starboard suspender unfastened, the other dangling, each particular hair standing on end like quills on a fretful porcupine, a living and limp illustration of the well-known song, "No one to love, no one to caress."

This forlorn-looking being, which, in this particular instance, is neither the unknown or the prosecuting attorney, but one of the regiment, is easily identified by the "F" on his cap. He staggers across the deck with legs twisted like

a whip-lash, reaches the side of the ship, knows by instinct that he has at last found a "rail" friend upon which to lean, bows his head in abject misery, wonders what the "wild waves are saying"; and soon all is up with him, or, at least, the first heat is over.

Oh! what misery, what a sense of goneness, what a longing for home, what a yielding up of what one (or five hundred) holds dear, what a determination to hold fast that which was good, but without avail! 'Twas a retched time, and, in the words of one of Watts' hymns, many "were weary of a retched life."

But, amid the general up-heaving and heaviness of heart, there was a gleam of sunshine; for it was a pleasure for those of us who had escaped the epidemic to be able to assist those who had fallen by the wayside.

There is one feature of this marine nausea which, to the writer, has always seemed strange: If an epidemic is raging in a community, and one friend after another is stricken down, there is no wide-spread manifestation of pleasure, no outburst of glee, no fiendish joy, no wilde, æsthetic superfluity of thingness, as it were. Everyone not afflicted feels sorry, and appears desirous of offering consolation; but, somehow, it seems a different kind of consolation from that shown in s— ——s, the victim in one case feeling that he has something to live for in this world; in the other, there is a feeling that the would-be friend and helper is secretly rejoicing in the calamity.

It is all right to lean over the rail of a ship and watch a school of porpoises disport themselves in the water, and hear the exclamations from lookers-on: "There's another," "There go a couple more," and similar expressions; but when a crowd of companions and friends are leaning over the rail, and are not particularly interested in porpoises, and some professed friends are heard to exclaim, in joyous, happy tones, "Look there!" "There's another!" referring to men and brothers-in-arms, instead of porpoises, there is something inexpressibly sad about it; and when poor, limp humanity is

cowering in a corner, with a disturbed conscience—if it is situated in that region—his features distorted with suffering, his clothes disordered, liver-pad out of place, a general feeling of demoralization about him, and softly murmuring, "Mother, is the battle o'er?"—it is, I repeat, exasperating to see a friend, who, perhaps, has fortunately escaped the blast, strutting about the deck, singing with emphasis:

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Or to hear a chorus of voices singing:

He's a Connecticut First young man,
An Asylum Hill young man;
He's in the insurance,
But without much endurance—
A Company K young man.

A terribly sea-sick young man,
A don't-want-any-dinner young man,
He has all our pities,
For he belongs to the Citys—
A want-to-go-home young man.

(As the verses in this little ballad number half-a-score, it was thought best to omit the others.)

The exact number of those affected by the motion of the steamer, as we were off and past Montauk, I cannot give. Suffice it to say, that there were many, very many, who wished themselves in the region where thought is not.

The readers of this history must excuse the foregoing tedious description of s— ——s; but it was, most certainly, a most prominent feature of the day's amusements. The boisterous fun of the previous evening had disappeared; in place of it there was a subdued quietness, broken, at intervals, by sounds which it is not necessary to describe in these pages; and yet, with few exceptions, none were harmed by the little unpleasantness.

In all probability, a large proportion of those in the party would have been affected had they been on the finest and staunchest steamer afloat; and yet many laid all the blame on the "Charleston."

From my own experience, I know that Montauk can dou-

ble-discount Point Judith in the matter of internal commotion.

The regimental surgeons and hospital steward (such as were well) did a thriving business; and many were the doses taken in the hope of getting relief. But it is very difficult to find a sure preventive of this mysterious complaint.

The Historian, however, by watching closely, discovered a sure remedy. We were honored by the presence of a Governor and ex-Governor of Connecticut, who kept right along in the even tenor of their way, eating, smoking, and enjoying themselves, as at any other time; and it is undoubtedly true of these two gentlemen that, when *they* stated that they had not been affected by the motion of the vessel, they told the truth; and the remedy spoken of is this:

Remedy for sea ——s.

℞ Have plenty of money and avoirdupois, be a Governor of Connecticut, and be good, and you will never be seasick on water.

(For sale by all respectable druggists.)

This is much better than the remedy recommended by Burdette, of the "Hawkeye," which is, to leave your stomach on shore.

We had a regimental barber on board, the well-known H. Spiller, who had served in the same capacity with the First Regiment in the days of the old encampments in the North Meadows, nearly a score of years ago. He had his chair and other conveniences on board, and on this memorable morning took them on deck and got ready for business. He shaved one officer (Col. B.), but his face was so long, and it took so much time to go over it, Spiller at once concluded that he could not afford to shave many more at the established price, therefore shut up shop for that day. In justice to Col. B. I will say that his explanation is, that as all the rest on board were sick Spiller wouldn't have had any more business anyway.

The "Daily Routine" ordered daily band concerts from 11 to 12, and from 3 to 4, but on this eventful Tuesday the

band could not trust itself to play; the snare drum, the bass drum, the assistant bass drum, and the cymbals were all right, but those who use their mouths and do the blowing could not or dare not trust themselves to exercise the muscles of their face in letting out wind, for it is exceedingly difficult to cleanse the inside of a brass instrument; therefore we were obliged to dispense with that sort of music for that day.

At both dinner and supper the seats at the table were not all occupied, which allowed more elbow-room for the rest of us; in fact quite a large number would have been satisfied to have dined or supped on the fragrance of a lily or sunflower, or even a Wilde flower.

The members of the Medical Staff, or Avery one who was not disabled, were very busy giving advice, and other suitable remedies, comforting the afflicted and assuring the unhappy ones that they would surely feel better after getting over it.

And still we steamed along against a head wind, out of sight of land, heading so'west by west, the steamer pitching and rolling with that peculiar corkscrew motion which is so very disagreeable (there are times, and there were occasions on this trip, when a corkscrew motion was not disagreeable, but this was slightly different).

The evening approached, supper calls were sounded, but comparatively few cared whether they ate or not; voices were hushed, whist parties were not numerous, the usual group on the front piazza was considerably thinned out, for the pitching didn't agree with them. The Governor of South Carolina cared but little whether he met the Governor of North Carolina or not, unless over a bottle of Apollinaris water, and there was little inclination to converse or smoke. For the reason that the Historian had so much to look after, and because the exertion made to ascertain how the poor fellows among the guests who were not accustomed to the sea were prospering had made him fatigued, he thought it best to lie down awhile, and console the Poet, who was rest-

ing in the upper berth, and therefore cannot vouch for the condition of the officers of the regiment; it was reported, however, that the Lieutenant-Colonel was proof against the epidemic, but that the Major part felt uncomfortable; indeed it was stated on what appeared to be good authority that the *mal de mer*, in that case, began at the wharf in New Haven; it is also stated that, although the regiment never fired so well by file at any previous trials, the I. T. P. had no time to inspect any shots but his own. Tattoo was sounded at 10, and Taps at 10.30 P. M., but it was scarcely necessary to urge the men to retire, for they had been of a retiring disposition all day, and so, at about the usual hour, arrived

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19TH.

"Aye, aye, me laddie!"

It must have been about an hour after Tuesday had departed when the Poet, in his attempts to climb into the upper berth, awakened the Historian, who seeing the climb acts, hearing the whistling of the wind, and feeling the pitching of the steamer, sprang up with such vigor that he came in contact with the underpinning of the berth above, and returned to a reclining position with great rapidity.

It appeared, in the course of the conversation which ensued, that the Poet, becoming somewhat nervous, had been up-stairs to encourage Captain Reynolds, who he feared might be frightened, and to assure him of his entire confidence in his seamanship and ability to steer the ship. It was a very kind and thoughtful act, but it did not prevent a general shaking up of all on board. The cradle of the deep gave us all more of a "Rock-a-bye" than most of the byes had experienced since they had graduated from the other cradle. Articles left lying around loose in the cabins, basement, and state-rooms rolled about in confusion, and a crash was heard occasionally as some article of crockery got bent; in some rooms the bowling of the wash-bowls and pitching of the pitchers caused considerable fright.

Quite a number dressed and went on deck, feeling really alarmed, which caused much amusement to the ship's officers; for it was simply and only a good fresh breeze, which would have delighted the crew of a sailing vessel. (I did not learn whether the crew of the "Charleston" were frightened or not; but, judging from their appearance during the whole trip, they must have been frightened all their lives.)

One well-known member of ——, it is said, appeared on deck with no less than three life-preservers strapped about him.

An amusing incident occurred early in the morning, at a time when quite a number were about. Near the entrance to the lower cabin the barber's chair was kept when not in use; and into it had crept one of the colored waiters, who was sleeping very soundly, when suddenly the ship gave a lurch, and the occupant of the chair was pitched across the open space, with the chair atop; and, for a moment, there was a confused mixture of chair, darkey, and blanket. Springing up, he exclaimed, "One mo' wide ribber to cross," righted the chair, and resumed his slumbers.

A large proportion of the officers and guests appeared at breakfast, but without a great desire to eat, coffee, however, being in demand; but, as the morning wore on and the sea became calm, faces brightened, and nearly every one came on deck to enjoy the warm sunshine and truly delightful sail.

We had passed the Light-ship, off Delaware Bay, about 7 o'clock A. M., and were in the usual route of steamers going to southern ports. Co. D were on duty this day; not very arduous work, excepting in the basement, where a strong guard was always kept, to prevent smoking or lighting of matches, the danger from fire being greatest; but all obeyed orders cheerfully. It was a delightful, enjoyable sail; and to those who had never been on the ocean it must have been a rare treat, fully compensating for any and all discomforts experienced on the trip.

Colt's Band gave a pleasing concert on deck during the forenoon, although one or more members were still suffering from the disturbance of the previous day, the selections from "Mascot" and "A Day in Camp" being heartily encored. All available places on the decks and wheel-houses were occupied by the boys, who were rapidly recovering their good-nature and health. Governor Bigelow passed to and fro among the men, having a kind and pleasant word for any and all.

The Governors of the two Carolinas met frequently in the upper cabin, where Hazard, "the member from New Haven," was on duty, under the orders of the Commissary-General.

The House Chairman of the Military Committee suggested that all who were not governors among the guests should be addressed as "General" (there being a few who had not the title), which was very agreeable to those of lower rank, so that at once we all felt on an equality, and General Harmony prevailed.

The "Charleston" did not prove as fast as was expected, although the sails were set, in order to make better time, and much speculation was indulged in as to whether we should reach Chesapeake Bay before dark, which seemed doubtful.

The surgeons had a few cases of sickness, several of which were chills and fever, developed by the bracing air, intermingled with nausea; but they were made quite comfortable upon mattresses placed near the hospital-steward's quarters.

The steward's room, occupied by the "Geezers," "Company Y," and other associations from Cos. F and K, was the scene of much hilarity. This room, before mentioned, was originally intended to contain about a dozen persons; but, at times, something like two-score were present, which caused a great strain on its roof, a roof-cracker, as it were. Just how many it contained, on one occasion when the writer looked in, he cannot state; for some of those on top flew around so lively it was impossible to count them.

Oftentimes during the day, as we approached within sight of the east coast of Maryland and the Virginia peninsula which joins Maryland on the south, objects on shore were distinctly visible. (One person, who was unable to see land with the naked eye, rushed down stairs and got his opera glass. On coming up, he, by mistake, turned the wrong way, and stood there a long time trying to see "objects on shore." He wiped the glasses, he wiped his eyes, he changed the focus, but could discover nothing but waves. Finally he exclaimed, "How far are we from land anyway?" and when kindly informed that it was about three thousand miles in the direction he was looking, he said wicked words, which will not be put on record here.)

We passed Chincoteague Light, and the light-house on Hog Island (where the wind was decidedly sow-sow-west), and at last, late in the afternoon, sighted the light-house on Cape Charles (the writer recognized it at once, it being the fourth occasion on which he had seen it). We all felt better, for it certainly seemed as though we should, after all, reach Yorktown before the exercises were ended.

But it was sundown when we got abreast of the cape, and found that we must continue several miles on the southerly course before we could enter Chesapeake Bay, as the channel is near Cape Henry, the southernmost of the capes. By the time we had reached the entrance to the channel it was dark; so Capt. Reynolds decided not to enter without a Chesapeake Bay pilot, preferring to take no chances. And in this he was right; for the channel, although a mile wide, is crooked, with occasional shoals; and should any accident happen under such circumstances—that is, attempting to enter without a pilot—the insurance would be forfeited, and the commanding officer ruined as such.

The only thing to be done was to signal for a pilot, which was at once done by means of a torch burned at the front end of the boat (sometimes called forward deck); these torches are similar in appearance to those used in the political campaigns, excepting that two colors are burned, red first, then green, and can be seen a long distance.

It was hoped that an answering signal might be seen very soon, but it was not, and as the evening wore on those on board became discouraged.

The steamer stood off and on, at the mouth of the harbor, while those on board stood down in the mouth also. Occasionally a shout would go up, as some one would discover a light in the distance, but it would prove to be from a vessel entering the Bay, where those of a lighter draft could safely go; there was no danger in lying off the harbor during the night, unless a storm should arise, of which there were no indications. The night was calm and bright, but we had not bargained for the delay, and wished very much to reach

Yorktown, for rumors had reached us of a big celebration to take place the following day, which we desired to witness.

Very little was done by any of the party after supper, but watch for a pilot, and almost bother the life out of the officers of the ship by asking questions.

By 10 o'clock a majority had retired in disgust, with the feeling that we could not reach Yorktown before noon of Thursday. About 10.45 might have been seen a knot of a half-dozen or more gathered in the "social," discussing—and in a few instances nearly leaving off the first syllable—the situation. In this small gathering were an ex-Governor, Brigade-Adjutant, Postmaster, Judge, Poet, Historian, and others, their faces of a cerulean shade, their massive brows the shade of a thunder cloud, their opinions concerning the ship very unanimous, when, just as it had been voted that Cornwallis was a humbug, and that sleep would cause us all to feel better, some one rushed in with the glad tidings, "A pilot at last."

This was about 11 o'clock. We went out on deck and gazed toward the Bay, when away in the distance we could discern a bright star "bobbing up serenely." "Is it a pilot?" "How do you know?" "The mate says so!" etc., etc. "Mate, give them another signal-light!" which being done, a minute elapsed, two, when an answering signal was made, and a cheer went up which soon brought on deck a large accession to our company. It was a sight not easily described, the coming of that pilot-boat; the light at the mast-head dancing up and down and swaying to either side, having the appearance of a will-o'-the-wisp, or some weird object bearing down on us.

It proved to be a steam pilot-boat, and soon passed around the back end of the steamer (sometimes called the stern), came down on the left-hand side (windward some one called it), and—"Steamer ahoy!" "Hallo-o!" "What do you want?" "We want a pilot for Yorktown." "We are Baltimore pilots, but you can follow us in until you meet one."

Three cheers went up from a happy crowd, and in just

about sixty seconds the wheels began to go round, and the steamer was headed toward the west, and with the little star leading the way, something like a small dog leading a blind man, we steamed rapidly ahead. Just inside Cape Henry Light a pilot-boat met us, when again came the hail, "Steamer ahoy!" "Hallo-o!" "What do you want?" "We want a Yorktown pilot!" "All right, you can have one;" directly a small boat with two oarsmen and another sailor was seen coming from the little schooner, the ladder was let down, a lantern hung over the side, several hundred eyes saw a figure in sailor's rig, with his bag, nimbly run up the side and spring on deck, one of the two in the boat inquired the name of the steamer, the boat put back to the schooner, when the long pent-up feelings of the men gave forth three hearty cheers. The steam pilot-boat, as soon as those on board saw that we were all right for Yorktown, gave three parting whistles, making a noise which sounded about as loud as a penny whistle, which was answered by the "Charleston," when it steamed away rapidly. The pilot proceeded to the wheel-house and took charge, quite a crowd of soldiers escorting him thither to show him his duties, after which nearly all went to bed, thinking that perhaps *Cornwallis* was a good deal of a man after all.

The few guests who had remained up called, with the Governor of North Carolina, on the Governor of South Carolina, and then retired to dream of the morrow.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20TH.

Alas, poor Yorick-town, we know it well!

There were many early risers on this beautiful morning, who, for the most part, on finding the steamer at anchor, supposed as a matter of course that we were at Yorktown; instead of that we were at the mouth of York river, twelve miles distant, where we had been since about 1.30 A. M.

Our extremely cautious captain, for some good reason, probably, thought it best to do his traveling by daylight, and then again, he wished to weigh the anchor once more. (This was one of the most unaccountable things in connection with this eventful trip—to the certain knowledge of the Historian, that anchor was weighed during the six days we were on the steamer no less than four times, and apparently no record was kept either time of the weight, and this is another evidence of the lack of knowledge on the part of the crew. A merchant would have had the weight marked somewhere, that in a hurry it might be referred to, and here we were, impatient to be on hand at the celebration, obliged to wait for that confounded anchor to be weighed again.) We at last got under way, and had a very beautiful view of the river and the country on either shore; the scene during the late war, as well as that of a hundred years ago, of very exciting events.

We reached Yorktown about 8 o'clock, and anchored way down the Bay, the Captain not knowing whether or no it would be safe to go up to the dock, where so many vessels, probably several hundred, were lying.

Lt.-Gov. Bulkeley, Commissioner from Conn., had proceeded to Washington early in the week, as had also Corporal S. A. Hubbard, of the "Courant," and, with Senator Hawley, Hon. John R. Buck, M. C., and Gen. S. W. Kellogg,

had gone to Yorktown with other distinguished men from the National Capital. To say that they were anxious and worried at the non-arrival of the "Charleston" cannot express it. They were really alarmed for our safety. Col. S. J. Fox, Assistant Adjutant-General of Connecticut, had been on the ground for several days attending to the pitching of the tents the regiment were to occupy, and making other arrangements for the comfort of the Governor and party. Horses for Col. Barbour and field and staff had been contracted for at Baltimore and were in readiness; but where was the steamer?

Telegrams were sent to Fortress Monroe and other points, to inquire if the steamer had been reported or seen, but no tidings were received. Grave apprehensions were felt that she was disabled or that an accident had befallen her, and preparations were made to send out government vessels in search of the missing regiment, if no tidings were received by Thursday morning.

The anxiety manifested and the frequent calls at the telegraph office attracted the attention of newspaper correspondents, who were on hand in large numbers and anxiously seeking after items, resulting in despatches to the New York papers, stating that fears were entertained that the steamer was lost. The "Herald" had a sensational despatch to this effect, also giving a list of officers and invited guests, and giving such a coloring to the article that many really feared that the ship had gone to the bottom, while, at the time, we were having such jolly s— ——k experiences.

Efforts were made by the representatives of Connecticut and Connecticut papers to prevent the sending of such alarming news; but who has ever heard of such a thing as stopping a newspaper reporter when in search of items? The despatches were sent, and readers of New York dailies, especially the "Herald," had quite a severe shock on Thursday morning.

The Hartford and New Haven papers drew it a little more mildly; but still there was enough said in them to create

considerable uneasiness in the minds of the public, more especially among those who had friends in the party, and that comprised pretty much all of Hartford and New Haven, with several other towns to hear from. The newspaper offices were besieged that morning, and the telephone office did a lively business with parties living at a distance from the center. But at about 11 o'clock a despatch was received from New York, that the "Charleston" had been sighted in the York river, which somewhat relieved the suspense; but when, soon after noon, despatches were received from some who were "on board," there was great rejoicing. These despatches were promptly bulletined at the various newspaper offices.

Well, we lay at anchor some distance from the shore, waiting for—what, nobody knew. The regiment was in full dress, and all in position, ready to march; but how and when they could land was a question.

It seemed to the six hundred
As though some one had blundered.

Capt. Reynolds being at a loss as to what should be done, Gov. Jewell and Gen. Harbison induced some of the crew who knew how to row a boat, and were not afraid to go in one, to man a boat and go ashore. Soon after, a boat was descried pulling rapidly for us, manned by United States seamen and evidently commanded by a naval officer. Several others could be seen as passengers, but it was several minutes before we could distinguish the faces of Gen. Hawley, Hon. John R. Buck, and Corporal S. A. Hubbard. They soon reached the steamer and came on board, accompanied by Capt. Warner, of the revenue cutter Ewing, a native of Middletown, Conn. The contrast between the seamen in the cutter's boat and those who stood at our gangway was laughable, indeed. Our visitors were heartily welcomed, and the necessity of landing soon was pointed out, or we would be too late to take part in the parade.

Gen. Hawley, on stepping aboard, said, "Where have you been?" and upon being told why we were lying out in the

stream at once sought the captain, and, on hearing his excuses and reasons for not venturing further in, spoke out in his earnest and emphatic way, "Go in, right up to the wharf. You needn't feel afraid; the water is an hundred feet deep." The captain said something about permission, when Gen. Hawley whispered in a loud tone, "It's all right, I tell you. I know the admiral and the harbor officers, and everybody else, and I'll take the responsibility. Go ahead, I tell you!" And once more the poor old anchor was weighed, and we got under way.

In the meanwhile another party, consisting of Lt.-Gov. Bulkeley, Gen. Kellogg, and Col. Fox, had come on board, and were explaining the necessity of haste, as the review was to begin promptly at 10 o'clock.

Every preparation possible was made for the immediate landing and marching of the troops, the desire being to get into the line somewhere and somehow.

Directly after getting under way, Lt.-Com. Henry C. White, U. S. N., a Hartford boy, who, during the celebration, was acting as port captain, or naval harbor master, came on board, and was heartily received by his many friends and old schoolmates. With his assistance and by his authority as port captain, the "Charleston" was soon alongside the wharf which had been reserved for her, and the troops rapidly disembarked amid a crowd of gaping negroes and loungers, and at last were on the sacred soil of Virginia, with their feet or the ground bobbing up, they couldn't tell which, for with many the change from sea-legs to ordinary walking was a novel one.

The troops were quickly marched to where a line could be formed, amidst a crowd of teams and wondering people, and into sand ankle deep. There was a delay of but a few moments, when the command was given, "Forward." Colt's Band struck up "Dixie," and the gallant soldier boys headed for the parade ground. As soon as the familiar notes of "Dixie" were heard, it was amusing to see the colored folks of both sexes, who danced, showed the whites of their eyes, and seemed pleased all over.

The hour for the review had arrived, but the brave boys were a mile and a half from the ground, with the toughest march before them they had ever undertaken ; but get there they must, for Connecticut must be represented.

Leaving them in a cloud of dust, headed for the place of review, let us follow the movements of the Governor and party. Carriages, or rather vehicles, had been secured by Colonel Fox, and were waiting near the place of debarkation, where the party quickly loaded up, amid much merriment, for the variety of teams was decidedly great and interesting.

Just select the toughest looking pair of horse frames you have ever seen, and hitch them to an ancient coach or carriage of the style of your great-grandfather's days, and in lieu of reins fasten on some pieces of twine or clothes-lines, and you will get a tolerably fair idea of some of the best of the teams to be hired. Occasionally we saw a pretty fair turn-out, belonging to some well-to-do family from out of town, or a public carriage belonging to Richmond, Washington, or Norfolk. The Historian, by good luck, was assigned to a pretty respectable-looking two-seated basket phæton, or as near that as anything, in company with the Comptroller and Poet, altogether the best-looking load in the line. The vehicle and driver belonged in Norfolk, and had come a long distance, as had many others, to try and earn an honest dollar. We dismounted, after going a short distance, and under the lead of the Lieutenant-Governor went on board the "Excelsior," a steamer belonging to the Norfolk Line, which was the headquarters of the Congressional Committee and Commissioners from the several States.

Here we were introduced to several distinguished gentlemen, spent a short time in social intercourse, assisted the Governors of the two Carolinas to meet once more, waited for our accommodating Lieutenant-Governor to load himself with a large mail for members of the regiment, and again set out for the parade-ground, stopped at the telegraph office to leave some dispatches, and finally started directly for the reviewing ground, a half-hour late. What a ride that was,

and what sights we saw on our way, it is impossible to put on record; but it certainly went ahead of any old-fashioned "Gineral Trainin'," or militia gathering at the North ever seen. Upon nearing the reviewing stand we found it to be utterly impossible to get through the crowd, therefore alighted and pushed to the front in time to see the last, perhaps one-fourth, of the troops march by.

The question most commonly asked was this: "Do you suppose the Connecticut troops were in time?" The Brooklyn 13th, headed by Dodworth's Band and Drum Corps, the North Carolina, South Carolina, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Michigan troops passed, while all eyes were eagerly looking for the scarlet coats of Colt's Band. "Here they come, I see Drum-Major Steele;" and true enough, on the extreme left of the infantry came Connecticut, marching splendidly, but with the Field and Staff dismounted, for, although their horses were ready and waiting, there was not time to put on the equipments and mount. Colt's Band was putting in its biggest licks, and altogether the regiment and Governor's Guards did magnificently. As soon as it became known that the "lost" Connecticut troops were in line, although not in the position assigned on the programme, the spectators became greatly interested in seeing them, and as they passed cheers were loud and long, and clapping of hands incessant.

Governor Bigelow and his immediate party felt better and breathed freer, at the same time felt that it had been a close shave, *but the boys were there;* how they got there and into line will be told in the words of others.

We got into our carriages again and rode through the great crowd, which was hurrying in every direction, past the Grand Stand (our carriage stopping to pick up A. H. Byington, Esq., the well-known correspondent, who, having been in Yorktown several days, entertained us greatly by his descriptions of the place and visitors); had an opportunity to see Gen. Hancock, with his brilliant Staff, as they rode away, drove around past the memorable Moore House, but were

unable to stop, and through the great camp, reminding one of the tented field of a score of years ago.

It was expected, by the managers of the celebration, that all the troops would be on the ground as early as Wednesday the 19th, and nearly all were on time and went into camp, the States being arranged in order. Tents were pitched and streets laid out, as at ordinary military encampments, and some of the troops had been in camp for several days.

Col. Fox had attended to all the details for making the Connecticut troops comfortable, or as much so as possible at such a place; but alas, there were no troops to occupy the tents. Our little procession rode along, looking for the Connecticut camp, but no one in the party could tell its location.

The parade being dismissed, the camp was rapidly filling up with troops from other States, who seemed to devote most of their time to shaking dust out of their clothes and bodies. "Whereabouts are the Connecticut troops?" some one of our party inquired. "Connecticut hasn't reported yet," was the reply. "Yes they have, where is their camp?" "Don't know, down that way I believe." We rode on again. "Can you show us where Connecticut is?" "Connecticut hasn't reported, guess they have gone to the bottom." "No, they are all right; where's their street?" "Right over there;" and soon we reached the deserted camp; tents all ready, everything in good shape, but no soldiers. We alighted, went into Col. Fox's tent, brushed up, and learning that the soldiers from South Carolina were not far away we marched to their camp in a body, headed by our Governor and Lieutenant-Governor.

The Charleston companies had just returned from the parade, but on learning who we were they gave us a hearty welcome. A few moments were spent in mutual introductions and conversation, when an invitation was extended to them to visit the steamer, and we departed.

The regiment, in the meanwhile, after the review and parade, had decided not to march to the camp; therefore,

after resting awhile and fraternizing with the troops of other States, they returned through the cloud of dust to the steamer, and were dismissed. Each man had plenty of sand in his hair, down his neck, through his clothes, in his shoes, and in his gizzard, and each felt sure that if it is the lot of man to eat a peck of dirt before he dies he had swallowed his share at Yorktown, and had enough left over to supply the rest of the family.

It is simply impossible to describe this played-out old town, for we were not in it long enough to "take in" much but sand. The Poet said more than once, "Oh, how I should have enjoyed a week in this place, and had an opportunity to write it up." Now I don't wish anything ill of the Poet, but if I wished him any harm I certainly should wish that he might have been obliged to have remained there a whole week. One certainly needed more than the few hours we were on shore to do any sort of justice to the subject, and we were sorry we could not have had, say, a half-day previous to the grand review, to have enabled us to have seen the historical points of interest, and to have got around among the people more; as it was, we were overwhelmed at the sight of the throngs of negroes and poor whites, the temporary places of business and lodging, the street venders and the articles on sale, from Yorktown medals down to chewing gum; the old historical houses still standing, as when Cornwallis was there; the Confederate entrenchments and breastworks—once occupied by Magruder's troops—still looming up in close proximity to our landing-place, the ever-varying panorama of gaily-decorated ancient turnouts, old crazy vehicles built many generations ago, once the pride and glory of some old decayed family in the country, the steps and trimmings rusty with age; swarms of colored people of all ages, soldiers from half the States in the Union, gaping crowds of back-country people, wearing raiments patterned after the styles of fifty years ago; the side-shows, gathered from a radius of hundreds of miles; the girls—but here I'll stop.

Here were gathered some 9,000 or 10,000 troops from all

parts of the country, and it was a long-to-be-remembered sight—this gathering together of citizen soldiery; for, unlike the gatherings of sixteen or twenty years ago, during the war, it was a meeting and clasping of hands by soldiers from both North and South, East and West, all past animosities forgotten.

As a matter of course, the Northern troops were better equipped and better disciplined than those of the South, simply for the reason that their States are more liberal in providing for them; but the Northern are not more courageous or braver than their brothers in the South, for they are alike American citizens. Upon the return of the Connecticut troops to the steamer, the boys speedily cleaned up, in season to receive a delegation of Charleston officers and soldiers, who had come to visit the steamer. The "Charleston" lay alongside the steamer on which Gov. Hoyt of Pennsylvania had his headquarters; and directly an impromptu mass meeting was held, embracing the three States of Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Connecticut. Short speeches were made by Ex-Gov. Jewell, Gen. Hawley, Gov. Hoyt and Gen. Hartranft of Pennsylvania, Gov. Bigelow, Lt.-Gov. Bulkeley, Judge Harrison, and others.

The soldiers cheered, Colt's Band played, and just as a speaker began to let off his superfluous steam the "Charleston" would do the same thing, which made a general good feeling of esteem.

The regiment was dismissed with orders to report on board at night, as it was the intention to proceed to Fortress Monroe the same evening, that the party might have an opportunity to spend several hours at this most interesting spot, provided we could obtain pilotage.

It was thought best to ascertain from Port-Captain White just what to do, therefore the Regimental Signal Corps was called into action, to test their capabilities.

Under direction of Corporal Burdette, of Co. K, signals were made to a war vessel, the nearest of the fleet, to know if Lt.-Com. White was on board. As our squad began sig-

naling the men on the ship-of-war stared for a moment, as if to say, "What are you waving those flags for, you Yankee volunteers?" But soon perceiving that the signals were made by those who understood their business, an officer sprang for his flag, and replied that he was not on board, but that he would signal him; and soon we had a pretty sight, as the signal was answered by one and another vessel down the line; and soon after Lt.-Com. White was discovered steaming rapidly towards us in his steam launch. He came on board, and had a short conference with Col. Barbour, when it was decided to be best to wait, and go to Old Point Comfort in the morning, which pleased the majority of the men, as many desired to see the fireworks, and see Yorktown at night.

The naval review was a grand, interesting, and novel sight. The programme, as originally laid out, was for the military parade and review to take place Oct. 20th, and the naval review on Friday, Oct. 21st. But it was thought best to end the ceremonies on the 20th; therefore a change in the order of exercises was made, and the naval review held on the afternoon of Thursday, but shortened to some extent.

Port-Captain White, being desirous of showing all possible courtesy to his Connecticut friends, had given orders that no vessels should be allowed outside of us, to in any manner obstruct our view of the proceedings, so that we had a capital position.

The vessels taking part in the grand review and naval dress parade, as it might be called, were the "Tennessee," the largest man-of-war afloat in our navy, with a total complement of 487 officers and men; "Franklin," screw steamer; "Alarm,"* a torpedo ram, iron-clad, and propelled by the Mallory propeller; "Trenton," screw steamer; "Vandalia," screw steamer; "Kearsarge," the well-known old war-vessel that whipped the "Alabama" (on board was a sailor who served on her during the war, was in the fight with the

* "Alarm" was commanded by Lieut. Harber, who was sent in the spring of 1882 to aid in the search for the missing officers and crew of the "Jeannette."

"Alabama," and has been in the same position ever since, for he thinks he cannot leave his old ship); "Tallapoosa," side-wheeler; "Despatch," screw steamer; "Saratoga," wooden sailing vessel; "Portsmouth," wooden sailing vessel; "Yantic," screw steamer. The "Constitution" was to have been present, but I could not learn of her presence. Besides these there were four smaller vessels, as follows: "Mayflower," "Standish," "Speedwell," and "Fortune," carrying only one or two officers.

The sight was a very interesting one. The grand old war-vessels, most of them well-known for their honorable service, and officered by many who had won distinction during the war, also the smaller vessels in bright holiday attire, the steam launches and cutters plying here and there carrying despatches, the numerous excursion steamers, tugs, yachts, and smaller craft, and last, but by no means least, the French ships of war, added to these the crowds of people on the vessels lying at the wharves, the spectators lining the bluffs on the water front, the firing of salutes, and the music from various bands, all combined to make a memorable scene, one not soon to be effaced from memory.

President Arthur reviewed the fleet, accompanied by a distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen, in a steam yacht, receiving a salute of twenty-one guns from each of seven vessels, both going and returning, the yards having been manned, the sails dropped and furled, and various evolutions performed by the splendidly-drilled seamen, after which the British flag was saluted.

While these events were taking place on board the naval vessels, the officers and guests of the regiment on the "Charleston" went through the exercise of hoisting in and lowering a good dinner, which was very acceptable, as most of us had eaten nothing since early morning but sand, which certainly was wery fillin', but had not much nourishment in it. Such of the soldiers as had not gone ashore to hunt up a "square meal" were served later.

Before dark the naval review was ended, and a large pro-

portion of those on the "Charleston" went on shore to see the sights. The Quartermaster and Historian did the town in about an hour, being fully repaid for their tiresome tramp through the dusty streets.

Upon returning to the dock, the steamer was missing, and a rapidly-increasing crowd of tired men had a tedious wait of an hour or more before we could get on board. In order to allow another steamer lying between ours and the dock to leave, the "Charleston" was obliged to haul out into the stream, and, the tide being against her, had considerable trouble to get back. Finally we all managed to get on board, and retired, fully satisfied with what we had seen of Yorktown.

During the evening there had been a fine display of fireworks from a point not far distant, which was greatly enjoyed.

We here parted from some of our party, Major Burbank leaving for Fortress Monroe on a regular boat, Capt. Smith and others for Norfolk, to proceed to Charleston by land. Gen. Hawley, whom we had expected to accompany us, was obliged to return to Washington, as also Hon. John R. Buck. Dr. Lewis also left us here. Mr. Blackman, of the Charleston "News and Courier," came on board with a letter of introduction to H. T. Sperry, and asked permission to accompany the regiment, to enable him to "write it up." Permission was given and quarters assigned him.

Corporal S. A. Hubbard also left for Norfolk, promising to meet us at Fortress Monroe. Lt.-Gov. Bulkeley and Col. Fox took up their abode with us, and agreed to stick until we reached Charleston; and so we were prepared for an early start.

The writer thinks it the best plan to quote the words of others concerning the First Connecticut at Yorktown; and, as the doings of the Connecticut Commissioner and our Representatives in Washington should have a place in this history, I cannot do better than give in full a letter written by Ex-Congressman S. W. Kellogg to the "Waterbury Amer-

ican." It gives such a complete story, I insert it entire, and thank the General for affording me the material.

[From the "Waterbury American," Oct. 26, 1881.]

FORTRESS MONROE, Oct. 21, 1881.

Three days at Yorktown, and glorious days they all were; and yet had you not been fortunate enough to have a comfortable state-room on a clean, fine steamer, to sleep in, with plenty to eat and drink in the day time, three hours, instead of three days, would have been enough of Yorktown. With the exception of a few, for whom comfortable quarters had been provided on shore with the military, those who had to look out for themselves in the village (if I may call it by that name) will never want to see Yorktown again. It was a common remark, and I presume fifty newspaper men have mentioned it, in one form or another, that the only wonder was that Lord Cornwallis, finding himself in possession of such a miserable, God-forsaken place, did not surrender it without a fight, and be glad to get rid of it. The truth is, that all this splendid military and naval parade, with the literary and historical exercises, ought to have been in Washington, where the people could have seen it and have been cared for; and an excursion, one day, to this historical spot, for the purpose of laying the corner-stone of the monument, would have been enough for Yorktown.

I suppose you have seen and read all about the celebration in twenty papers this week; but, as I have a couple of hours to wait, I will give you a few of my own observations. We left Washington at 4 P. M. on Monday, on the steamer Excelsior, of the Norfolk line, having on board the Congressional Committee on the Yorktown Centennial, a large number of senators, governors, and commissioners from the different States, many of them with their wives. Lt.-Gov. Bulkeley and myself were the only Connecticut men on board, as Senator Hawley and Congressman Buck, with some friends, went on a revenue cutter. It was a great relief to find ourselves upon the Potomac with a fresh breeze, after the sweltering heat in Washington of Sunday and Monday, and a pretty hard week's work that I had just been doing. We passed Mount Vernon, with tolling bell, about sunset. We found ourselves in very pleasant quarters and with a very pleasant company. Twelve of us had rooms assigned us in a small forward

cabin, separated from the main saloon. There were six or eight senators, most of whom had been in Congress with me, Gov. Bulkeley and myself, and two very pleasant gentlemen from Colorado, Frederick Walsen, an intelligent German resident of that State, and Irving W. Stanton, Esq., who served in the war in the same regiment with our Capt. F. A. Spencer. A long-geared Virginian, from another part of the boat, furnished us some fun at the supper-table. The waiters not coming very fast at first, as they had the ladies at the other parts of the table to look to, he shouted to the nearest waiter, "Now, come and help these ladies and these other people here. Don't mind me; I can wait. I have been *waiting twenty years for this square meal.* I am used to waiting." We heard the same individual, after we had gone to bed, calling out in a neighboring part of the boat for somebody to give him a drink. He was told it was too late to get a drink, but he would not be quieted. Finally a gentleman got him a drink to keep him still. Said he, "Stranger, you suit me. Where are you from?" "From Vermont," was the reply. "Did I understand you?" says the former, "I am a little out o' hearing. "Did you say you were from Vermont?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, stranger, I never *did* expect to meet a man from Vermont who would *unpack* as well as you do." With the roar of laughter that followed, our Virginia friend subsided for the night. We did not get very much sleep in that forward cabin, however; for about twenty horses for the officers at Yorktown were right under us on the forward deck, and they had a competitive drill all night, to see which could stamp and kick the hardest. Sleeping in a barn with half a dozen horses is nothing in comparison. We were glad to see them taken ashore the next morning.

After an early breakfast, Tuesday morning, we found we were coming into Yorktown, if it may be said that you *can* come into such a place. At all events, we were in sight of and close by Yorktown. We had a fast boat, and had passed everything that left Washington within four hours before we left. The river presented a beautiful sight that morning. There were seven or eight of our best ships in the navy drawn up in line of battle, with several smaller naval vessels, and a host of other craft lying or shooting about on the river. Streamers and gay flags and pennants floated from mast-head and mizzen-top, and hung from lines stretched over the rigging from bow to stern. We received a

salute from the naval ships as we passed, in honor of the Centennial Commission and the governors on board our steamer. Lt.-Gov. Bulkeley and I went ashore as soon as we touched the wharf, and got the best team we could find to drive us through Yorktown, and out a mile and a half to the camp. It was a pair of horses such as no man in Waterbury would drive for half a day, if you would give them to him. But most of the teams were carts, to which were hitched either one or two small cattle, guided by a darkey sitting on the forward end of the cart, with a harness of ropes or tow strings. And such small, scraggly, mean-looking cattle! They were about as large as our yearlings. If they could be collected by the side of one of our Watertown fairs, they would be worth going twenty miles to see, as a huge burlesque upon all horned cattle. We saw six wide-awake young soldiers, in gray uniforms, much like those of our own Second Connecticut, in one of those little two-wheeled carts, drawn by a little scrawny ox, with a white sheet thrown over him, on which was printed in big letters, "Durham Bull." They were plodding along at the rate of about a mile an hour, and the corporal in command was giving orders to all similar teams along the road to "fall in." The ox or cow that the old fellow used to drive round Waterbury a few years ago was a royal conveyance in comparison with these turnouts.

We saw Yorktown. The population is less than that of either Wolcott or Prospect; and, aside from the historical interest and associations of Yorktown, I would not exchange either Wolcott or Prospect for a whole State of such places as this. There is the old Nelson house, the finest in the place, built way back in the centuries. It was the residence of Gov. Nelson at the time of the revolution; and when he found that Cornwallis had his headquarters in it at the time of the siege he requested that the guns of the besieging armies might be turned upon it, and offered a reward of five guineas to the first artillerist who would hit his own house. There is the oldest custom-house in the United States; and it don't look as if five dollars of revenue would be collected there in as many years. There is Washington's headquarters after the surrender; a little one-story, steep roofed building, with the chimney on the outside on the end, in old Virginia style. It is now a dirty-looking bar-room. The post-office is in a wooden shanty. Most of the other buildings were huts or

shanties, many of them put up for this occasion. We drove out to the camp and to the Moore house close by, where the articles of capitulation to the allied American and French armies were signed; and over the ground where Cornwallis is supposed to have laid down his arms. None of the old fortifications of that day are visible; but the trenches and breastworks of twenty years ago, when the Confederate general, Magruder, dug and fortified, and McClellan with the Union forces after him, are distinct and well preserved. There is not energy enough in the population around here to dig them down for cultivation of the land. When we returned to our steamer we were as white with dust as if we had been rolled over in the road.

After getting rid of the dust as much as possible, we went to Lafayette Hall, which had been erected on the bluff near by for this celebration, to attend the reception by Gov. Holliday of Virginia, of the governors of other States, the commission and their guests. This is a large hall erected of rough boards for the occasion, but the inside of it is so canopied and adorned and hung with bunting, and flags, and banners, that not a trace of the rough boards is visible. The portrait of Gen. Garfield hung by the side of the portrait of Washington. We had a very pleasant reception of two hours here. The governors of States who had arrived were all there, with their brilliant staffs. Lieut.-Gov. Bulkeley, in the absence of Gov. Bigelow, did the honors for our State well. I found that Gov. Holliday was an old college acquaintance of mine, having been in the class that graduated next after mine. He lost his right arm close to the shoulder in the Confederate service. Gov. Hamilton of Maryland, who was in Congress with me, introduced to us among others of his staff a great-grandson of the Colonel Tighleman who was one of Washington's aids, and was commissioned by him to carry the tidings of Cornwallis's surrender to the Continental Congress then sitting in Philadelphia, on horseback through the wilderness. There was no city of Washington then. The great-grandson wore the sword now that Congress voted his great-grandfather for his zeal and rapidity in getting through the woods in four days, from Yorktown to Philadelphia. What a glorious ride in those October days through the forest that must have been for the young and gallant Colonel, with the tidings of a new-born nation in his keeping! He showed us also the badge which Washington had pre-

HON. WILLIAM H. BULKELEY,

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

YORKTOWN COMMISSIONER.

sented to his great-grandfather, of the ancient order of the Cincinnati, which was formed by the surviving officers of the Revolution after the close of the war; and an autograph letter from Washington which was sent with it at the time. In looking over the roster of the allied American and French armies that captured Cornwallis, which I found here at Lafayette Hall, my heart bounded not a little when I read that the immediate command of the young Colonel Alexander Hamilton, the favorite of Washington, who stormed and took the first redoubt that made the surrender a necessity on the part of Cornwallis, was the Second New York and the Second Connecticut. Both regiments were so reduced by the service of a long war that the aggregate of both was only two hundred men. There were two strong redoubts to be taken by storm, before the main works could be made untenable. The capture of one was assigned to the French forces; Hamilton asked and obtained permission of Washington to lead the other storming party, though a score of other officers outranked him, and might claim the post of honor. There is a tradition that the gallant young orator and soldier made a speech to his command just before leading them to the assault in the darkness of the night, that thrilled through officers and men like molten fire. "Did you ever hear such a speech?" said one officer to another of Hamilton's command; "With a speech like that I could storm hell!" At all events, whether such a speech was made or not, Hamilton led his troops on through the darkness to the assault; and as Hon. Mr. Winthrop said, without waiting for the sappers and miners to do their work and prepare the way, he swept on and over and through all obstructions, and over and into his redoubt, while the French were doing their work more slowly, and in a more scientific way. The doom of Cornwallis was that night sealed.

After the reception we repaired to the grand stand, close by the hall, for the opening exercises. Gov. Holliday made an excellent address of welcome, followed by another fine address from Senator Johnston of Virginia, the Chairman of the Congressional Committee on the Celebration, to whose courtesy the guests on the Excelsior are much indebted. Then followed the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the monument by the grand lodge of Virginia, surrounded by the Knights Templar, who were there in large numbers and with splendid regalia and show. The

ceremonies were admirably conducted, and were very imposing. The work was well done, and the stone "duly laid," by square, level, and plumb.

The naval display in the afternoon and evening was very fine. When Secretary Blaine, with the French and German guests, and the French ships, came up the river, the view of the naval ships in line, from the bluff or from the deck of our steamer, was magnificent. The yards were manned on all the ships; the men stood like statues, from yard-arm to yard-arm, while the guns thundered a salute from the decks below. There was the Tennessee, the flagship, the Vandalia, Franklin, Yantic, Kearsarge, and others, all in line, and lying out in the river just far enough off from our steamer to see the whole to the best advantage. But on Tuesday evening that line of battle ships was a perfect glory. In all parts of the rigging, from the deck to the mast-head, all the ships were hung full with colored lights, while a constant stream of rockets went up from the decks. A splendid display of fireworks on a boat moored in the river was kept up until late in the evening, and a dark bank of clouds all along the sky to the north made them look still more brilliant. A welcome shower of rain closed the exhibition for the night.

I have not time nor have you space for a full description of Wednesday's exercises. It is enough to say they passed off admirably. President Arthur made a gem of a speech, and it was commended on all sides for its fitness and felicity. He has been winning golden opinions in all quarters, since the sad calamity that elevated him to his high office. The event of the day was the historical speech of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. I was fortunate enough to be where I could hear every word of it. I would not have missed it for anything else in the whole celebration. More than forty years ago, when a young lad, too young to appreciate such a speech, I went one bright autumn morning fourteen miles on foot to hear Edward Everett's speech at the laying of the corner stone of a monument at South Deerfield, Mass., in honor of Captain Lathrop and his men, the "flower of Essex," who had fallen in an Indian ambush in King Philip's war. I would send my boy that distance on foot now to hear Robert C. Winthrop, if he could get there in no other way. Though nearly seventy-five years old, he has a good deal of force and vigor still. He is the same polished, scholarly orator and

gentleman that he has been for fifty years; the last survivor of that galaxy of Boston orators and statesmen who were my boyish admiration long years ago. The widow of John Tyler, who was President forty years since, came upon the stand during the speech, and listened with much interest. The speech fully sustained Winthrop's former reputation. And when after its close the Secretary of State read the order of President Arthur that, in honor of the illustrious sovereign and gracious lady who sits on the British throne, the ceremonies should close with a salute to the flag of England—the highest mark of respect that one nation can pay to another—the announcement fell upon my ears like a strain of another glorious song from heaven of peace on earth, good will to men. Somehow, by some association or suggestion, I know not what, the opening lines of that good old hymn our dear friend Dr. Beckwith used to love to give out were recalled at once to my mind:

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
'*Peace to the earth, good will to man.*'"

With the representatives of three of the greatest nations on earth joining in the celebration of an event that brought peace to this land, and such a tribute of honor paid to the great antagonistic country of a hundred years ago, one might fancy the Augustan age of peace had surely come to stay, and that the brazen throat of war would be hushed forevermore. But I suppose, with human nature as it is, the swords will not all be beaten into plowshares for some time to come. Some little infraction of sovereignty, some little insult, real or fancied, may set half the world in arms at any time; and I suppose we shall go on doing as we have done, and in time of peace prepare for war.

All day long, on Wednesday, we had been watching for the arrival of Gov. Bigelow and Staff and the First Connecticut National Guard and Governor's Guard. Gov. Bulkeley and myself went out on the bluff before and after the exercises, and strained our eyes down the river for a sight of the steamer "Charleston." But no such steamer came. Just at nightfall we saw a black-hulled steamer going up the other side of the river among the shipping. It was too dark to distinguish the flag, but

we thought it was the "Charleston" sure. We floundered along the bank in the darkness, through the dust, the crowds, and the shanties, only to find out it was "some other" steamer. We were on deck Thursday morning before sunrise; and, lying at a wharf up the river, we could see, through a forest of masts and smokestacks, a dark steamer, that we thought sure must be the "Charleston." Up along the river bank we plodded again, only to find out, when we got there, that it was the same miserable old black-hulled steamer we had seen the night before, which had changed her position during the night. Back to the "Excelsior," and on deck we went again, but could see nothing of her. Down then we went to breakfast with Col. Simeon J. Fox, who had just come in from camp, where he had made all possible provision for the comfort of the troops of our State. Col. Fox had tried to stop the reporters, the night before, from sending off any alarming telegrams to New York about the missing vessel; but you might as well try to stop a streak of lightning as to stop a newspaper man when he gets his nose after an item of unusual interest. So we went down to breakfast, giving up all hope of seeing the Connecticut regiment in time for the review. But, going on deck right after breakfast, we saw a strange steamer lying down the river; and with a glass we soon made out the vines on the old State flag at the mast-head. Jumping into the first small boat we could get, Col. Fox gave orders to pull for the vessel where the officer who had charge of the river harbor during the celebration had his quarters. Before reaching it, we saw another boat pulling up stream in the same direction, and in it we quickly recognized the well-known head of Gov. Jewell, and Gen. Harbison. We gave them three hearty cheers. They were on the same errand with us, and had left the "Charleston" for that purpose. Arriving on board, we found the officer we sought was away, and we steamed over to the "Tennessee" to look him up. We lost half an hour before we could find him. In the meantime, Senator Hawley, who had been equally anxious, was on the lookout from the revenue cutter, where he was staying, further down the river. He went on board at once, and, with his well-known energy and his authority as a member of the centennial committee, he had the steamer under way up the river without waiting for the harbor master. It was none too soon, for it was about 10 o'clock, the hour of the grand review, when we got to the

wharf through the crowded shipping. As we approached to board her on the way up, I could see on the deck and wheel-house a host of friends, Gov. Bigelow and Staff, Hon. N. D. Sperry, Judge Harrison, and others. We were soon among them. The regiment was landed when the call for the grand review was sounding, a mile and a half away; and by the energy of its splendid colonel, L. A. Barbour, with the efficient aid of his officers and Col. Fox, the regiment, by a forced march, reached the ground through a road of sand and clouds of dust, just in time to pass behind the reviewing stand and form in rear of the column of infantry, and pass as the last regiment in review. Nobody on the reviewing stand knew of their arrival; and when the colors of Connecticut came in sight, and the regiment passed with its splendid marching, the air rung with the heartiest cheers of the day. To be sure, New Jersey got the prize. She had a battalion of picked companies from different regiments. I heard one of their officers say there were three companies from one regiment, two from another, and so on; and, as he put it, "we took such companies as could conveniently come." That was a little too thin for us to swallow; for we knew the *crack companies were those "who could conveniently come."*

If the Connecticut troops could have gone to Baltimore or Washington by rail, and then down the bay or river in a good boat, as the New Jersey troops did, they would have been in very different shape at Yorktown, and I would have risked them with any regiment of picked companies. But New Jersey meant business; her troops were on the ground all the week drilling and preparing for it; she went in for the cup, and she got it.

Postmaster Sperry, Judge Harrison, and myself got a Yorktown horse and wagon to drive out to the parade ground. We got along pretty nearly as fast as the Connecticut regiment marched, and reached there in time to see them pass in review and join in the cheers. Sperry asked the driver, who was a white man, if he was a readjuster. The fellow looked as if he did not know whether that thing went on four legs or six, or what sort of an animal it was. After the review we drove to the Moore house, where the French visitors were, and met there Col. A. H. Kellam of our Governor's staff, and Col. Stanton. As good luck would have it, Gov. Holliday was there; and we all had an introduction

to the French ladies, including the great-granddaughter of Lafayette. They were very pleasant and chatty. After that, we went with Gov. Bigelow and Staff and officers of the First Regiment to pay our respects to the governor and officers of the South Carolina troops in camp. Some of us then went and called on Gov. Cornell, who, with his estimable wife, has occupied a tent in camp with his troops, fitted up in a style becoming a governor of his great State. He spoke in the highest terms of the appearance of our First Regiment and the Second Company of Governor's Guard, and expressed surprise that they could do so well under the circumstances. We then returned to the steamers. The naval parade in the afternoon was fine, but there was not time to carry the programme out in detail, as the whole of Friday had been originally arranged for that. The manning of the yards was a beautiful sight. Gen. Hancock gave a magnificent reception at 4 P. M. on the "St. John's," a steamer lying alongside of us, which was his headquarters. I saw there the President and Cabinet, many senators and other distinguished visitors and brilliantly-dressed ladies, and a host of army and navy officers, all dressed in glittering splendor. I carried Postmaster-General James a telegram, as the boy could not get to him; and, on opening it, we found some poor hungry coot had telegraphed him way down there for an office.

Lt.-Gov. Bulkeley and myself went aboard the "Charleston," bidding good-bye to our pleasant friends on the "Excelsior," which returned to Washington Thursday night. We found a hearty welcome, and as good, hospitable friends and good fellows as can be found on any steamer. We arrived at Fortress Monroe at nine this morning. Gov. Bigelow and the troops had a splendid reception here; but I have no time to describe it. Col. Livingston, with his officers and regulars, did them all the honors. They sailed at 11 o'clock for Charleston. It was hard work for me to tear myself away from so many friends and good fellows, but I have work to do for clients, and must turn my face northward. Besides, with all the good friends on board, *I can't help seeing, and don't quite like the steamer "Charleston."* Gov. Jewell, Sperry, Harrison, and some others go the rest of the way by rail. I return to Washington to-night with my genial friend Byington, of the Norwalk "Gazette." I have had a good time.

I am sorry for the men of the First Regiment; they are worse

off than the officers or guests. They are too cleanly a set of men to be stowed away in such a filthy place between decks as that of the "Charleston," and must feel as if they had taken the quarters of the wharf rats when they crawled out of it. And before closing this letter, now much longer than I intended, I must say another good word for that regiment. They had a great many good things said of them at Yorktown, and they deserved them all. I am pretty well known at home, from old associations, to be a little enthusiastic over the Second Regiment, and I recall their splendid appearance on their excursions to New York, New Jersey, and Washington with an exultant pride. But no regiment from our State ever deserved heartier commendation or warmer regard from its citizens than this First Regiment. The wonder is they could have done so well at Yorktown. With a hurried march after three days of delays and tossing about in such a steamer, with no time to get breath after their sea-sickness, or to get off their sea-legs, they went through the review in a manner equal to that of any regulars on the ground. There were fine horses for Col. Barbour and Staff standing blanketed in the camp across the field. There was no time to send for or saddle them, and the officers marched on foot with the men. I hope they all will have so good a time in the city of Charleston, with its well-known hospitality, that it will atone for all their discomforts. But I venture to say that, when the recollections of this excursion are called up in future years, they will none of them have painted on their memory the steamer "Charleston" as a "thing of beauty or a joy forever." S. W. KELLOGG.

Many pages could be filled with complimentary notices of the appearance of the First at Yorktown ; for it undoubtedly *was the best* entire regiment in line, and there is no doubt that if it had arrived on the previous day, and had time to get off what is called their "sea-legs," they would have taken the prize offered to the best-drilled regiment. New Jersey was represented by a picked regiment, that is, made up of companies from different regiments ; but the First had simply its own enlisted men, as borne on its rolls, no substitutes, and but few absentees, every field, staff, and line officer present and on duty. The First Connecticut was barred out

from competition for the vase, it being awarded for "best appearance of camp," so that it was not actually brought into competition at all.

[From "Army and Navy Journal."]

"All now look for the mounted batteries, but the strains of martial music and the glistening of bayonets told that there was still another infantry command. What it was none could determine until the head of the column came into view, when the white helmets of the field and staff denoted the First Regiment of Connecticut. When this fact became assured a cheer arose from the assembled multitude which threw into insignificance all the applause of the day, and as the regiment swung by with its solid fronts, though time had not been allowed for them to be equalized, the applause told of the relief experienced by the safe arrival of the steamer Charleston. The marching of the regiment was superb, its distances well preserved, and alignments perfect, and the feeling of relief at their arrival was followed by one of sorrow that Colonel Barbour's regiment was not on the ground at an earlier day and given a chance to compete for the Tiffany vase."

[From the Norwalk "Gazette."]

"The Charleston had reached the dock at 10.15, and although nearly every man had been more or less sea-sick, and exposed to great discomforts by the long, unnecessary voyage, Col. Barbour had his eight companies of the First Regiment and the 2d Company of Governor's Foot Guard of New Haven fully represented, and, although neither he nor his fellow-officers had time to saddle and mount the horses provided for them and awaiting them on the ground, the boys dashed forward as cheerily as when they stormed Fort Griswold, and struck the end of the line and passed the reviewing stand as steadily and marching as finely as any company of regulars that had similarly marched by before them. It was a happy moment for the 'boys,' as a delay of only ten minutes more would have lost them the chance to have appeared in the line, and also the thousands of cheers and compliments they received on every hand as being, without exception, the best-drilled regiment on the field."

[From "Army and Navy Register."]

"The Connecticut First Regiment made a magnificent appearance, in spite of its late arrival and the fact that many of the men had been made very sea-sick by their ocean trip. They marched about as well as the New Jersey troops, and if they had arrived in season they might have carried off the Tiffany vase. This regiment re-embarked immediately after the review, and proceeded on a visit to Charleston, S. C."

From the many newspaper notices, a few are herewith given:

New York "Herald": At that hour the preparations for the military review were complete and the columns of troops were in position. Unaware of this the Connecticut regiment disembarked, and, with their splendid band, marched to the encampment. They reached the ground about 11 A. M., when the marching columns were already filing past the grand stand. Taking in the situation at a glance, the colonel of the Connecticut troops debouched to the left of the parade-ground, and, making a circuit in rear of the President's stand, reached the parade-ground in time to fall in and march past in regular order. Few people knew they had arrived, and, owing to the prevailing anxiety on account of their unexplained delay, their appearance was a genuine surprise. When they marched in splendid order and with the finest military precision in front of the stand they were loudly applauded and received the heartiest cheers of any command on the ground. At the close of the review the command concluded not to go into camp, and without even visiting the quarters intended for them they wisely returned to their steamer. Their delay in arriving here proved opportune.

New York "Tribune": "We have had all sorts of tunes from the different bands, but none more appropriate than the air which the Connecticut band is playing. The Connecticut regiment arrived only this morning, just in time to reach the field and fall in at the rear of the volunteer column. Its tardiness turns out to be fortunate, however, for its excellent appearance and good marching make a capital finish to the infantry column."

New York "Sun": "Last of all the militia were the boys from Connecticut, five hundred strong. Although they had hardly lost

their sea legs, they made the most creditable appearance of any troops on the ground, and marched as well as, if not better than, the regulars. A company of the Governor's Foot Guard, with white facings, was with them."

New York "Times": "The New Jersey regiment and the Connecticut men came in for a large share of appreciation, especially the latter, whose new uniforms on the Prussian model, stalwart look, and even marching were enthusiastically received."

New York "Star": "The Connecticut troops arrived on the grounds direct from the steamer, and reached the farm just in time to wheel into the line. They were received with the wildest enthusiasm."

Boston "Herald": "The Connecticut regiment brought up the rear of the militia infantry, being out of position. It was accompanied by Colt's armory band, and looked very well. The honors of marching lay between New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Connecticut."

Boston "Advertiser": "Some of the marching was excellent, especially that of the Massachusetts Ninth, the Cadets, and the Connecticut troops."

Philadelphia "Times": "The great triumph of the day was the superb bearing of the different State troops. It is but poor praise of their excellence to say that they were not as a whole inferior to the regulars, and that one or two State contingents fairly surpassed them. These were the New Jersey and Connecticut troops. Second to the New Jersey militia in martial bearing were the Connecticut men, clothed, drilled, and lined to perfection."

[Correspondence Norwalk "Gazette."]

"Gens. Sherman and Hancock, as well as ex-Confederate Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, all spoke enthusiastically of the exceptionally fine marching of the belated Connecticut troops, and the boys, without going into the tent quarters prepared for them, at once retreated to their ship to rest and expectorate the dust, with which each man was nearly suffocated."

YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL HYMN.

[*Sung October 19th, at the scene of the surrender, by choruses from Baltimore, Richmond, and Washington.*]

Our fathers' God, who on these plains
  Of old gave victory to our land,
This day in gracious favor deigns
  To bless the labor of our hand.
To him let us our voices raise;
In lofty hymns and notes of praise,
  Our grateful homage pay.

His was the strength that nerved their heart
  In faith of battle for the right;
He did the wisdom high impart,
  That baffled all the foeman's might,
And gave our land, in days of yore,
Deliverance strong from troubles sore
  Of war and bitter strife.

Built on foundation strong and deep,
  The starry-pointing shaft we rear,
The form of mighty deeds to heap
  And tell in every coming year.
So let us in our hearts upraise
A monument of those brave days,
  Of faith and victory.

Gen. Clitz, in his report to the Adjutant-General of the U. S. Army concerning the inspection at Niantic last September, concludes by saying:

"I only caught a glimpse of the First Connecticut Regiment as it joined the rear of the column on the "march past" the President on the Military Day at Yorktown, but I will venture to say its fine military appearance was unsurpassed by any State organization present."

President Arthur to Gen. Hawley:

"Considering the very adverse circumstances, the appearance of the Connecticut regiment was admirable; it was simply splendid; you have every reason to be very proud of them. It was very remarkable."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21ST.

"Hold the fort, for we are coming."

An early start, a farewell look at Yorktown, a beautiful sail on a beautiful morning, a good breakfast, put where it would do the most good, and where it would cover up the sand we had swallowed, and we were off for Fortress Monroe, which most of those on board were to see for the first time.

Co. B were on duty this day.

In addition to Lt.-Gov. Bulkeley and Col. Fox, who were to go to Charleston, we were accompanied by Gen. Kellogg and A. H. Byington, Esq., of Norwalk and Washington, who were to leave at Fortress Monroe. When the famous fortification came in sight the members of the regiment were greatly excited, for although few had seen it all had read of it.

This was the writer's fourth visit, having been "thar" in 1863, 1865, and 1873, the most interesting visit having been in '63, when the negroes, or contrabands as they were then called, were more numerous than frogs in Egypt; but eighteen years has made a vast difference in the surroundings. Upon nearing the dock the well-known form of our fellow-voyager, Maj. Burbank, was descried in waiting for us, soon after joined by several officers of the garrison in full uniform. As soon as possible (it was now 9 o'clock) Col. Barbour and officers landed, and were introduced by Maj. Burbank to Col. Livingston and staff, who gave them a courteous and cordial welcome.

(Col. Livingston, 4th Artillery, was temporarily in command of the post, in the absence of Gen. Getty on special duty, and as Maj. Burbank is an officer of the 3d Artillery, in which Col. Livingston was formerly Captain, not only the

Colonel, but the other officers at the fort were very happy to honor the Major's friends.)

Arrangements being quickly made, the regiment landed, and, headed by Colt's Band, marched up the street past the Hygeia Hotel, and found the garrison, consisting of four companies from the First, Second, Third, and Fifth Artillery, under Major Lodor, with the Artillery School Band in line waiting for them, when the customary reception ceremonies were gone through with; after which, under escort of the battalion, the visiting troops were marched by the grand entrance-way to the parade-ground, inside the fort.

Governor Bigelow and party, with the other guests of the regiment, under escort of several of the officers of the garrison, were taken over a draw-bridge, across the moat, and through a covered way, by a short cut to the parade-ground, where they were soon joined by other officers, while on the piazzas of the houses occupied by the families of officers, as also on seats under the trees in front, there was soon gathered quite a party of ladies to witness the evolutions of the soldiers.

As the party were entering, the representative of the Charleston "News and Courier" was walking by the side of the Historian, when he suddenly remarked, "Why, here is where they had our 'Jeff,' wasn't it?" The remark being overheard by the Chaplain of the post, he at once pointed out the place of confinement, and gave us many interesting facts in connection with the celebrated prisoner.

Army officers of various ranks quickly gathered in full uniform to witness the drill and dress parade of the First and Governor's Guard, which they had been invited to give.

The brilliant uniforms, Gov. Bigelow and party in the foreground, the groups of ladies and children on the piazzas and under the trees, the orderlies and soldiers off duty, watching to see how the volunteers would do it, the long line of Connecticut troops, and on the extreme right the battalion of regulars "in place rest," together made a brilliant picture in the bright sunlight. The Yankee soldiers felt

that perhaps it was a trifle "cheeky" to show off before disciplined troops, therefore every man was determined to do his level best.

Everything passed off excellently well, amid applause from the spectators, and Col. Barbour received many words of praise for the admirable appearance of the regiment.

The dress-parade ended, the troops were at once marched to the steamer, without breaking ranks, which was a disappointment to many who desired to examine more thoroughly this celebrated fortification; but the officers were anxious to put to sea, that there might be no possibility of delay in reaching Charleston on time.

While the troops were on their way to the boat Gov. Bigelow and party were escorted to the officers' club-rooms, where they were most hospitably entertained during their limited stay.

These club-rooms are in the walls of the fort, and fitted up with billiard and card tables and other conveniences for recreation while off duty. In an adjoining casemate Jefferson Davis was confined during the latter part of his visit at the fort.

Col. Barbour had hoped to allow the troops an hour in which to visit and inspect the many points of interest in and about the fort, but the long delay and difficulty in getting the steamer to the dock rendered it necessary to cut short the visit. This old tub of a steamer could consume more time in trying to go where wanted than any steamer afloat, I verily believe.

But 11 o'clock had arrived, the hour appointed for leaving: so, bidding good-bye to our hospitable entertainers, after pledging each others' healths in something more sparkling than water, we wended our way to the steamer, accompanied by several officers, stopping for a brief period at the elegant and spacious Hygeia Hotel, a delightful and popular place of resort for invalids during the winter months. Members of the regiment who had been allowed a few moments on shore were hurrying towards the boat, laden with huge par-

cels of fruits and provisions which they had bought, in order, as one said, to "keep the wolf from the door." We were also enabled to secure a few copies of the New York papers of the previous day, with the alarming rumors of our probable loss at sea; but the reports, fortunately, were not believed by any of us.

Through the kindness and courtesy of Lieut. Granger Adams, stationed at the fort, I am enabled to give a list of those officers who so kindly and hospitably received and entertained us. Those who took part in the reception, either officially, as escort, or more informally in the rooms of the Fortress Monroe club, were:

Col. L. L. Livingston, Major 4th Artillery, commanding post temporarily.

Col. Richard Lodor, Major 3d Artillery, commanding battalion.

Surgeon Charles Page, U. S. Army.
Col. S. S. Elder, Captain 1st Artillery.
Major J. B. Campbell, Captain 4th Artillery.
" J. H. Calef, Captain 2d Artillery.
Rev. O. E. Herrick, Post Chaplain U. S. Army.
1st Lieut. G. G. Greenough, 4th Artillery.
" F. C. Grugan, 2d "
" Constantine Chase, 3d " Adjutant.
" H. B. Osgood, " "
" Sedgwick Pratt, " "
" J. A. Lundeen, 4th "
" H. L. Harris, 1st "
" G. F. Chase, 3d Cavalry.
" G. F. E. Harrison, 2d Artillery.
2d Lieut. W. A. Simpson, " "
" Granger Adams, 5th "
" W. B. Gordon, 4th "
" C. G. Woodward, 3d "
" H. G. Squires, 7th Cavalry.
" J. V. White, 1st Artillery.
" David Price, Jr., " "
" J. R. Totten, 4th "

To all of these officers the Historian, in behalf of the whole Connecticut party, extends thanks and best wishes for the future.

At about 11.30 we turned our faces oceanward, but with much suppressed grief, for we had been deserted by the genial ex-Governor and his brother, the postmaster of the City of Elms, the gallant major from Bridgeport (who desired to go over to Norfolk in a gondola), the Governor's private secretary, Judge Lynde Harrison, and possibly one or two others.

We also here took leave of ex-Congressman Kellogg and the companionable Byington, who had come down with us from Yorktown, Maj. Burbank, who had received letters which called him back to Cornell (not the captain of Co. H), Col. John B. Clapp and Paymaster McCray, who were obliged to return home on account of business matters, and a few members of the regiment, who were too unwell to proceed. Just as we steamed away from the dock the steamer B. S. Ford, having on board Gov. Hagood and Staff and the South Carolina troops, passed us on their way from Yorktown to Norfolk, en route for home, and having as prisoners Capt. Cornell, of Co. H, and Lieut. Hotchkiss, of Co. F, First Connecticut. We cheered one another, but could do nothing for our comrades, who were carried off before our very eyes.

How many of those who left us did so through fear of more marine nausea is one of those things "no feller can find out"; but they, with one accord, declared that a little thing like that had nothing to do with it. Perhaps not; but it happened that the Poet and Historian moved their quarters up stairs, after leaving Old Point Comfort, and occupied the state-room recently inhabited by the Postmaster and Major, and there were certain indications——

Our number was slightly decreased by these desertions, those who had left outnumbering the accessions; but then it was but for a couple of days, and the party who were going by land said that they would post the good people of

Charleston as to our party, and make the final arrangements for our reception.

That certainly was kind and clever; so we consented to their going before to spy out the land and get acquainted with those who were waiting to welcome us. Such utter unselfishness excited our admiration, for it was to be a tiresome journey by land, and it was undertaken simply for the comfort of those left on the steamer.

All the gentlemen who left us regretted exceedingly that they would be deprived of the pleasure of seeing Hatteras, for that was one great inducement to come on the trip; but all this was given up for us. We shall never forget such devotion, never.

We steamed down past the Rip-raps, having an opportunity to get a distant glimpse of Newport News, Sewall's Point, and other objects of interest. Down the bay and out past Cape Henry, and we were once more at home, on the bosom of the broad Atlantic. The wind was easterly, at times quite strong, and the effect of the chopping sea such as to shake things up quite lively, quite a number being affected with a sort of nausea, which oftentimes makes its appearance on such occasions.

At supper time the roll was so great that dishes were thrown from the tables and broken, and many a man received his food in his lap instead of the proper opening. 'Twas the largest supply of rolls we had received at any of our meals.

The afternoon was a delightful one for a sail, and the prospect good for fine weather in passing Hatteras, the great bug-bear of the trip down the Atlantic coast.

The time passed pleasantly after dinner in whist-playing, reading, talking over the events of the past two days, and a little frolicking among the boys. The "Geezers" and "Company Y" were, to all appearances, enjoying themselves in their quarters, while the eloquent Prosecuting Attorney climbed upon the wheel-house, wearing borrowed or stolen plumage, and carrying a speaking trumpet, personating most admirably Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.

Spiller and his assistant, Wunder, were also kept busy shampooing the Yorktown sand from the hair of many. We could see but little of the coast, but often thought how many of our brave Connecticut soldiers had sailed over the same route, to die at Roanoke Island, Wilmington, Charleston, and other places. Our regiment was probably the largest body of volunteer troops that had sailed these waters since the war, and we were going on a visit to our former enemies. But, while all was apparently so peaceful, trouble was brewing and a volcano slumbering under our feet, and it was no lavable matter either.

Much dissatisfaction had been expressed by the men concerning their food and the manner of serving it, and the caterer blamed. Before leaving home, a list of good things bought for use on board had been unwisely printed in some of the papers, and the troops had got the idea into their heads that they were, to use a slang phrase, "to live like fighting-cocks."

The boat was pretty well crowded, as has been stated, and there were many to cook for, and when hungry the men were impatient. Then again, there was no dining-room on the steamer large enough for all to be accommodated at once, therefore tables were set on the deck, and the men served in three reliefs, half an hour apart.

There was food in great plenty, but it was extremely difficult to serve it as the caterer would have been glad to do, owing to the rocking of the boat and the cramped quarters.

The writer believes, from careful inquiry and observation, that Capt. Sluyter tried to do his best; but many of the men would not believe it, and they became unreasonable. If the boat gave a lurch they laid the blame on either the officers of the ship or Capt. Sluyter; or if one left the table hurriedly, and laid his head on the rail to think a while, or if, as often happened, the decks were not neat about the tables, Capt. S. caught it again, although not at fault in such matters.

At any rate, the men were dissatisfied and "down on Sluy-

ter," to use a common expression ; so that, by Friday night, at meal time, there was almost a rebellion against the food and the manner of serving.

In all probability, some of the regiment, perhaps a large number, will be "down on the Historian" for what is written on this subject; but, my dear boys, if I write this story of the famous trip, I must be allowed to write my own impressions concerning it.

Capt. Sluyter had undoubtedly a bigger contract than he, or any one else, could carry out well with the accommodations and arrangements on board ; and then, again, the discomforts pertaining to s— ——s began the first day out, when nothing would taste good, not even quail on toast. The members of the regiment were mostly young, unused to the sea, accustomed to living well at home, and had got the idea firmly in their minds that the meals were to be like those of a first-class hotel. Such things cannot be expected, even when one-tenth the number go on an excursion. I know it, for I have been there many times, and I have seen and heard as much or more grumbling in a party of threescore gentlemen, when careful preparation had been made, in the way of provisions and service, and every precaution taken to make all as comfortable as they could be made, and yet, let a storm arise, or an accident occur, or some unlooked-for thing happen, and a certain number would find fault with all and everything on board.

And, in leaving this unpleasant subject, allow me to say that, when the boys of the First Connecticut have lived a few more years, and have roughed it a little more, they will think of this as not so very bad, after all. Methinks I hear the remark, "What does Rathbun know about it? He had a state-room, and ate in the cabin." Exactly so; the fact being that I couldn't get a bunk down-stairs, and was obliged to take up my quarters with the officers and guests.

During the evening there was a conference between the officers and Capt. Sluyter, resulting in an arrangement for a better mode of feeding, as all the officers were desirous of

making the men comfortable and happy, if it were possible to do so.

Just before dark a large bird flew into the rigging and rested, looking down curiously upon those who were wondering what and who the strange visitor could be. The officers of the ship called it a hawk, very likely tired and weak. (Perhaps it had flown from the life-saving station, Kitty Hawk, which is down this way.)

One of the sailors climbed the rigging to capture it, but, not having a supply of salt to put on his tail, and not being much of a salt himself, did not succeed, and the bird flew off, as did the sailor's cap.

Soon after, the bird lit again, this time on the fore-mast yard, when it was decided to be the better plan to wait until dark, and try again, when the capture was effected, and the poor bird put into a box with slats across, and sold to the highest bidder, which happened to be Co. E, of New Britain, who took excellent care of their prize, and brought it home alive, though for the last two days the bird refused food

Upon showing it to a taxidermist, he pronounced it to be a grey-footed eagle ; and the company feel that they certainly secured a capital memento of the trip.

The eagle has been stuffed, and may be seen at the company rooms in the new armory at New Britain.

After supper the time passed pleasantly, and all felt that the dreaded Hatteras would be passed with the sea calm and quiet. The occupants of the little room on deck became quite musical and happy, entertaining the crowd with many jolly songs. A small company of the guests were in Gov. Bigelow's state-room, when the matter of the safety of those on the "Charleston" came up and was fully discussed, the prevailing opinion being that, in calm weather, the ship was all right, but, in case of a storm or fire, or any accident befalling us, we should be in bad shape to meet it, on account of the small number comprising the crew, and their ignorance, together with many other defects in the sailing of the vessel.

Many in the party had really felt alarmed, fearing that, in case of fire or accident, a panic might ensue, and much harm and loss of life be the result.

It was found that many of the guests were intending to visit Atlanta; others would not return on any account on the steamer; also, that a large number of the members of the regiment, who could afford it, would return by land from Charleston, fearing a return on this steamer.

In view of these facts it was decided to recommend sending the regiment back by rail and abandon the ship at Charleston, provided it should meet the views of the officers and men, who were to be consulted the next day.

Soon after 9 o'clock we began to look for Hatteras Light, being about thirty miles distant. Opera glasses were brought out, and much speculation was indulged in as to who would have the honor of sighting it first. The sea was comparatively smooth, and all fears of a Hatteras gale had subsided. Many were on the watch. The eyes of Capt. Reynolds and the look-out on the forward bow of the front piazza were gazing intently toward a point where the light should appear, for then the course could be determined along this treacherous coast.

The person who was the first to see the Light and announce the fact feels somewhat modest about the matter, and were it not a very important item in the history would not proclaim the fact; but the truth may as well be told.

I was sitting alongside the rail (not astride one), with Editor Hubbard of the "Courant" on one side, the Brigade Adjutant on the other, watching through a powerful opera glass a point near which we had been informed Hatteras Light should appear—a flash light. Suddenly I caught a flash. Saying nothing, but counting, in fifteen seconds I saw it again, off in the distance like a star. "I see Hatteras Light!" I shouted. But no one else could see it. I pointed out the spot, under a particular star, when in a moment Col. Morgan exclaimed, "I see it sure!" It was at once reported to Capt. R., who said, "We don't see it yet," when the look-

out sang out, "Light on the port bow, sir!" and in a few moments it became visible to many others.

Soon after Capt. R. came out to our party and inquired, "Who was it sighted that light first?" when I modestly replied, "I cannot tell a lie, Captain, I did it with my glasses." He looked at me a moment, and quietly remarked, "Well, you ought to, with four eyes and an opera glass."

About midnight Hatteras was safely passed; we breathed easier, and went to bed.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22D.

"'Twas off the Carolina coast."

Another beautiful morning, warm and bright, and nearly all were up in good season, anxious to learn whether or no we were making good progress, which was the case. The members of the regiment were agreeably surprised to learn that their meals would be served in the cabin instead of on deck, the officers and guests agreeing to wait until the rest were attended to.

The cabin tables could accommodate only about one hundred at one time (and two motions), so that, although as much dispatch as possible was used, the Governor and party did not get breakfast until nearly 10 o'clock, by which time the pangs of hunger were fearful; but they were willing to have waited even another five minutes if the grumbling of some of the men could be stopped.

The six cooks, two bakers, and twenty waiters, as well as Capt. Sluyter, had all they could attend to in providing the meals in such rapid succession. The food was substantially the same as had been served previously on the decks, but the surroundings were pleasanter, and the men could sit at the tables like human beings; therefore most of the men were satisfied—of course the chronic grumblers were not, and would not have been under any circumstances. In my humble opinion, expressed to Capt. S. before starting on the trip, it would have been better to have furnished but two meals per day, as we used to do on the famous trips of the old Piscatorius Club. Breakfast about 8, a lunch where each could help himself at noon, and a right-down good dinner at 5 o'clock; this would have been ample, would have given the cooks more time, and all meals could be served by daylight.

Cape Lookout, off Beaufort, North Carolina, about one hundred miles south of Cape Hatteras, was passed early in the morning.

After breakfast there was a meeting of prominent State officials and officers of the regiment, to confer upon the matter of returning home, resulting in the almost unanimous decision that it was unwise to attempt to return on that boat.

It was decided to have each company called together, and obtain the opinions and wishes of the men on the subject, and if they desired to return by land to ascertain how much they were willing to be assessed, as the extra expense would be great. In a short time the officers reported an almost unanimous desire to return by land. Also that the various companies had agreed on what they would pay toward the extra expense, amounting in the aggregate to about eighteen hundred dollars ($1,800).

When the result was reported to Gov. Bigelow, he generously agreed to pay the balance, which would be several thousands of dollars, out of his own pocket; but Col. Barbour would not consent, so that it was finally agreed that these two should share the expense. It was a noble and generous act on the part of these gentlemen, which the soldiers ought never to forget.

We will pass rapidly over the events of this rather quiet and uneventful day, yet enjoyable; the passing near the light-ship on Frying-Pan Shoals, about 3 P. M., where the life on board must be lonely and void of interest, and where one would be tempted to jump from the Frying-Pan into the fire.

(Cape Fear, off Wilmington, was in shore from this light-ship, and these waters must have been the scene of lively blockade-running during the war.)

Then came the sighting of the light on Cape Romain, about 9.30 P. M., which we passed at about 11 o'clock, being then only about forty miles from the entrance to Charleston Harbor, and, with a feeling that we should certainly be on shore in good season next day, nearly everyone went to bed happy.

Still there was a fear on the part of some that something might yet prevent our entering the harbor; for we could not get in over the Bar until 7 o'clock next morning, and very often sudden gales arise off that coast, which sometimes

drive vessels out to sea, even when in sight of Charleston. Of one thing we felt certain, there would be no six hours of signaling and waiting for a pilot, for we were expected, and pilot-boats no doubt would be cruising off the harbor, waiting for the "Charleston." Possibly those who had so generously gone by rail from Fortress Monroe might hire a boat and row out to meet us.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23D.

"Hallo, Reb!" "Hallo, Yank!"

The steamer arrived off the harbor between 2 and 3 of the clock, and took a pilot on board about 6 o'clock, when we headed for the entrance to the bay.

At 6.30, divine service was held on the main deck, conducted by Chaplain Cooper, which was attended by a large majority of the regiment.

The service was begun with the playing of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," by Colt's Band, followed by a short prayer; then the City Guard Glee Club, assisted by others, sang, "I need Thee every hour," the whole assembly joining in the chorus. The chaplain read the 93d Psalm and the 4th chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians; the Glee Club sang, "Close to Thee," then prayer, singing by the whole congregation of "Let the lower lights be burning," and the benediction, when the services ended with "Sweet Bye and Bye," played very softly and sweetly by the Band.

The whole service was very impressive, and one of the pleasantest occasions of the trip. During the services we passed several vessels, one of them English, whose ship's company cheered us; and the scene on our decks must have impressed them—the officers and men crowding the decks, sitting on the rail, hanging by the ropes, the deep, clear tones of the chaplain, the well-known songs, the sweet notes of the music, the bright uniforms glistening in the morning sun, all must have been to lookers-on a remarkable sight. Close attention was paid to the service, for we all felt truly thankful to our Heavenly Father for His care over us and our safe deliverance from perils by sea.

We had a splendid view of this interesting spot, the point toward which all thoughts were turned, a little more than a score of years ago. The entrance to the harbor is about one

mile wide; on the right Sullivan's Island, with its fortifications, the principal of which is the famous Fort Moultrie, made famous an hundred years ago, when defended so bravely against an attack by a British fleet, and again brought into prominence during the war of the rebellion. Beyond was Battery Bee, and still nearer the city Castle Pinckney.

On the left, Morris Island, where had been Battery Wagner, in front of which and for its possession some of the most desperate fighting of the war occurred, where the brave Col. Shaw, of the 54th Mass., Col. Chatfield, of our own 6th Connecticut, and many other splendid officers fell; on a point jutting out from this island toward the east, called Cumming's Point, were the earthworks stormed by our gallant 7th Connecticut (formerly Joe Hawley's), led by brave Col. Dan Rodman, who fell, as was supposed, mortally wounded, but who lived until a few months ago, dying at last from the effects of those terrible wounds. The earthworks and the sandy point have been washed away by the action of the waves. Still further to the left was James Island, beyond that Secessionville, where was a terrible conflict in 1863. Over there on Morris Island was mounted that huge gun, the "Swamp Angel," which hurled its shot a distance of five miles, into the lower part of Charleston, obliging the residents of that, the aristocratic quarter, to move away. This gun, however, burst at about the thirty-fifth discharge; and it was not until Fort Wagner was taken that our guns of lesser caliber could throw shot and shell into the city. (Here, on James Island, Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull and Maj. Henry W. Camp, of the 10th Connecticut, were captured, having accidentally gone into the enemy's lines, during an armistice, taken before Gen. [now Governor] Hagood, and afterward to prison. Both these officers were from Hartford, Maj. Camp having been a comrade of the writer in the Hartford City Guard.)

In front of us was Fort Sumter, now a ruin, especially on the side facing the sea, where the shot and shell from the Union troops had battered it to pieces. The number of thousands of shot and shell hurled at this fortress from the batteries, ships of war, and iron-clads cannot be estimated.

All eyes, of course, were eagerly watching for a closer view, when a tug was descried rapidly approaching from the direction of the city, which proved to be the "Republic," on which was Gen. Walker and Staff, many military officers, and members of the reception committee. They were soon transferred to the "Charleston," and a hearty and cordial hand-shaking took place, none of the two-fingered, listless sort, but a hearty, Southern, warm grasp of the hand, and a right royal welcome with it.

A very few of the Charlestonians were acquainted with a very few of our party; but mutual introductions soon put us on familiar terms. "Hallo! Rathbun, old fellow, I'm right glad to see *you* down here. I heard you were coming, and I have you booked to make my house your home while here." This from an acquaintance of former years, a well-to-do and prosperous merchant and an ex-confederate, who lost his all during the war. I told him that I was ever so much obliged, but I had already accepted an invitation, provided I went to a private house. (I merely mention this little incident to show the warmth of our welcome.)

We soon heard the booming of cannon, announcing our arrival. This had commenced early in the morning, as a signal to the committee, who had chartered the tug and kept up steam all night (I mean the tug).

As we steamed up past the forts, I felt as in a dream. Was it possible that six hundred Yankees and Yankee troops were peacefully entering Charleston Harbor, where, almost twenty-one years before, the "Star of the West,"— on which, as one of the army officers, was our own townsman, Lieut. R. O. Tyler,—while endeavoring to relieve Maj. Anderson in Fort Sumter, was fired upon and driven off?

(Lieut. Tyler, afterward Brig.-Gen. Tyler, was stationed at Charleston after the war, in command of the quartermaster's department. Two nephews—one named after him—were with the First Connecticut on this trip as members of Co. K.)

Again, our navy for four years tried in vain to enter this harbor, one of the bravest of the naval officers being Com.

F. M. Bunce, one of our Hartford citizens, who participated in the desperate night attack on Fort Sumter, when so many brave men perished. He was at first on the "Pawnee," afterward in command of the iron-clad "Patapsco." Was it possible that Gen. Walker, and others of these hospitable committee-men, were among those brave fellows who were fighting on the other side? I could scarcely realize it—there is Charleston right ahead, and soon we shall be on shore; and yes, we can get a good square hotel-breakfast, with no hot grease, unless ordered.

The gentlemen of the committee, while we were coming up the harbor, were busied in pointing out objects of interest, distributing elegant silk badges, and making arrangements for the day. They also furnished many copies of the "Sunday News" of that date, filled with items about the military, the reception, and decorations.

We reached Adger's wharf about 8.30, where were gathered a large concourse of citizens and military in citizen's dress waiting to receive us, headed by His Honor Mayor Courtenay and the aldermen of the city.

As soon as the steamer was docked, which took some time, the city officials came on board, and were presented to Gov. Bigelow and party, while salutes were fired by the Washington and German Artillery.

Gov. Bigelow and the guests were then escorted to carriages in waiting, and taken at once to the Charleston Hotel, a member of the committee accompanying each carriage-load. Everything about us seemed strange and novel; but no doubt we also were objects of curiosity to the residents of the city.

Arrived at the hotel, almost the first questions asked by members of our party were, if Gov. Jewell and those other kind friends who came to get things ready had arrived, when, much to our surprise and joy, we were informed that the train was twelve hours late, but just about due. We found, however, the officers and members known as the "sea-sick squad," who had arrived at midnight, preceding us by about eight hours only.

We were soon assigned rooms, which had been secured by the committee, the best in the house; and as our baggage had at once been brought from the steamer it was not long before a procession of fine-looking, distinguished, but hungry Connecticut Yankees were seated in the spacious dining-hall, engaged in skirmish-drill with the knife and fork.

While engaged at close quarters in walked a party of gentlemen, headed by Gov. Jewell, who were anxious to make the trip by land from Fortress Monroe, in order to make the necessary arrangements for our reception, which fact, possibly, I have alluded to before. They were received with due honors, amid loud applause; but constant and persistent questioning did not bring out the information desired, as to whether they had made the final arrangements for our reception. With them came also His Honor, Mayor Bulkeley, of Hartford, who had been prevented from leaving home with the party, but who, according to promise, had left Hartford on Thursday evening, and come through by railroad, fortunately overtaking Gov. Jewell and a party of gentlemen who had left us at Fortress Monroe, in order to reach Charleston in time to make arrangements for our reception. Dr. J. L. Hitchcock of Hartford also came on the train, bringing late Hartford papers. I do not think much money could have been made by the proprietors of the Hotel on that breakfast, for the tables were filled by men of all ranks, who were delighted to have a change from steamer cooking. The breakfast was excellent, and well served. Now let us follow the soldiers awhile. Delegations from the various white military organizations of the city were at the wharf, in readiness to take charge of the companies assigned to them, and they were at once escorted quietly to their quarters at the various armories, and entertained as follows:

Co. A (Germania Guard of Hartford), entertained by the German Artillery and German Hussars.

Co. B (Hillyer Guard of Hartford), by the Montgomery Guard and Irish Rifles.

Co. D (City Guard of New Britain), by the Irish Volunteers and Charleston Riflemen.

Co. E (Jewell Guard of New Britain), by the German Fusileers.

Co. F (Hartford City Guard), by the Sumter Guard and Light Dragoons.

Co. G (Manchester Rifles of South Manchester), by the Lafayette, Marion, and Washington Artillery.

Co. H (Light Guard of Hartford), by the Palmetto Guard.

Co. K (Hartford), by the Carolina Rifle Battalion.

2d Co. Governor's Foot Guard (of New Haven), by the Washington Light Infantry.

The Field and Staff of the First Connecticut, by the officers of the Fourth Brigade.

And most excellently well was it done; but the details will appear further on; suffice it to say that during the day the Connecticut soldiers were escorted about the city on foot or in carriages, entertained at private houses, taken to church, or anywhere they desired to go.

About 10.30 a party was organized at the Hotel, in which were Lt.-Gov. Bulkeley and other State officials, Mayor Bulkeley, and other guests, including the Historian, and several of the citizens, all under the leadership of the Messrs. Williams—father and son (Connecticut born, and well-known in Hartford)—and proceeded to one of the wharves, where the tug "Juno" was in waiting, having been engaged for the day by the committee.

Before reaching the wharf the word was passed, "no smoking, gentlemen;" for there is a very stringent law against smoking on the wharves, where bales of cotton are stored in immense piles, and where the great warehouses are filled with this inflammable merchandise. In a short time we were joined by a party from Co. F, escorted by members of the Sumter Guard, or "Gamecocks," and at about 11 o'clock started for Fort Sumter, several miles down the Bay.

Upon arriving, it being low tide, we could get no nearer than about two hundred yards, so were obliged to land in small boats on the rocks west of the fort, having some difficulty in doing so dry-shod; we spent about an hour very

pleasantly in this famous fortress, under the escort of the entire garrison, which consists of Capt. Maher, and one Sergeant, both U. S. soldiers. The fort, excepting on the north front, is a ruin, is dismantled, and these two are the only U. S. soldiers now on South Carolina soil; but we were fully repaid for our visit in wandering through the casemates, looking at and handling the huge guns, rusted and almost worthless, picking up relics, such as broken pieces of shell, bullets, pebbles, etc., and enjoying the magnificent view; but I cannot enlarge, for should I once get started on the subject of Sumter I should not know when to stop. Capt. Maher offered me an unexploded shell which had been thrown into the fort, but I declined it with thanks, not wishing to get a blowing up when I should reach home; it was therefore given to an unmarried member of the party, who I believe brought it safely to Hartford.

After considerable difficulty, and some wet feet, the party were transferred to the tug, when we steamed around past the spot where Fort Wagner once stood, across the Bay, down past Moultrie, back to the city, arriving about 1.30, and very grateful to our kind entertainers for the great treat we had enjoyed.

Gov. Bigelow and others attended the historic St. Michael's Church in the morning, and after service went up into the spire, where they had a fine view of the city and surroundings; others who didn't aspire so high remained below. One member of Co. K (Bell) attended the Huguenot Church, said to be the only one in America, and being the only Connecticut soldier present was of course the center of attraction. He was a little embarrassed (if such a thing is possible to one of the Hartford soldiers) when he discovered some two-score bright eyes, belonging to about a score of young ladies, fixed earnestly and intently upon him; he noticed also that they were dressed alike, and ascertained afterward that they were daughters of Confederate soldiers who fell during the war, and residents of the "Confederate Home."

It is not to be wondered at that they were interested in a young "Yank," and it could hardly be expected that a church

bell could ring in. I wish I might record many pleasant incidents which came under my observation during this first day in Charleston, but the very complete and excellent report in the "News and Courier" must cover the ground instead. Of course there was, by mutual consent, and according to the wishes of Col. Barbour and officers, no military parade, but the visitors were kept busy in riding to Magnolia Cemetery, visiting the elegant quarters of the Charleston Club, calling at the houses of friends (both old and new), being entertained at dinner, and by no means the least, attending service at various churches.

One of the most noticeable incidents was the dinner given at the Charleston Hotel to our Germania Guard, by the German Artillery and Hussars, and the ride by the whole of the three commands into the country. But, without specifying any other particular cases, I can say that all the Connecticut troops enjoyed themselves thoroughly; nothing like it was ever known or seen in this country; such open hospitality, such an era of good feeling among these men who, but a short time since, were supposed to be at enmity, and, too, in this city where the conflict was begun. But during our stay nobody inquired what were the politics of his new friend, and in my opinion none of us thought or cared anything about it.

With all these festivities and good times everything was done quietly and in order, for it was the Sabbath-day.

While standing in the vestibule of the hotel after dinner, an aged gentleman approached me, and inquired if I was from Connecticut, to which I gave an affirmative answer. He then inquired concerning a member of one of our regiments, engaged in the battles about Charleston, who had been badly wounded and taken prisoner, in the assault on Wagner, stating that he (the speaker) had visited him in the hospital, and had become much interested in him; that when recovered sufficiently to be moved he had been exchanged and gone north, promising to write to his new-found friend as soon as possible; but that in all these years he had heard nothing from the young man.

At his request I wrote down the name of the soldier, took the address of the old gentleman, and promised to make inquiries. Since my return I have ascertained the facts in the case, and have written him that the young Connecticut soldier died in Richmond, Va., on his way home, from the results of the wounds received at Wagner.

This little incident is mentioned to show what this mingling of newly-made friends led to, for this is only one of many which could be noted in this history.

About 5 o'clock P. M. Colt's Band gave a sacred concert on the Battery, at what is called White Point Garden, which was enjoyed by several thousand people; but in my opinion the music was not appreciated by a majority of the listeners for this reason—the really fine selections were too select for a miscellaneous gathering; but it must have been a great treat to lovers of fine music to hear so excellent a band as Colt's. The bands down South (including contrabands) are very poor, as a general thing, many of them composed of colored men; the instruments old, and old in style, many having been used through the war, and so battered that the musicians cannot pucker their mouths in a manner to fit tunes to them. While our Northern bands average about twenty pieces, and many of them having double that number, the Southern bands, as far as my observation went, averaged only nine or ten, the largest I saw having, I think, thirteen pieces.

Our First Regiment Band of twenty-four pieces, and the Drum and Fife Corps additional, together numbering about forty, were much admired and praised, and gave Charlestonians a decided musical treat.

In the afternoon Gov. Hagood and several prominent gentlemen called upon Gov. Bigelow and Staff, who received for one hour.

Mayor Bulkeley, Archibald Forbes, and others, dined with Mayor Courtenay at his residence, and many others of our party dined in a more informal manner with other hospitable citizens. On Monday the "News and Courier" made this statement: "There was not a single vehicle, public or

private, which was not employed yesterday carrying the visitors around the city and suburbs." Think of that, ye owners of fine teams in Hartford, and act likewise when this visit is returned; and let me say right here that we were surprised to see such fine horses in Charleston, both in private and public carriages.

In the evening there was a putting-on of good clothes, and bringing-out of swallow-tails, by those who had been so thoughtful as to bring them, and general preparation made to look our prettiest (this more especially by such few as were not generals or colonels, who of course were quite attractive); cards of invitation had been received from many prominent citizens for evening receptions, several houses having been opened to all Connecticut, irrespective of rank, notably that of Dr. Andrew Simonds on South Battery.

About 8 o'clock Gov. Hagood and other gentlemen, together with Gov. Bigelow and party, assembled in the hotel parlors, and soon after that hour proceeded in carriages —which were at our disposal at all times—to begin the round of visits.

(Perhaps it will be well to state that this was somewhat different from our usual mode of spending Sunday evenings, but being so far from home thought that we "wouldn't count this one.") This we learned was a Charleston custom, and the Connecticut people took very kindly to the custom of the country.

Our first call was at the elegant mansion of Dr. Simonds, where a brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen were gathered, and a warm greeting was extended to the visitors. Dr. S. has one of the finest picture galleries and collection of paintings in the South, which were greatly admired by all, which leads me to relate a singular incident which occurred. About fifteen years ago Gov. Jewell was in Brussels, and visited while there the studio of Van Schendel, the celebrated artist, where he was shown the famous picture of the Annunciation, for which the modest price of 125,000 francs was asked; since which time Gov. J. had lost track of its whereabouts. Upon entering Dr. Simonds's gallery

this Sunday evening, the first thing he espied was that picture. "Dr. Simonds, where did you get this?" he inquired. "I haven't seen or heard of it since I saw it in Brussels." It turned out that it had been originally sold to LeGrand Lockwood, and when his effects were sold this picture was purchased by its present owner. An elegant collation was served during the evening.

We called next at the fine old mansion of George W. Williams, Esq., where we were hospitably received, and again entertained.

A walk across the street brought us to our third calling-place, the pleasant home of William M. Bird, Esq., where we were heartily welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Bird, who were evidently well pleased to receive a visit from so many Hartford people, Mrs. B. having formerly lived there, and recognizing several familiar faces among the visitors. Here we were again handsomely entertained and refreshed.

From there we were driven to the house of C. O. Witte, Esq., the German Consul, also president of one of the banks, and my pen cannot do justice to the splendid hospitality shown by Mr. and Mrs. Witte, nor to the elegant supper served to the guests. Mr. W. has the reputation of being the best entertainer in Charleston, and none of our party doubted the truth of it.

Our next visit was to have been paid to ex-Gov. Magrath; but he, having received tidings of the dangerous illness of his daughter, sent word that his house would be closed. The last call made was at the house of His Honor, Mayor Courtenay (said to be the best Mayor Charleston ever had), where we were again cordially welcomed, and entertained bounteously, and, for the first time during this long-to-be-remembered evening, listened to some short speeches.

It was past midnight when we left the Mayor's house, having been unable to complete the round of calls, or visit all the places to which we had been invited.

At several places we met the regimental officers, under escort of their Charleston friends, engaged in the same pleasant business of making calls, all reporting a never-better

time. Very likely they may have visited other pleasant homes, of which the writer has no record.

It is a pleasure in this place to mention a very pleasing incident, in which the Historian was an actor, and which, may be, will serve to show in what manner good came from the visit of the First Regiment.

Just before leaving home, the writer was asked by a Hartford family to make inquiries concerning friends and relatives residing in Charleston, from whom they had been separated at the commencement of the war, and, to a certain degree, friendship and friendly communication had ended. The ladies in the Northern home, an aged mother and her daughter, had, many years before, resided in and near Charleston, afterward at the North, and were thoroughly Union in their feelings and sentiments. The Southern family, including an aged mother and son, had always resided in the South, and their hearts and souls were in sympathy with the Southern Confederacy. No word or communication had passed in upwards of a score of years, and each knew absolutely nothing concerning the other. To the writer was left the delicate mission, if the opportunity came, of ascertaining, if he thought best, whether the Southern family desired to hear from their former friends; if so, he was to present their cards and their sentiments of regard and kind feelings.

It so happened that, on this memorable Sabbath evening, our party called upon a family of the same name; and when the opportunity came, the writer, without being positive that it was the right party, but taking it for granted that it was, and that no harm could come of it if it was not, remarked to the host, "I believe you are a relative of Mrs. —— and Mrs. ——, of Hartford." Receiving an affirmative reply, the writer continued, "I have a message from them to your family." The gentleman immediately seized the Historian, took him across the room, and addressed an elderly white-haired lady with, "Mother, this is Mr. R., who has a message from our Hartford friends." The cards were then presented, she read them, and said, with tears in her eyes, "Cousin

Mary! Is she still alive! Why, I thought she died years ago." A pleasant conversation followed; messages were sent back to Hartford, letters followed, and all the past differences have been healed, and are gone forever.

Each family, no doubt, thought the other had no wish to renew their old acquaintance, and the estrangement might have lasted until the older ones had passed away; but it seems that only a single word was necessary to show that "auld acquaintance was not forgot."

I sincerely hope that those immediately interested in the above narrative will excuse me for having told it so publicly; but it is my sincere hope that it may lead others to go and do likewise.

Before separating for the night (?) a meeting was held at the headquarters of Commissary-Gen. Ford, which was largely attended by officers and guests, at which time the c(h)ampaign was laid out, Archibald Forbes and several resolutions were introduced, speeches were made by Messrs. Forbes, Dawson, Reed, Bulkeley, and others, the final result being, that it all ended in smoke, and we retired, to get rested for the great events of the morrow.

The day must have been a tiresome one for the officers and soldiers who had received and entertained us so handsomely; for many of them had been absent from home nearly a week, had endured the long ride to Yorktown, the encampment, marching, sand, and general fatigue of the parade, the return by way of Norfolk, Va., where they had participated in the grand parade, which was a sort of supplementary one to that of Yorktown, had endured a long and fatiguing return journey, having been delayed a long while on the way, so that they only reached Charleston at midnight of Saturday, had been received and collated at that late hour by the stay-at-homes, had been able to get but a few hours' repose, when these Yankee troops arrived, and had been "shown up" the entire day; and then to-morrow was coming, with a double dose. Who wouldn't be a bold sojer boy?

And now, in closing this incomplete and hasty account of

our reception on Sunday, for the most admirable and exhaustive description which appeared in the "News and Courier" can tell the story better than I, it has seemed proper to give space to the following discourse, which appeared in the "Sunday News":

A Discourse by the Rev. C. S. Vedder, D.D., Pastor of the Huguenot Church.

"And the land was wide, and quiet and peaceable, for they of Ham had dwelt there of old."—*I Chronicles*, iv, 40.

There is a sense in which these words are specially applicable to this day's thought. Although separated from their immediate context, and used by way of accommodation, they adapt themselves to the circumstances of the present moment. There arrived in our harbor to-day an embassy of peace and good-will, to which our city has given characteristic warmth and fervor of hospitable greeting. Coming in warlike garb, and welcomed with military courtesies, our guests proclaim by the fact of their coming, and our citizens by the cordiality of their welcome, not only that war has ceased, but even that the feeling which it naturally engendered must be dissipated by better knowledge and closer intercourse.

Past that fort where the first thunder of war shook the continent, and which stood frowning defiance at assault until the last echo of the four years' peal had died away—whose impregnable strength and formidable armament forbade that access should be had to these waters without its consent—a vessel has sailed to-day to which, a few years since, that consent would have been denied. The troops who thronged its decks could scan unharmed the walls which had never been scaled, and see the city, of which it was the fortress, decked to do them honor. Hands that had been lifted in enmity were extended to clasp in amity. The belching terrors of artillery had ceased to be freighted with death, that they might resound the salutations of love.

There is much in this interchange of gracious civilities to make it significant. It would be so if nothing more was meant than formal ceremony between those who were lately in deadly conflict. It would be much that any civil war should be followed by such circumstances as would render possible even external relations of

comity between the vanquished and the victors. Revolutions in governments have always, elsewhere, left wounds which centuries would not heal. If, then, in less than one-fifth of a century, the most stupendous rupture that ever divided States could be bridged by even the outward semblance of good feeling, it would be a condition of things most extraordinary. What must it be, then, if, instead of being reunited by some mechanical and artificial ties of selfish interest, political advantage, or smothered conviction, a whole people should become substantially one in accepting the results of their strife, and in pride of that history which they made in common before their woful division.

And yet this is the phenomenon which confronts us to-day. In spirit and heart the country is a unit. North, South, East, and West thrilled with a common grief at the deathbed of their common chief. Not that this stroke was needed to weld again the severed parts of the land, but that it served as the occasion by which an already existing fact was disclosed. The land is one, and whatever serves yet to divide it is the result of imperfect knowledge or blind misconception. Wherever yet rankles the wound of bitterness, the hand that keeps it open and angry is that of profound misunderstanding, made the easy and eager instrument of scheming partisanship.

Whilst this is true of both sides of the line, it must be said in equal truth that misconstruction prevails far more in one part of our country than the other. There is greater ignorance of the South at the North than of the North at the South. Nor is this singular. There has been a large unwillingness to believe that out of a soil so watered with the blood of its best and bravest the South could forbid to grow the rosemary of bitter, burning, and undying remembrance, and could nourish rather the plants of resigned submission to the will of Providence, and unfeigned conformity to the verdict of the tribunal which it had invoked. It is phenomenal that, from out the wreck of their homes and the ruin of their hopes, a people should rise again save with the vow of unslumbering hate, revenge, and retaliation. But this is the marvel which the South has presented. Not only does it bequeath no legacy of hate to its children, but has sternly and grandly striven to stamp out rancor in itself. Its dying embers linger only in the exceptional, the impracticable, the extreme.

Individuals have come to the knowledge of this by actual con-

tact—they have come, they have seen, they have conquered their pre-convictions. But to very many yet it is inconceivable.

Miss Frances Willard, the lovely, womanly, eloquent, and devoted lady, who, as president of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union. spent the last winter in the South, has everywhere, in the public press and on the platform, sought to correct the common misconception of our people. She came southward against the wishes and warnings of friends, against the urgent protest of a Federal official at Richmond, who foretold all discourtesy and disrespect to her, as one reared in the strictest sect of anti-slavery conviction and the representative of an unpopular cause. After meeting the people of the South in public and private, in cities, towns, and villages, and throughout its whole extent, Miss Willard says to those of her own section of the land:

"We are intensely more ignorant of the Southern people and their ways than they are of us; for, while they read our newspapers, we seldom see theirs, and our political papers have been wont to publish little from the South but stories of gross outrage. Reading only these, we are apt to think that outrages are epidemic there, instead of merely sporadic, as they consider the outrages at the North. If one man is wounded in Mississippi and another in Arkansas, we hear of it, and think the Southern people live by killing each other. But they do not so think of us. When told of one murder in New York and another in Chicago, they recognize crime as special, and peace as general among us. So it is with them: their widely prevailing spirit is for peace and progressive prosperity. It is hardly to be doubted that the percentage of crime is much larger at the North than at the South."

All that is necessary then to a proper understanding and appreciation is fuller knowledge. The leader of the Federal armies at the war's close, officially appointed to make inquisition as to the state of feeling at the South, when, if ever, it must have been aggravated and intense, summarized his report in the declaration that all that the divided sections of the land needed was—to know each other.

It is in recognition of this fact that the guests by whom we are honored to-day sailed to these welcoming shores. If no formal reception awaits their immediate arrival—none, at least, adequate and demonstrative—it is at their own request, and for a reason

that exalts them in our esteem. They would have the trumpet of warm greeting silenced in the holy hush of the Sabbath, that when its quiet hours are past no memories of unseemliness may jar upon its jubilant strains. They will feel no chill upon their reception by Sabbath solemnities, but accept, as a happy omen for their mission of peace and good-will, the fact that it is ushered in by Sabbath chimes. An embassy of love could not be more fitly heralded.

Our friends from Connecticut have "come to see." The text sets forth, in simple, comprehensive terms, what there is to see, and what it behooves to be known. "*The land is wide, and quiet and peaceable; for they of Ham have dwelt there of old.*"

"The land is wide." How wide the South is in geographical area our guests need not be told. A single one of its States—Texas—possesses territory sufficient to form six States as large as the largest of those now in organized existence. Nor is it necessary that aught be said of the vast coast washed by our seas.

But "the land is wide" in another sense—wide enough for all who will, to come in and possess it; wide enough for those whose hands were lifted against each other lately in fratricidal strife to work side by side in reaping the fruits of a bountiful soil; wide enough to merge all the fierce rivalries of the battle-field in the genial intercourse and generous competition of business; wide enough to permit all differences of opinion upon religion, social economy, and politics, with no more friction than attends diversity of view everywhere; wide enough to permit those who array themselves under different party banners to exercise their rights without let or hindrance; wide enough to welcome and entertain all new forms of labor, all new arts of industry, all improvements of mechanical implements; wide enough for all pure forms of social life, all advancements in and facilities for the education of the masses; wide enough for every appliance and impetus of mental, material, and moral progress.

But it is not wide enough to be a field in which every form of villainy may disport itself unscathed; it is not wide enough for such political adventurers as swarmed in after reconstruction to debauch its labor, defile its suffrage, and make its legislation an organized brigandage. It is not wide enough to take the graduates of its penitentiaries to fill its civic offices; not wide enough to be unfenced with all the safeguards of social purity and State authority.

Ah, it is not wide enough to be an open common for license and licentiousness, but for every man who comes to be its citizen, to exercise his inalienable rights as such, and his energies in securing the fruits of his own labor, and sharing responsibility for public welfare; for such a man, wherever born, of whatever name or hue of opinion, the South has welcome, scope, recognition, respect. Defeated and detected despoilers of its rights and riches are the only ones who have fled from it with the cry that they were despised and proscribed. May it be always too narrow for these! and Connecticut will say "Amen."

"The land is wide and quiet." Our visiting friends will be struck by no fact more forcibly than by this. Take our own city in illustration. Here the spark of war first became flame. This is considered still the focal point of intense feeling. The opinion largely prevails that turbulence, and not tranquillity, is indigenous here. We are commonly regarded as a people set always on edge for tumult. Security of person especially is something which many never associate with this olden city.

The facts are so strangely the reverse of this that the opinion to which we have referred would be ludicrous as satire if it were not lamentable as largely credited. It is hazarding nothing to say that Charleston is exceptional in its freedom from all forms of outbreak. Nowhere is personal and property security more regarded and guaranteed. With a population of fifty thousand, the things that invade its quiet are strangely out of proportion to its numbers.

The visitor is more likely to think lethargy our misfortune than license our fault. An easily accessible, prominent, and popular seaport, and having always a large number of those who hasten to exchange the *ennui* of shipboard for the excitement of shore, almost never is the calm flow of our life ruffled, even by this cause. With a police force proportioned to our poverty rather than our extent of territory, its duty is rather perfunctory than practical; its need is little more than to appear, seldom to act, save in cases of individual and comparatively insignificant offence. It seems singular, in the face of its repute with many, that Charleston is more in danger of dying from the proprieties than from suffering in its security from their infringement.

And so of our State. It has a reputation for being volcanic in its propensity to eruption. And yet rigid State laws punish even

the carrying of concealed weapons; the duellist is tried as a murderer; the sale of intoxicating drink is prohibited outside of cities and incorporated towns, and restricted within them. Disturbances of public order are abnormal. Our guests who come *from*, have also come *to*, "a land of steady habits."

And so, too, of the whole South. And yet there are those who conceive the contrary—that the stranger who passes through any portion of the South must go prepared to defend himself against every form of sudden violence. It has been my lot to see many conversions from this delusion, in those who have thought that a ready revolver was an indispensable part of the equipment for a Southern tour, only to hide it in the bottom of their trunks when they knew the truth, and to confess that they needed it more at home than here.

And the land is peaceable. The comparative good order of Southern life is not that of stagnation—the quiet of inanition. There is a keen and quick susceptibility of feeling, natural to tropic or semi-tropic latitude. But there is, also, a deep and pervading reverence for religion; a recognition of the sacredness of law; an exalted sense of honor, decorum, propriety; an ingrained conservatism. The good order of the land is not the result of apathy, but of principle and purpose. And especially is the land "peaceable" in the sense so often impugned. The spirit of conflict is not dormant, but dead, and all aspiration is for peace.

And what shall we say of the last element in the classification of the text—"for they of Ham had dwelt there of old?" There are those who regard the presence of the children of Ham in the South as the never-ending source of disquiet and disorder; the menace of peace and prosperity. We beg those who believe this to come and see. There is no people on earth so numerous in proportion to the other races among whom they live, and so distinct from them, of whom it could be affirmed that they do not threaten the stability of established institutions and the sanctions of peace. Yet the freedmen among us—kept free from external and sinister guidance—are even a conserving power. Free to gather in any numbers, and constantly assembling by thousands for religious, patriotic, social, and political purposes, their meetings never give apprehension to others and are almost utterly without contentions among themselves. Organized and armed in separate military commands, they are never anything but orderly, and

ready at a moment to assist as guardians of the public peace. United in labor associations, the strikes which have sometimes occurred among them have been but the fruit of bad examples set elsewhere, by those who claim to be of a superior race. Yea, the freedmen have very recently set an example by the gentleness, moderation, and orderliness with which they urged an appeal for increased compensation, which the white instigators of labor against capital may well emulate. There is no working class on earth so tractable, reasonable, considerate, faithful, affectionate, and content. Freed from alien evil counsel and sinister guidance, they present the anomaly of an element of weakness transformed into an agency of strength. Dwelling among those with whom they have life-long ties; from whom they receive ungrudged and intelligent sympathy and unstinted practical help, there are reasons not far to seek why "the land is quiet and peaceable," not in spite but because of the fact that "they of Ham have dwelt there of old."

Our guests, turning from the commemoration of that victory of Yorktown which made us one people, have come to see whether we are again so after the dread division of civil strife. If they would see us as we are, the text is a mirror which reflects the truth. They may bear home with them to our sister State the assurance that the hand stretched in welcome for a too-brief sojourn will be always even more eagerly extended to greet them for a longer stay and for abiding citizenship, and that everywhere they will find quietude, peace, and brotherly regard.

Heaven's own blessing is pronounced upon the peace-makers. It may well beseem the sacred desk, therefore, to hail with devout gratitude those who come with such gracious purpose in their hearts, and rejoice that it will meet with a response full, fervent, and unaffected. May this be the beginning of the hour foreseen by Carolina's own great poet, when there shall be—

> "Peace on the farthest seas,
> Peace in our ample bays and sheltered streams,
> Peace where'er our starry garland gleams,
> And peace in every breeze.
>
> "Peace in the whirring marts,
> Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
> Peace! God of Peace! in all our homes,
> And peace in all our hearts!"

Many other pastors of the churches alluded pleasantly to our visit.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23D—CONTINUED.

"_____"

If any newspaper ever showed enterprise and hard work, it was the "News and Courier" of Sunday, and the two following days, for the reason that such things as getting out extra editions and illustrated papers are not common down South, nor are their facilities equal to ours of the North for bringing out such papers.

Consequently, too much praise cannot be given to Editor Dawson, and associates, for the manner in which they spread the news of our coming, and items of interest in connection with the regiment, to the mutual gratification and pleasure of the citizens of Charleston and the Connecticut visitors.

This chapter will be devoted to the reports and items which appeared in Sunday's and Monday's issues, which I am sure the members of the regiment will be glad to read once more; we have not space to give the whole, but will give as much as possible.

(From Sunday's issue.)

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ADVANCE GUARD—RETURN OF THE PENINSULAR VETERANS—THE PROGRAMMES FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW—THE CITY IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

The entire city seemed to be given up yesterday to making preparations for the reception of the expected guests from Connecticut. Flags were thrown to the breeze in every direction, and the armories of the various companies of the Fourth Brigade were crowded with busy men and fair women intent upon the work of fixing up the quarters. Paymaster-General F. E. Camp, Col. Chas. A. Russell, and Mr. Morris F. Tyler, the Executive Secretary, reached the city on the morning train from the North, and were at once escorted to their quarters at the Charleston

Hotel. They were the pioneers of the Connecticut guests, and were received with open arms. A dispatch received at "The News and Courier" office about 11 o'clock A.M. announced the fact that the train bearing Governor Hagood, ex-Governor Marshall Jewell, and the returning soldiers from Charleston, was five hours behind time, and there was considerable disappointment, as arrangements had been made to receive the Governor and the Peninsular veterans. The authorities of the Northeastern Railroad Company, however, were equal to the situation, and as soon as it was known that the train containing the soldiers was behind time, orders were at once telegraphed to Florence to have an engine ready to bring them right through. The details of their arrival and reception, and of the programmes for to-day and to-morrow, will be found elsewhere. Charleston is ready to receive her guests and to make them feel at home as long as they shall remain with us.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE RECEPTION.

A meeting of the general managing committee was held in the committee-room of the Charleston Chamber of Commerce yesterday afternoon, when the details for the reception of the Connecticut troops were finally arranged.

The committee have chartered the steam-tug "Republic" for the day. She will leave Union wharf at 6 o'clock this morning and will steam down the harbor to meet the "Charleston," having on board the members of the committee of general management, the Mayor and Aldermen, Gen. Walker and staff of the Fourth Brigade, Col. Bruns and staff of the First Regiment, Maj. Frost and staff of the Carolina Rifle Battalion, and Capt. Mantoue and staff of the First Regiment of Artillery, and a number of other prominent citizens. The committee, City Council, and the military will board the "Charleston" and tender a formal welcome to the strangers, delaying the steamer long enough to allow the city troops to assemble on the wharf and meet their guests. It is expected that the steamer will arrive at Adger's wharf about 9 o'clock. The firing of the salute of seventeen guns on Trenholm's wharf will be the signal for assembly.

After the troops have reached the city the "Republic" will be placed at the disposal of the visitors during the day, to go where they want and at their own pleasure.

THE DECORATIONS IN THE CITY.

There was a large display of bunting yesterday in honor of the coming of the Connecticut soldiers, and at the various halls and armories that will be open for their reception to-morrow the committees were hard at work until a late hour last night. At the City Hall the decorations are very tastefully arranged, every window on Broad street being handsomely curtained with United States flags. In front of the entrance upon a ground of dark blue and in well-executed letters there is the inscription, which will find an echo from every Charleston heart, "1781, Welcome Sons of Connecticut to Charleston, 1881."

The decorations at the hall of the German Fusiliers, at the corner of King and Liberty streets, are lavish. Across Liberty street there is stretched a large white banner bearing in the centre the monogram "G. F." and the figures "1775." On one side of the monogram is the figure of a soldier, and on the other the form of an angel with a trumpet to her lips. This banner is supported on either side by the flags of America and Germany. On King street there is a large banner containing the coats of arms of South Carolina and of Connecticut, and the inscription, "Welcome Connecticut." Along the lower edge of the banner are the words "German Fusiliers." Between the coats of arms of the two States are clasped hands. On one side of this banner is the British and on the other the American flag.

In front of the armory is a large shield bearing the figure of "Germania," and on either side of it transparencies containing the State and National coats of arms. In front of the hall and hanging across King street there is a mammoth Connecticut flag. The interior of the armory is fitted up in a very attractive style, and last night a company of ladies were beautifying the hall for the reception of the Fusiliers and their guests.

At the armory of the Palmetto Guard, in Hasel street, there was quite an animated scene of busy preparation throughout the day. The fluted columns of the portico have been twined about with evergreen, which also hangs in graceful festoons from column to column. The armory has been hung on the inside with flags and bunting, and beautifully decorated with flowers and shrubbery. Over the entrance is the inscription in large and gracefully-shaped letters: "Welcome Connecticut!" A squad of twenty ladies were assisting the soldiers yesterday.

At the armory of the Washington Light Infantry of course there was a great deal of activity. Three rows of flags have been stretched across King street, the State, Connecticut, and Federal flags, and on Wentworth street two lines of flags of all nations have been flung to the breeze.

Flags and bunting of every pattern under the sun are displayed at other places, and many of the business houses yesterday ran up their colors. In Meeting street Tiefenthal was flying the German flag; two rows of bunting were run across the street from Moran's to Marshall's; at Wilbur's the windows were looped and festooned with the National colors, and Mr. A. S. Brown ran up the stars and stripes. At the Charleston Hotel the State and Connecticut flags are stretched across the street, and the heavy columns along the second-story piazza were looped with the National colors, and Edwin Bates & Co. ran up the same old flag of freedom. On East Bay Messrs. W. M. Bird & Co. displayed a new and handsome set of colors.

In King street the German and State colors were thrown across the street from Siegling's to Jager's; McLoy, Rice & Co. were flying the National colors, Von Santen the German, Read the American, and Muller both colors. At the hall of the Bruderlicher Bund a large German flag, bearing the inscription "Zur Erinnerung," meaning "In Remembrance," attracted considerable attention. From the store of C. Druelle, hanging over the street, was a mammoth French flag, and from the store of W. C. Forsythe & Son there floated the stars and stripes. Flags were flying at other places, and to-day and to-morrow the display will be largely increased.

The Carolina Rifle Battalion have made the final arrangements for the entertainment of Company K, Connecticut National Guard, who will be their guests on their arrival here. Their armory has been tastefully decorated with flags, and the pictures of the late ex-officers of the corps dressed with evergreens and flowers. The State and Battalion coats of arms are prominently placed, while the initials of Co. K are joined with the letters C. R. B. The whole presents a striking appearance, which will be in keeping with the other preparations being made for the comfort and pleasure of the Connecticut men. The armory will be open and a committee always on duty during the stay of the "First." The members of the corps will be at the wharf in citizens' dress on the

arrival of the steamer "Charleston," and take charge of their guests during the day.

A SUBSTANTIAL SIGN OF SYMPATHY.

A striking and a pleasing evidence of the unanimity with which the business community joins in the welcome to our Connecticut friends is to be found in the alacrity with which the suggestion of the banks, that those having paper maturing on Monday should anticipate its payment, has been met. To-morrow not being a legal holiday, the notice of the banks was of course no more than a simple request with which no debtor was bound to comply. Yet inquiry yesterday afternoon elicited the information that at all the banks of the city the compliance with the invitation had been prompt and unanimous. This is especially noteworthy, considering the tightness of the money market.

THE RETURN OF THE PENINSULAR VETERANS.

At half-past 10 o'clock the home detachment of the Washington Light Infantry assembled at their armory, and under the command of First Lieut. John S. Hanahan, headed by the Phœnix Cornet Band, colored, marched up King street, platoon front, to John street, and thence through Chapel street to the Northeastern Railroad depot, where they halted under the passenger shed, stacked arms, and awaited the arrival of their comrades, with many grim jokes at the cost of the Yorktown veterans. Upon the arrival of the train the company were escorted to their armory, where an appetizing collation was spread of sandwiches and beer, and something stronger, too, perhaps. There were twenty men of the home detachment of the Light Infantry in line, with knapsacks and side-arms, and under the flickering lights of the car-shed they presented quite a picturesque appearance.

About fifteen or twenty of the German Fusiliers, in citizens' dress and without arms, accompanied by the St. Patrick's Helicon Band, were present at the depot to escort their gallant comrades to their armory, on King street, which had been beautifully decorated for their reception, and where a capital lunch was served up in good style.

Accompanying the Fusiliers were a number of the Connecticut soldiers, who might very appropriately be grouped under the gen-

eral denomination of the "sea-sick squad." They could not stand the trip by sea, and so they came by land, a fine-looking set of men, as follows:

Capt. Smith of Company K, Capt. Cornell of Company H, Lieut. Hotchkiss of Company F, Sergeant Chase, Sergeant Towne, Quartermaster-Sergeant Quiggle, Corporal Candee and Private Parker of Company K. After marching to the armory of the Fusiliers and sharing their hospitality, the "sea-sick squad" were escorted to the Charleston Hotel, where they had secured comfortable quarters.

When the train bearing the troops ran under the car-shed a scene of the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. The Helicon Band struck up "Dixie," the artillery fired the salute of seventeen guns, the Washington Light Infantry gave their well-known "Rocket" with a will, and the motley crowd of nearly five hundred expectant people joined in the applause with a real Rebel yell, which waked the echoes and thrilled the heart. The returning soldiers were in fine spirits, in spite of a hard campaign. They related their experience in good humor, and say that although they suffered a great deal of inconvenience and actual hardship, their trip has not been without its compensations. They are better soldiers now, with broader views and larger patriotism than before they went to Yorktown.

The delay on the return from the Peninsula occurred between Portsmouth and Wilmington. After leaving Wilmington the journey was made without untoward incident, and the run was made from Florence to Charleston in five hours—the special train which was kindly furnished by the Northeastern Railroad authorities leaving Florence at 7 and arriving in this city at precisely 12 o'clock. The train consisted of three passenger coaches and a baggage car.

The distinguished persons on the train, in addition to the Connecticut guests, were Governor Hagood, Adjt.-Gen. Manigault, Congressman Dibble, Dr. Burnet, surgeon of the Yorktown Battalion; the Hon. George Johnstone, of Newberry; Gen. Wilmot G. DeSaussure and Mr. James Simons, of the Society of the Cincinnati, and Mr. Joseph W. Barnwell. Governor Hagood, Gen. Manigault, and Mr. Johnstone are quartered at the Charleston Hotel.

Col. Hugh S. Thompson, who commanded the Palmetto Regi-

ment at the Centennial, is expected to arrive to-day. The Hon. Marshall Jewell and Mayor Bulkeley will arrive this morning by the Northeastern Railroad. They will stop at the Charleston Hotel.

THE PROGRAMME TO-DAY.

The steamer "Charleston" is expected to land at Adger's wharf at about 9 o'clock this morning. The following suggestions from the Entertainment Committee will be of value to the soldiers and citizens of Charleston:

Each company is expected to be present in a body to welcome the particular company assigned to them. The committee suggest that the steamer should first be boarded by the commanding officers of companies only, in order to avoid confusion, and they should at once seek the commanding officer of the company assigned to them, find out where such company is, and then either let their company board the steamer and mingle with such Connecticut company or march the Connecticut company off the steamer and deliver it to their men.

There will be no formal ceremonies, and the Charleston companies will not be in uniform. The companies must take individual charge of the Connecticut companies all day and take them around the city, showing them all points of interest, and entertaining them in a private way to the best of their ability.

As personal attention will be more appreciated by our visitors than anything else, it will be well for such members of the companies as can do so to take them to their houses, and the committee would make the suggestion that the members of the companies let it be known among their friends that they would like to bring some of the company assigned them to the houses of those who would be glad to see them.

THE PROGRAMME FOR MONDAY.

The military programme for to-morrow is set forth in the following orders from brigade headquarters:

HEADQUARTERS
FOURTH BRIGADE S. C. V. T.
CHARLESTON, S. C., October 17, 1881.

[ORDERS No. 21.]

I. The Brigade Commander announces with great pleasure the proposed visit of the Governor of Connecticut and suite, the

First Regiment Connecticut N. G., and the Governor's Foot Guard of Connecticut, to our City and State, October 23d and 24th, after the Yorktown Centennial Celebration.

II. The arrangements for their social entertainment have been entrusted to proper committees, who will advise the commands of the duties assigned them. The military ceremonies will consist of a parade and review before their Excellencies the Governors of Connecticut and of South Carolina, assisted by Major-General Rutledge, commanding First Division S. C. V. T.

III. The parade and review will take place Monday, October 24, 1881. The brigade line will be formed on Broad street, right resting on Meeting street, facing north.

Commands will report at 9.25, in the following positions:

German Artillery, Broad street, right resting on Meeting street, facing north.

First Regiment Rifles, Meeting street, right resting on Broad street, facing east.

Carolina Rifle Battalion, Broad street, right resting on Meeting street, facing south.

First Regiment Artillery, Broad street, right resting on Friend street, facing north.

Cavalry battalion, Broad street, right resting on Logan street, facing north.

The First Regiment Artillery and Cavalry battalion will move to the above positions through King street.

At the bugle call, at 9.30 A. M., the commands will move successively to their places in line.

After the formation of the brigade it will move to East Battery, where it will meet our guests and escort them to the place of review—the Citadel green. When the head of the column reaches Calhoun street, it will be halted and faced to the left and our guests will pass to the right of the brigade, each battalion saluting as it passes.

The brigade will then move on to the green and form in line of masses, company front, for the review. The review will be conducted as provided in tactics for a review of a brigade in line of masses, excepting the modifications usually made in moving off to pass in review, rendered necessary by the contracted space for maneuvering, and that the column will pass in platoon instead of company front.

Battalions are specially cautioned to move promptly off the ground after passing the reviewing officers, and under no circumstances make any halt to impede succeeding commands.

In taking distance to pass in review full distance as provided in tactics should be taken between the various battalions.

IV. After the review our guests will move out through Tobacco street and around King and Calhoun to the south gate of green, and there halt.

The German Artillery, the First Regiment Rifles and Carolina Rifle Battalion will move up by their side, and halt at the gate, until the last command has passed the reviewing officers, when they will move on the green, forming two lines near the Citadel, and facing south—First Regiment Rifles in one line, German Artillery and Carolina Rifle Battalion in second line—then stack arms and rest.

The First Regiment Artillery after passing the reviewing officers will put up their guns, and then form, facing east, right resting on Sumter Guard's armory, and rest.

The Cavalry battalion will form in rear of artillery, and rest.

The Connecticut regiment will move on the green, facing north, and go through with the dress parade, which is intended as a compliment to the citizens of Charleston.

At the completion of this parade the various battalions will be dismissed.

V. In accordance with orders from the Adjutant and Inspector-General of the State, and in respect to the memory of the late President, colors will be draped in mourning, and officers will wear the usual crape on the left sleeve and on their swords. The custom obtaining for draping colors in mourning, and which will be observed, is to have the flag rolled on the staff and loosely enveloped in crape, tied at top and bottom.

VI. The Brigade Commander urges a full parade of all commands as a compliment to our friends, who have come many hundred miles to pay us this visit, and he trusts that the commingling of the citizen-soldiers of two distant States may result in mutual benefit and draw their people closer together.

VII. Battalion and Regiment Commanders will issue the necessary instructions to carry out this order.

By command of Brig.-Gen. WALKER.

A. G. MAGRATH,
Major and Acting Adjutant-Gen.

The Line of March.

The brigade after being formed will move through Broad to East Bay street, thence to East Battery, where the Connecticut troops will be drawn up in line. The two commands will then form into division line and will march around South Battery to Meeting, up Meeting to Broad, through Broad to King to Market, and through Market to Meeting street, up Meeting to Hasel, and through Hasel back into King street, thence to Calhoun street. When the head of the column reaches Calhoun street it will halt and face to the left, and the Connecticut troops will pass to the right, the brigade saluting. The formation on the green will then take place for the review.

Lunch.

After the review the dress parade of the Connecticut troops will take place as announced in the general orders, after which the various companies charged with the entertainment of the military will take charge of their guests and carry them to the various places of entertainment. The assignments are as follows:

Co. A, to the German Artillery and German Hussars, to be entertained at the Freundschaftsbund Hall.

Co. B, to the Montgomery Guard and Irish Rifles, and Co. D, to the Irish Volunteers and Charleston Riflemen. These two companies to be entertained at Hibernian Hall.

Co. E, to the German Fusiliers, to be entertained at their armory.

Co. F, to the Sumter Guards and Charleston Light Dragoons, to be entertained at their armories.

Co. G, to the Lafayette Artillery, Marion Artillery and Washington Artillery, to be entertained at the Military Hall.

Co. H, to the Palmetto Guard, to be entertained at their armory.

Co. K, to the Carolina Rifle Battalion, to be entertained at their armory.

The Governor's Foot Guard, to the Washington Light Infantry, to be entertained at their armory.

The field and staff officers of the Connecticut regiment will be entertained at the board-room of the Military Hall by the field and staff officers of the Fourth Brigade.

In the evening there will be a public reception at the Academy of Music, at which all the visitors will be present. The Mayor will preside, and addresses of welcome will be delivered by several prominent citizens, and responses made by a number of the distinguished visitors.

Tickets of admission to the entertainment may be had upon application to any of the chairmen of the various committees or to any of the members of the committee on reception.

After the reception, Gov. Bigelow, Mayor Bulkeley, and the other distinguished guests will be entertained at the Charleston Hotel.

The brigade will take care of their brother soldiers.

ODDS AND ENDS OF INTEREST.

Gen. Walker has established his headquarters at the Charleston Hotel, room 110, where he can be found until Tuesday.

The board of commissioners of the Charleston Orphan Asylum, through their chairman, Mr. L. D. Mowry, have sent a written invitation to the Connecticut guests to visit the orphan asylum during their stay in the city, at such time as may suit their convenience. Religious services will be held in the orphan chapel at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

The chaplain of the Fourth Brigade, the Rev. Dr. Junkin, will not be able to take part in the parade to-morrow on account of a sprained ankle, from which he has been suffering for some time.

Governor Bigelow of Connecticut, and staff, will go to Augusta on Tuesday, and spend Wednesday in that city as the guests of the municipality. They will then go to Atlanta, and after spending two days in the Gate City, visiting the cotton exposition and other points of interest, will take up the line of march for home. Their friends in Charleston would be glad to have them come this way.

In the parade on Monday Gen. Walker will wear a sword that saw service in the late war, and was captured from a captain of the Federal army in the battle of Atlanta. On the scabbard is the following inscription: "Captured by Capt. R. Z. Harlee on the battle-field in front of Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864, and presented by Capts. Harlee and C. C. White to Lieut.-Col. C. Irvine Walker, commanding Tenth South Carolina Regiment, C. S. A."

When it was ascertained last night that the time of the arrival

of the troops from Yorktown was uncertain, Gen. Walker directed the dismissal of the detachments of the Marion and Lafayette Artillery companies, who had been detailed to fire the salute to Governor Hagood. With that patriotic zeal, however, which has always distinguished the Lafayette Artillery, a committee from that command waited on Gen. Walker during the evening and requested permission to fire the salute at any hour the military might arrive. The request was granted, and the detachments from the two batteries, under command of Capt. Whaley, of the Marion Artillery, repaired to the depot about 11 o'clock. They planted their guns in Chapel street, and when the train arrived the sleeping city was aroused by the thunder of artillery. The guns were well handled and the firing was rapid.

The shooting range of the German Fusiliers will be open tomorrow after 2 P. M., for the entertainment and amusement of any of the guests who may desire to test their skill at rifle practice. A committee of the company will be on the grounds to do the honors of the occasion.

The "News and Courier" came out on Monday morning, brim-full of military items pertaining to the visiting Yankees, and having a two-page supplement, illustrated with very excellent likenesses of Gov. Bigelow, Lt.-Gov. Bulkeley, Comptroller Batcheller, and Secretary of State Searls. It also contained personal sketches of these honorable gentlemen, as well as the Governor's Staff, and all the guests accompanying the troops, as well written and as flattering as though they had been obituary notices. In addition, there were personal sketches of the field, staff, and line officers of the regiment and Governor's Guard, history of the regiment, description of the cities of New Haven and Hartford, and a complete roster of the troops.

It is unnecessary to copy all this mass of interesting items; but it was a smart stroke of business for the wide-awake journal, which the writer hopes was appreciated by the citizens, as it was by the visitors.

The likenesses and their arrangement looked somewhat like what we had seen in the Hartford "Post"; and the fact of the editor-in-chief being in our party led certain persons to ———

There was also a vague rumor among the guests, that said editor laid wagers with sundry State officials, innocent and guileless officials, that their pictures would appear in said "News and Courier"; but of course ———

The newsboys reaped a rich harvest, and the mails were heavily laden with packages of newspapers en route for Connecticut, which at the present time adorn many scrap-books, to remind us of the famous Charleston visit.

Before beginning the story of that memorable Monday, it will be well to again quote from Monday's issue of the "News and Courier," as to the events of Sunday, first from the supplement:

This is a great day in the annals of Charleston, and will be a red-letter day, we trust, in the records of Connecticut. The First Regiment of the Connecticut National Guard and the Second Company Governor's Guard, of Connecticut, arrived in Charleston yesterday, with Gov. Bigelow and other friends of the command. They are the honored guests of the city and the Fourth Brigade, S. C. V. T. Gov. Hagood is here with Lt.-Gov. Kennedy and other eminent Carolinians, to do honor to the Governor of Connecticut and State officers. The ceremonies of the reception yesterday are fully described elsewhere, and the programme for to-day will be found in the proper place. Our immediate purpose is to introduce our friends and fellow-countrymen to the whole Charleston public, by telling briefly who and what they are.

Then follows the list of guests, roster of the regiment, and sketches spoken of above.

From the regular issue:

"YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO TOWN."

1781—1881.

A WELCOME INVASION.

CONNECTICUT'S CRACK REGIMENT CAPTURES CHARLESTON.

A Memorable Sunday—How the Steamship "Charleston" Came up the Bay—Landing amid Salvos of Artillery—How "the Boys" Fared at Sea—Company Hospitalities—Going to Church—Visiting Sumter, Magnolia and the Phosphate Works—Grand Concert on the Battery—Receptions at Private Residences at Night—The Parade and Review To-day.

It is a long time since the City by the Sea has been so pleasantly and yet so strangely stirred as when, early yesterday morning, the good ship "Charleston" appeared in the offing and steamed past the forts, while the booming of cannon from East Battery announced that the six hundred Boys in Blue who had so worthily represented Connecticut at Yorktown, accompanied by the Governor and many of the most distinguished citizens of the Nutmeg State, were indeed within our harbor. The arrangements that had been made to welcome our guests, even before their feet had pressed the soil of Carolina, were promptly carried into effect. The steamer "Republic," which had been chartered for the purpose, and which had kept steam up all night, hauled up to Accommodation wharf, and was boarded by Gen. C. I. Walker, the citizens' committee, and the captains of several of the military companies which were to entertain the Connecticut troops. The "Republic" then steamed rapidly down the harbor, and met the "Charleston" just within the bar. Meantime, the Mayor and Aldermen of the city, with a large number of prominent citizens, assembled on the pier watching the approach of the "Charleston." It was a lovely morning, and the sun shone brightly, lighting up the eastern water-front of the city, while the bright uniforms of our soldier-guests could be descried crowding the wheel-houses of the steamship, whence they were gazing with curious interest upon the scene. It was half-past 8 o'clock when the "Charleston"

glided into her dock, and our New England friends, heartily glad to touch *terra firma* once more, lost no time in placing themselves in the hands of their fellow-soldiers and fellow-countrymen of South Carolina. Bright and early yesterday (Sunday) morning everybody was stirring on the ship. A pilot was taken on board at 6 o'clock, and the vessel was shortly afterwards headed for the bar. Divine service was held by the chaplain of the regiment on the main deck, several hymns being played by the band and sung with fine effect by the troops. Shortly after passing the bar the steam tug "Republic" was sighted, and a cheer from her decks announced the presence of Gen. Walker and Staff, with the general managing committee. The steamship was stopped, and the committee came aboard, and were soon welcoming their guests. Copies of the "Sunday News," containing the programme for the reception of the visitors, were distributed, and were eagerly scanned.

The trip up the harbor afforded a fine opportunity for the Connecticut soldiers to see the city and the points of interest in the bay. The city never looked brighter, the spires and the buildings on the eastern water-front shining out brightly in the early morning sun.

On reaching the wharf, after a tiresome delay in docking the vessel, Mayor Courtenay and the Aldermen of the city came aboard, and were presented to Gov. Bigelow and his distinguished companions, while the German Artillery and the Washington Artillery fired a salute from Southern wharf. The party then proceeded ashore, and the Governor and the other State officers of Connecticut, with the field, staff and line of the regiment, and the members of the Hartford and New Haven press, were placed in carriages and driven to the Charleston Hotel.

In accordance with the express wish of our guests no military reception was given at the wharf, but the officers of all the city companies, with many of the privates, were present in citizens' dress. The troops were given leave of absence to go ashore, and were soon walking over the streets arm-in-arm with members of the companies severally assigned to entertain them.

ENTERTAINING THE GUESTS.

After the landing of the troops, Company H was captured by the Palmetto Guard and conducted to their armory in Hasel

street, which had been most beautifully adorned for their reception. On arriving at the armory a speech of welcome was made by Capt. Wiley, of the Palmetto Guard, bidding the strangers welcome to the hospitalities of the city and the kind services of his command. Capt. George A. Cornell of Company H, the Hartford Light Guard, not being able to be present on account of his duties as officer of the day, an appropriate response was made to Capt. Wiley's welcome by First Lieut. Simon, whose patriotic utterances accorded well with the fraternal sentiments of the day.

The formalities dispensed with, the visitors divided up into squads and made a general tour of the city, visiting the different armories and the principal points of interest. Quite a number of the visitors went driving in the evening, and a number attended church. All the members of the Palmetto Guard were on duty, and every man did what he could to make the day pass off pleasantly. Capt. Cornell and Lieuts. Simon and Crane, of Company H, and Lieuts. Mood, Sanders, and Williams, of the Palmetto Guard, dined with Capt. Wiley at his residence in Wentworth street. The Washington Light Infantry, under the command of Lieut. Hanahan, marched down to Adger's wharf soon after the "Charleston" had been made fast to the pier, and took charge of their especial guests, the Governor's Foot Guard, and escorted them to the armory of the W. L. I. Their names were registered on the visitors' list, and, the inner man being refreshed, the guests were told to make themselves at home, Lieut. Hanahan welcoming them in behalf of their hosts, and Capt. Morse of the Foot Guard responding. During the rest of the day the Light Infantry devoted themselves entirely to the entertainment of their guests, showing them the various places of interest in the city. The members were entertained at dinner at the houses of the members of the Light Infantry. The end is not yet. The Carolina Rifle Battalion, who had been assigned the honor of entertaining Company K, of the First Regiment, took their guests in charge as soon as possible and escorted them to their armory at the corner of Broad and East Bay streets. There Capt. Lesesne, who commanded the battalion, tendered the Connecticut soldiers a cordial welcome, to which an appropriate response was made by Capt. Smith, of Company K, and the soldiers were then invited to refresh themselves. This duty having been attended to, the

Rifle Battalion organized itself into guide squads, and leaving a committee at the armory proceeded to show their guests over the city. Some went to church, others drove up the road, and others took a sail around the harbor, returning occasionally to look into the armory. The guests were entertained at the residences of the members of the Battalion, who spared no effort to contribute to their comfort.

The Jewell Guard of New Britain (Company E of the Connecticut regiment), were most hospitably entertained at the armory of the German Fusiliers throughout the day. The Fusiliers, officers and men, were on duty, and completely captivated their guests by their generous treatment. Refreshments were served all through the day, not only to the members of the company especially assigned to this command, but to visitors from all the other companies of the regiment.

In the afternoon teams were furnished by the Fusiliers, and their guests were driven around the city to all points of interest. Capt. C. B. Erichson, First Lieut. Fred. M. Hemingway, and Second Lieut. J. Lester Osgood, of Company E, were handsomely entertained by Capt. Schachte, of the Fusiliers, at his residence. The non-commissioned officers and privates of the command were divided around among the Fusiliers, who are keeping open house for their New England comrades, who will return to their homes, we are sure, with better impressions of our people than they have ever entertained before.

Company A, of the Connecticut troops, could not have fallen into more hospitable hands. After landing they were marched up to the Freundschaftsbund Hall, at the corner of George and Meeting streets, attended by an escort from the German Artillery and the German Hussars, to whose joint ministrations they had been fortunately assigned. An appetizing collation awaited them at the hall, the merits of which were thoroughly discussed and most heartily praised. Hot coffee, the best beer of Charleston manufacture, and fragrant cigars filled out the bill of fare. The hall was thrown open to the guests, who entered into all the arrangements of their hosts with the proper spirit. After spending the forenoon in a very delightful manner, fifty-four members of the Connecticut company were marched down to the Charleston Hotel and dined in elegant style by their hosts. After dinner, the private vehicles of the members of the two commands

were driven up to the hotel, and the entire company of visitors driven out into the country for a distance of five or six miles, through Magnolia Cemetery and back to the city, taking in on the return all the principal streets and making the circuit of the battery, after which the strangers were driven back to their quarters at the Freundschaftsbund Hall, where they spent the remainder of the day in pleasant recreations.

The section of Company F, of the Connecticut troops, which was assigned to the Sumter Guard, was met on the wharf as soon as the steamer arrived yesterday morning, and marched to the armory of the Sumter Guard, where they were met with a warm welcome, the whole of the Gamecock corps turning out to greet them. The steam tug "Juno" was secured by the Guard, and at 11 o'clock ran down the harbor on a special excursion, having on board Lieutenant-Governor Bulkeley, Mayor Bulkeley, Secretary of State Searls, and Comptroller-General Batcheller, of the executive department of Connecticut; Dr. Avery, surgeon of the First Regiment, the Hon. Joseph L. Barbour, Major Reed, Mr. Hubbard of the Hartford "Courant," Councilman Fenn, and other prominent persons. The "Juno" steamed down the harbor to Fort Sumter, where the party landed, and, after making a thorough survey of the famous old fortress, re-embarked and sailed out past the historic spot where Battery Wagner once stood, and, in returning to the city, along the Island front and under the guns of Fort Moultrie, reaching the city after a very pleasant voyage at half-past 1 o'clock.

The Military Hall was not open to the public yesterday, although a few of the Connecticut troops stepped in to inspect the building and compliment its appointments. The Irish Volunteers, the Montgomery Guard, the Charleston Riflemen, and the Irish Rifles, to whom were assigned the duty of entertaining Companies B and D of the Connecticut regiment, received their guests at the steamer yesterday morning and escorted them to the Hibernian Hall, which had been decorated and arranged for their reception. During the day the members of these companies were shown the city and were entertained in a hundred different ways. The hall was open all day and a good time was had generally. Over the front entrance to the hall two flags are crossed, and beneath is a shield bearing the words: Connecticut—*Qui transtulit sustinet.*

The Charleston Light Dragoons were assigned the honor of entertaining a portion of Company F, and did so in generous style. The armory of the company, which is beautifully decorated, was open all day, and the guests were entertained with refreshments and exhilarants. Several of the members took their guests to their homes to dine with them, and showed them the city in carriages and on foot. The Connecticut boys were met at the boat in the morning by a delegation of the Dragoons under command of Capt. Jervey.

The Montgomery Guards handsomely entertained Company B of the Connecticut regiment yesterday at their armory. They drove them up the road, around the city, and to the phosphate works, and Capt. Redding entertained the officers of Company B at his residence, Col. James Armstrong and the officers of the Montgomery Guard being present.

A large proportion of the Connecticut troops slept on board of the steamship "Charleston" last night, Company H, Hartford Light Guard, being on guard. Others took quarters at the Charleston Hotel.

The Connecticut men have brought with them many handsome badges and cards, which they have freely bestowed upon their newly-made friends. A great many of the men have brought on nutmegs with red ribbons passing through the centre. They are good imitations, and have even the smell of the real nut.

RECEPTIONS AT RESIDENCES.

The residence of Dr. Andrew Simonds on South Battery, with its fine picture-gallery, was thrown open to the visitors irrespective of military or civic rank. The nutmeg badge or the Connecticut uniform was an open sesame, and many of the visitors were entertained during the day and evening.

The residence of Mr. Wm. M. Bird on Meeting street was also thrown open to the visitors, and during the day there were many callers. Mr. Bird has an extensive acquaintance in the Nutmeg State, and had the pleasure yesterday of renewing many pleasant friendships.

Mayor Courtenay, Mr. C. O. Witte, and Mr. Geo. W. Williams also kept open house during the evening for the New England visitors.

Many other private residences were opened and many enter-

tainments took place in various portions of the city, all, however, of a quiet nature.

At 8 o'clock last evening Governor Bigelow and Governor Hagood and their respective staffs, together with the distinguished visitors from Connecticut, visited several private residences where receptions were held, and were warmly received.

No calls were made upon ex-Governor Magrath last evening, owing to the fact that it became known that he had received tidings of the very serious sickness of his daughter.

THE CONCERT ON THE BATTERY.

Notwithstanding the fact that there was no further notice than the announcement on the bulletin board of "The News and Courier" that the First Connecticut Regiment Band would give a concert on the Battery in the afternoon at half-past 4 o'clock, White Point Garden was thronged with a gay crowd of persons of all classes, sexes, colors, and conditions. The programme was as follows:

1. Cradle Song.....Millard.
2. Attila.....Verdi.
3. Attila's Oath.....Verdi.
4. Mascott.....Andran.
5. The Sweet By-and By.....———.
6. Moses in Egypt.....Bellini.
7. Jubilee Overture.....Bache.
8. Neibelungen.....Wagner.
9. American National Hymn.....Spary.
10. Centennial March.....———.

The band numbers about thirty musicians, under the leadership of Prof. W. C. Spary of Hartford, and the selections were admirably rendered, many of them evoking hearty rounds of applause from the crowd. The hope is universally entertained that the concert will be repeated this afternoon, when those who from various causes were prevented from attending yesterday afternoon may have the opportunity of enjoying one of the finest open-air concerts that has ever been heard in Charleston.

THE PALMETTO AND THE NUTMEG.

There was a run on nutmegs and palmetto leaves yesterday, and the emblems of the two States before nightfall had become,

like the babies in Pinafore, wonderfully mixed. The Connecticut soldiers wear on the breast a nutmeg attached to a little red ribbon. Immediately upon their arrival the Charleston soldiers adopted the nutmeg badge. In turn they procured palmetto leaves, wove them into crosses, rosettes, and garlands, and these in turn were adopted by the Connecticut soldiers. The palmetto and the nutmeg hung side by side from the breasts of over a thousand volunteer soldiers yesterday.

GOVERNOR BIGELOW AT CHURCH.

Governor Bigelow and several of the State officials of Connecticut attended service at St. Michael's church yesterday morning, in company with members of the citizens' committee. After service the party examined the church, went up into the spire and obtained a fine bird's-eye view of the city, and then took a walk through the church cemetery. The party then retired to the Charleston Hotel.

AT THE HOSPITAL.

Invitations had been sent out by the faculty of the Medical college, and the commissioners of the City Hospital, to the surgeons attached to the visiting military to a reception at the hospital last evening. Preparations had been made for a reunion in the library room. At the appointed hour most of the faculty, the commissioners and a number of the leading members of the medical profession, assembled, but owing to the numerous engagements that had already been made the guests found it impossible to attend. The honors of the evening were done, however, to the absent guests, and many regrets were expressed at their unavoidable absence.

GOVERNOR HAGOOD'S ESCORT.

On their arrival Saturday night the Washington Light Infantry formed into a hollow square and escorted Governor Hagood and his staff to the Charleston Hotel, the firing detachments of the Lafayette and of the Marion Artillery also falling into line. On arriving at the hotel, Lieut.-Col. Joseph W. Barnwell of the Governor's staff made a brief and eloquent address to the soldiers, thanking them for their faithful discharge of duty and their soldierly bearing on every field. The soldiers then marched to

their armory and disbanded after enjoying the collation which the thoughtfulness of their comrades at home had provided for them.

OTHER INCIDENTS.

At 1 o'clock, after the return of Governor Bigelow from church, Governor Hagood, accompanied by Col. Joseph M. Barnwell, one of his aides, Adjutant-General Manigault, and Representative Johnson, called upon Governor Bigelow and were introduced to him and his staff. After a few moments' conversation Governor Hagood retired to his reception-room, and Governor Bigelow continued to receive guests for an hour.

Mayor Bulkeley of Hartford, Mr. Archibald Forbes of the London "News," Col. L. L. Morgan of New Haven, and Capt. Morse of the Governor's Foot Guard, dined with Mayor Courtenay at his residence yesterday.

Governor Bigelow, and a large number of the Governor's staff, and the State officers of Connecticut, dined at the Charleston Hotel as the guests of the citizens of Charleston.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In addition to the bunting in King street, described in the "Sunday News," flags were run up at a number of other places yesterday morning. At Feldmann's store the German flag was flying, E. L. Granger displayed the French flag, from John Hofling's cigar store the German colors were stretched across the street, and Major Dennis O'Neill threw out the Irish, French, and American colors. At the stores of F. E. Windheim, Major Alex. Melchers, and William Leonhardt, the German colors were flying. The armory of the Montgomery Guard was surmounted by the company colors, and across the street was suspended a large white banner bearing the inscription "1852–1881. Montgomery Guards. Erin go Bragh Headquarters." Suspended from the same line was the State flag of Connecticut. From the armory of the Sumter Guard on Citadel green floated the company colors. The French colors were flying at the armory of the Lafayette Artillery, and at the gun-shed of the Washington Artillery the old battle-flag of the battery spread its tattered folds to the breeze. Coming down King street again at Schuckman's store the Palmetto flag was flying, the Victoria Hotel displayed the Stars and Stripes,

John Rugheimer floated a very large United States flag, and at the store of Capt. J. Hesse, of the German Hussars, was displayed the State, Federal, and German colors.

Among the provoking incidents was the miscarriage of some baggage, consisting of some six or eight trunks, belonging to ex-Governor Jewell, Major Reed of Bridgeport, Hon. Mr. Harrison of New Haven, and Mr. Jewell, brother of the Governor. By some oversight the trunks were sent on to Savannah instead of being taken off at the station here. This accounts in a great measure for the non-appearance of several swallow-tails at the receptions last night.

After the review to-day, Company D, of the First Connecticut Regiment, together with the splendid regimental band, will be entertained at Hibernian Hall by the Irish Volunteers. If there is sufficient time the volunteers will carry their guests over to Sullivan's Island to visit Fort Moultrie. At the island they will be entertained at the residence of Mr. F. J. McGarey.

The Carolina Rifle Battalion flung their colors to the breeze early yesterday morning. A string of brilliant colored bunting was stretched across Broad street, and each window of the armory displayed a flag.

The solitary Connecticut soldier who attended the little church on the corner yesterday morning displayed commendable coolness under a brisk fire from a Confederate battery of bright eyes.

The building of "The News and Courier" was tastefully dressed with the colors of America, France, and Germany, while the State colors floated from the flagstaff on the roof of the building.

Governor Hagood has requested Lieut. Hanahan, of the Washington Light Infantry, to serve as one of his aides and to ride with his staff to-day.

The signal corps station joined in the holiday and displayed its colors from the bureau windows at the corner of Broad and East Bay streets.

There was not a single vehicle, public or private, which was not employed yesterday carrying the visitors around the city and suburbs.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1882.

"Dixie."

There had been indications of a storm during Sunday, and it really looked dubious for the grand demonstration on Monday, but the rain came in frequent and heavy showers during the night, and to the relief of everybody the morning dawned pleasant and warm, the weather appearing much like that of early September at the North.

Breakfast over, preparations were made for the grand parade, which the people of Charleston had been eagerly expecting. A large proportion of the members of the regiment had slept on the steamer Sunday night, Co. H (Light Guard) having been on guard during the day.

Crowds began to gather early on the streets, thousands coming from surrounding towns to see the Yankee invaders, and witness the fine military turnout of their own Southern soldiers. The streets, and buildings on them, looked gay with the numerous decorations, "Welcome, Connecticut!" being frequent. The flags of South Carolina and Connecticut, the Palmetto and the Vine, were intertwined lovingly; most places of business and the banks were closed in honor of the occasion; drums were heard from every quarter; the blue and the gray went hurrying by on foot; dragoons and hussars in well-worn gray, officers of every rank, and elegant private carriages, were dashing at great speed over the pavements; all was bustle and hurry. The windows along the line of march, the roofs of porches, and of many buildings, were filled with ladies and children—waiting. At about 10.30 the Connecticut troops marched into the position assigned them on the East Battery, where, soon after, the 4th Brigade South Carolina Volunteers appeared and took position. This brigade consisted of several skeleton regi-

ments (it reminded the writer of our Connecticut brigade the first two or three years of the war, when at one time the Hartford City Guard was the entire First Regiment) known as German Artillery, First Regiment Rifles, Carolina Rifle Battalion, First Regiment Artillery, and Squadron of Cavalry, altogether probably fifteen to twenty companies, and several bands of music; the companies, however, averaging not more than thirty members each, some not over twenty to twenty-five; marching in old style, single rank, five or six in a platoon, each (platoon, not man) commanded by an officer. For instance, a company of twenty men would have a Captain and three Lieutenants.

The men generally looked much older than our troops; in fact, many were veterans of the war, wearing the well-known gray, and although the Northern troops were better equipped, yet the Southern soldiers showed a steadiness and a solidity that excited the admiration of us all.

There are several companies of German soldiers, all apparently prospering, for there is a large German population in Charleston.

The march was begun about 11 o'clock, through Meeting, Broad, King, Market, again into Meeting street, past the Charleston Hotel, passing in review before Governors Hagood and Bigelow, with their respective staffs, Major-Gen. Rutledge and staff, and many distinguished gentlemen, including all the guests of the First Regiment, excepting the Historian, who, instead of placing himself where he might win admiration from the populace, had volunteered to bring up the rear of the regiment, and, his services having been accepted, had faithfully performed that arduous duty throughout the entire march, winning praise from no less a personage than Archibald Forbes, the well-known English war-correspondent, who happened to be in Charleston. I quote from a letter to "My dear Dawson," printed in the "News and Courier:" ". . . The world-famed Historian of the First Connecticut, who so thrilled Charleston by the effective manner in which he saluted Gen. Walker with a palmetto

cane when the Northern men marched past that gallant officer on the parade-ground of the citadel." Another quotation from the same paper, which may possibly appear again further on, but in that case can do no harm: "The scene in the bend of King street when the troops passed in parade beggared all description, and the enthusiasm of the populace was uncontrollable; every window and door was filled with fair faces, who waved such a welcome as no people have ever before received in the 'city by the sea.'" Well, that hits pretty near the facts of the case; it *was* a never-to-be-forgotten scene. At one establishment hundreds of palmetto fans were showered down upon the soldiers, who (although it was very warm) could not make use of them on the march, it not being a fan-cy parade, but the very thoughtful act was appreciated by the boys.

Hundreds of bouquets were thrown among the Connecticut troops, many of which were picked up and carefully treasured. One beautiful bunch of flowers fell in the ranks of Company K, and having been picked up by an officer a note was found attached which read as follows: "In 1861 we gave you bullets; in 1881 we give you roses." Could any sentiment be more beautiful than this?

And so we marched proudly through the streets of Charleston, the crowds welcoming and cheering us on our march, and, as we approached Citadel green, packing the sidewalks and streets in a denser mass, all curious to see the "Yanks." Among them were thousands of negroes, who showed but little enthusiasm, for it seems that they were not pleased with this fraternizing of the Northern troops with the old Confederate element, and so gave us the cold shoulder.

I must pass hurriedly over the review and dress-parade, which has been so highly praised by every looker-on, for you will read in the newspaper extracts the high compliment paid by Mr. Forbes and others; suffice it to say it was splendid, glorious, utterly mag., etc. I know the review was fine, for I took part in it, as before stated; the dress-parade I witnessed from the midst of the Charleston soldiers, heard

their comments, as addressed to one another, and am fully convinced that it was a great treat to them, and they admitted that the like had never been seen in Charleston, even when the regular troops were stationed there.

The scene on and about the green will not soon, if ever, fade from the memory of the Connecticut soldiers and visitors—the perfect day, the brilliant and varied uniforms of the mounted officers, the long lines of soldiers with glittering bayonets, the dense mass of people in holiday attire filling the streets, the windows, the house-tops, and other available places, on three sides of the green, the handsome equipages, horses, and last, but by no means the least, the brilliant array of ladies filling every available spot in the windows and doorways of the Citadel (the ladies, I mean, the others were in front of the building and approaches)—all these combined to make a memorable scene.

Just previous to putting this history into print I noticed this item in a New York paper: "The War Department has restored the Citadel at Charleston to the Citadel Academy authorities, and this military school, which existed from 1843 to 1865, when the Confederates evacuated Charleston, will now be re-opened. In the period mentioned, about 1,800 South Carolinians were educated in whole or in part within the walls of the Academy. The course of study was as nearly as practicable the same as at West Point."

The review and dress-parade being over, the Governors and other distinguished persons were taken in carriages to their quarters at the hotel for a brief rest, before the severe and arduous duties of the afternoon were undertaken, reaching there at about 1.30. About 2 o'clock an elegant banquet was served in the ladies' ordinary at the hotel, but it was by no means an ordinary affair. After the hand and mouth exercises had been gone through with in an admirable manner, displaying an intimate knowledge of the knife, fork, and elbow drill, Gov. Hagood arose and said a few pleasant words, extending a hearty welcome to all the Connecticut visitors, concluding by giving as a toast "The State of Con-

necticut," and drinking the health of Gov. Bigelow. This capital little address elicited loud cheers, when Gov. Bigelow responded with a few pleasant words.

"Joe" Barbour of Hartford, being loudly and persistently called for, made a short but exceedingly eloquent speech, exciting his hearers to enthusiastic applause, when the visitors, under escort of many prominent citizens, left the festive board, for other festive boards, which were awaiting their visit.

It will scarcely be proper to leave the subject of the Governor's reception, without speaking a good word for the shrimp salad, so generously provided; this delicacy touched very tenderly the hearts and stomachs of the Yankees, who did full justice to it, some of them evidently disliking to tear themselves away from it, a notable instance being that of the Poet, who fairly shed tears because he could eat no more.

Leaving the Governor's party to brace themselves for the impending conflict, we will follow the soldiers awhile. The review over, the companies of the First Regiment, as well as the Governor's Guard, were taken by the several Charleston companies (as assigned) and entertained at the various armories in princely style. It was *superb*, *magnificent*, *immense*, *overwhelming*, such as the Connecticut troops can ha— scarcely ever expect to see again, and I doubt if even in the North we can equal it; nothing was done by halves.

At each armory there was speaking and good-fellowship. Old soldiers met, and discovered that they had been in the same fights eighteen to twenty years ago, but on opposite sides; they heartily drank each others' health, and shook hands over the bloody chasm; they cheered the two flags, they sang together "Dixie" and "Rally round the Flag," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Marching through Georgia," and they ate shrimp salad by the cart-load. Palmetto canes and badges, with palmetto trimmings, were presented freely, and where so many canes came from was a mystery, until the discovery was made that they came from where people raise cane.

At the armory of the Palmetto Guard, who entertained Company H, were many interesting relics; one of the number being the battle-flag borne through the battle of Bull Run by the Second South Carolina Regiment, another, a sword worn and used at the siege of Fort Moultrie, more than 100 years ago; but we were grieved to hear that the man who wore it is dead.

Companies B and D were entertained royally, with true Irish hospitality, by the three companies of Irish Volunteers, and had the honor of a visit from Right Rev. Bishop Lynch.

The celebrated Washington Light Infantry entertained the Foot Guard in splendid style, and there were many pleasant speeches, when various visiting parties called in at the armory. Here were displayed the old original flags carried at the battles of Eutaw and Cowpens, when our grandfathers were fighting for our liberties; these flags are carefully treasured by the Light Infantry.

The Hartford City Guard, Company F, were most sumpter-ously entertained by the Sumter Guard and the Light Dragoons, the latter a company with a history. It is related of this company that during the late war, in a bloody and desperate fight, every member, save one, was either killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. After the battle, the one survivor, saluting Col. Rutledge, the regimental commander, said, "Colonel, to whom shall I report?" "To your company, sir!" said the officer. Drawing himself up proudly, he replied, "Colonel, I am the company."

The "News and Courier," in speaking of the entertainment given by the Carolina Rifle Battalion to Company K, said, "in a few moments nothing remained but a few turkey bones, the wreck of one or two sandwiches, a few pickles, and a mere odor of champagne," which leads me to conclude that even by that time the "sea-sick squad" had not got filled.

I should like to chronicle the good times enjoyed by the other companies, but must once more avail myself of the complete report in the "News and Courier."

Leaving the regiment for awhile, I will follow the fortunes of Gov. Hagood, Gov. Bigelow and party. Departing from the hotel, in carriages, after the collation previously mentioned, the party, numbering thirty or forty, visited the various armories, at most of which the Governor, or some one or more of the party, had to make a speech. We also visited the Custom-House, where the Federal officers united in a reception; here we met Collector Baldwin, Postmaster Taft, U. S. Marshal Blythe and others, had a few short, pleasant speeches, and indulged in efforts to partake of a fine collation.

We started as before mentioned about forty strong, but at about 5 P. M., upon reaching one of the last calling-places on our list, the armory of the Light Dragoons, there remained of the long line of carriages but one, which contained, besides our escort, one Comptroller, one House Chairman of a military committee, and one Historian, the latter having kept his head pretty level, for the reason that he was making history. Well, upon arriving at the armory we alighted, went up stairs and met many friends, and spent a short time in fraternizing, as Victor Hugo would call it.

Shortly after, the Historian, wishing to return to the hotel, was unable to find his companions, who, feeling exhausted, had retired; thereupon he made his way down to the street, found the carriage, but no one to occupy it with him. Just at that juncture an officer came down the stairs, when the Historian, remembering a story he had heard told a number of times during the day, stepped forward, saluted gracefully, and said "Colonel, to whom shall I report." "Report to your company, sir!" was the answer, whereupon the Historian drew himself up proudly and remarked, "Colonel, I am the sole survivor; my company have gone back on me," and returned to the hotel.

At 8 P. M. was held the great meeting in the Opera-House, presided over by Mayor Courtenay. It was a meeting long to be remembered by all present; the soldiers were there in large numbers, occupying the orchestra circle and parquette, while the rest of the space was occupied by the

beauty, wealth, and intelligence of Charleston; the stage being occupied by the governors, foreign consuls, officers, guests, and prominent people of Charleston—many ex-Confederate officers among the number.

I can but glance at this grand patriotic meeting, speeches being made by prominent gentlemen, as will be seen in the more extended newspaper report; there was an expressed desire on the part of many to hear ex-Gov. Jewell, who was better known to the Southern people, because of his National reputation, than any other of the visitors; he therefore complied with their wishes and made a very excellent speech, which was well received.

Editor Sperry read the sea-sick poem composed by himself and the Historian, while on the voyage, and passed it off for his own. Considering the two who wrote it, 'twas very good, and will be found further on.

Chaplain Cooper opened the exercises with prayer, and closed with the benediction. Altogether, it was a splendid meeting, which must have accomplished much good. The Band, who furnished excellent music, was that of the 25th S. C. Volunteers, a war regiment, known as the "Eutaw"—said band having served through the war. It was expected that our First Regiment Band would be present, but, through an oversight, notice was not given in time to get them together.

It was late when most of us retired, for we had many friends and many invitations; but particulars are not necessary in these pages. Notwithstanding the great strain on the soldiers and the scenes of festivity in which they had participated, everything was orderly, the men well-behaved, and, so far as the writer knows, not an act of lawlessness or misbehavior occurred during the entire stay.

One evening, or rather during the "wee small hours," a party of men from the First were wending their way to their abiding-place, very quietly, when they met a policeman, who remarked, "You are pretty quiet to-night, boys." "Oh, well," said one, "we don't care to be howling through the streets at

this time of night." "It's all right," said the official, "make as much noise as you please; we've had orders not to arrest a Connecticut man for anything short of murder."

This may sound strange to some, but it is easily explained. The boys belonged to the "City Guard," and the policeman was one of the City guard, and as a matter of course they were attracted toward one another—don't you see?

By Monday night the regiment had deserted the steamer, it having been fully decided not to use it more, for reasons before mentioned, and the companies' baggage was removed to the various armories, where many slept that night, quite comfortably.

Capt. Sluyter was hard at work, with his assistants, preparing food for our subsistence on the cars, working night and day, and nearly all the "traps" were brought on shore.

It may be a little out of place here to speak of the Buzzards, or Charleston "Eagles," which were objects of great interest to the visitors. These birds come into the city from the marshes, early in the morning, hundreds of them, congregating about the market-place, where they feed upon the refuse thrown away, being in fact the city scavengers, and protected by city laws, there being a fine of five dollars for molesting and ten dollars for killing one. After feeding, they perch upon the roofs of buildings, sun themselves for an hour or two, when they return to the marshes.

The Poet became so profuse, in his admiration of these splendid birds (he being such an ardent poultry fancier that he can fancy a foul bird of any sort), that a number of friends later in the year sent to his home in Hartford a beautiful specimen of a buzzard, or what purported to be one, although the Historian has grave doubts in the matter. It was the finest singer of that species ever seen North.

The following extract from Monday's "News and Courier" will give the reasons for leaving the steamer:

An important change has been made in the programme of our Connecticut guests, the reasons for which need to be fully stated. It will be remembered that the steamship "Charleston" was char-

tered for the trip to Yorktown and Charleston and return for $6,000. The vessel had been at sea but a very short time before very great indignation was expressed on all sides at the manner in which the owners sent the ship to sea. The contract, the gentlemen from Connecticut claim, specified everything that was necessary for the comfort and safety of the large number of people who were on board, and the owners failed in a great many important particulars to carry out their part of the written and oral agreement. It is a fact, they say, that no additional precautions were taken by the owners over and above the usual means used in sending their vessels to sea when simply loaded with freight. The captain, in the first place, while everyone on the vessel had entire confidence in his ability as a first-class seaman and appreciated his many courtesies, was not at all acquainted with the route, and said openly and frankly that he knew nothing about the various harbors which were to be entered under the agreement. When the vessel reached the entrance to Chesapeake Bay they found that the owners had not even taken the trouble to provide a pilot for the boat, although they knew the officers on board would be unable to take her in. This resulted in a tedious, and, as the party on board considered, a dangerous delay. The regiment brought their own life-preservers to the number of five hundred, and had two life-rafts. They supposed, of course, and it was understood, that the owners of the vessel would provide very largely for the safety of the party in case of accident. The crew before the mast consisted of six men, only two of whom had ever before been on the route, and only one of these could in any way be called an able-bodied seaman.

Among the minor precautions which the owners neglected to take was the provision of proper signals, and it is stated on good authority that there was not even a single distress rocket and only a very limited supply of pilot signals on board. There were only five boats on the vessel, and when she was anchored off Yorktown and the Governor and some other gentlemen were sent ashore, and another boat was called for to send another party ashore, it was found that there were not enough seamen on the steamship to man it.

These were only a few of the grievances of the Connecticut visitors. For ballast the ship depended entirely on her supply of coal, which was every hour becoming smaller and smaller, so that

the rolling of the ship was terrible, causing great discomfort not only to the men who were packed away in the hold like sardines in a can, but to everybody on board. In view of the danger of a great loss of life from the utter disregard of many provisions of the contract on the part of the owners, the gentlemen from Connecticut consider themselves justified in deserting the ship at this port and returning home by some other mode of conveyance. Among the privates great indignation was expressed on all sides at the accommodations, and the insufficiency of safeguards in case of accident soon became known, causing no small amount of alarm and resulting in the determination of a large number to return home in some other way without regard to the movements of the regiment as a whole.

As Governor Bigelow and his staff, with Lieutenant-Governor Bulkeley, Secretary J. L. Barbour, C. A. Jewell, H. T. Sperry of the Hartford "Post," and S. A. Hubbard of the Hartford "Courant," and nearly all the civic delegation, had made arrangements to proceed to Atlanta, and were not to return by the ship, and in view of the great alarm which had been created in Connecticut over the reports of her loss on Thursday last, the Governor and Col. Barbour did not feel justified in taking any risks, especially as it might look as if those who were able to do so had fled from a danger which they knew existed, and had left those who could not help themselves to take the risk which they would not personally assume. Several meetings of the Governor and other prominent gentlemen present were held, and resolutions were finally adopted, thanking the captain for his kindness and courtesy to all, but determining to leave the ship and to make the return trip home in some other way. Governor Bigelow felt the situation to be so critical that he came to the conclusion at once that under no circumstances would he allow the boys to take the risk which he would not take himself, and immediately offered to defray the additional expense of transporting them home by some other means. It was then suggested that many of the members would be very willing to contribute their proportion of the expense. Papers were circulated among the companies, which resulted in raising the sum of $1,800. Governor Bigelow then said that he would himself, personally, pay the balance, which will probably amount to three or four thousand dollars. Col. Barbour protested against this and claimed the privilege of sharing the burden with

the Governor. The other gentlemen in the party then said that the State of Connecticut would not allow either of these gentlemen to bear this expense where the lives of her citizens were in question, and that it was a matter which the Legislature would undoubtedly take care of at the proper time.

Several gentlemen in the party actually left the steamer at Yorktown and Fortress Monroe simply on account of the lack of means for saving life on the ship, and came to Charleston by rail.

Col. Barbour and Quartermaster Cheney were in telegraphic communication yesterday with the managers of several railroads in regard to securing an extra train to transport the regiment home. A very urgent invitation has been received from Atlanta, and an exceedingly generous proposition has been made to the entire body of visitors to visit that city, and it has been proposed, but not finally decided upon, for the regiment and the civic delegation to proceed to Atlanta, spending one day there at the Exposition, and then returning home by the way of Washington, where another day can be spent.

The general feeling last evening, however, seemed to be a desire to return home by the shortest route, as most of the gentlemen who have important business engagements at home had made arrangements for an absence of only eight or nine days. It seems hardly possible at this time to perfect arrangements for a departure by rail earlier than Tuesday afternoon or Wednesday morning, the intention however being, if possible, to leave here for Hartford early Tuesday morning.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 24TH.—CONTINUED.

How *they* viewed it.

Among the many pleasant words, spoken editorially, this in Monday's issue deserves a place in the history.

HAPPY DAY!

It does not strain the probabilities to believe that the visit of the First Connecticut regiment to Charleston is the outgrowth of that reunion of sentiment and interest which found expression when the President of the United States lay dying, and when, after his long agony, he died. Had not President Garfield been slain, had the south felt different and, therefore, acted differently, this present unpremeditated fraternization would have been impossible. There is no shock now in removing mourning trappings to make room for the wreaths and garlands of joy. It is the fit succession of events, a consequence of the murder of the President. The blood of the chief magistrate is the seed of union. Yorktown, in itself a reminder of the days when north and south had but one aim and purpose, furnished the opportunity or occasion, and the unselfish sorrow of the southern people during the President's mortal illness furnished the motive. The relation of the two events is too plain to be ignored or misunderstood. This is the significance of the coming of the Connecticut First from the land of abundance and diversified wealth to battle-scarred and struggling Charleston.

The event is notable in more ways than one. It is the first time that an entire regiment of citizen soldiers from a northern state has traversed our streets in amity, since the bloody days when brother fought against brother and misunderstanding and ignorance wrought their accustomed result. It is not profitable perhaps to dwell on the might-have-been, except in so far as the past can be made a beacon-light for the future. The red danger-signal throws its rays over the nation whose peoples are quick to see each other's faults, and slow to realize each other's sterling

qualities. It is our part, for the sake of the years to come, to see to it that the white signal of safety is always burning—so far, at least, as peril can be avoided and mutual confidence be preserved by knowing and appreciating one another. This republic has a thorny path to travel. There is no question of that. But the republic has nothing to fear, the grand cause of human liberty and progress has nothing to dread, if there be no geographical divisions and territorial hatred. It is reasonable and right that men in a community, or in a family, shall differ in opinion. Make the republic one great family of States, and incidental antagonisms will no more threaten its unity than the little unpleasantnesses of our home-life jeopardize the symmetry and unity of the family circle. Our Connecticut friends understand this, and act on it. Connecticut and South Carolina can no more be put asunder hereafter than husband and wife can, and we write in a State where there is no divorce, for any cause. The old idea, in simple phrase, was that incompatibility of temper was sufficient cause for divorce. The national tie now cannot be broken; the joining together is for the nation's life. People and States will adjust themselves by compromising their differences and by charity in their opinions, as family groups always do, and this makes the Union of the States forever as practicable as it is desirable and necessary.

It will be said or thought, perhaps, that there is no more hard and real meaning in such talk as this at such a time than there is in the formal fervor of an after-dinner speech. It is not true in our case. South Carolinians are proud of the record of their State, and ask no pardon for anything they have done. When their representatives went to Bunker Hill, years ago, it was because, as Fitz Lee said, they had a right to be there. The First has a right to be here to-day. More than this, South Carolina has never desired disunion except as a last resort, as a last means of securing the rights for which the "Old Thirteen" fought a century ago. We have learned that we cannot stand alone, that our fight must be made within the Union, and always, therefore, with and for the Union. It is a grand lesson, and Connecticut, through her soldiers, gives us a practical illustration of it. South Carolina will have nowhere a stouter champion, under the constitution, than Connecticut, and Connecticut, in time of need, will have no firmer friend than Carolina.

This is, then, a great day indeed, for more than South Carolina and Connecticut. It is living evidence and proof that the States, the "Old Thirteen" in particular, see in the Union the surest way of saving and upholding the limited and well-defined independence of the States, and, whatever their occasional differences, have and can have no thought, purpose, or expectation outside of the grand Union of the States. Besides this, the contact with our visitors, their mingling with us, will give them new friends and make new friends for us. And we need friends—that we may not be misjudged. It is, indeed, a glad occasion, rich in advantage to those who share in it, and richer still in benefit to the republic, from generation to generation.

And this from the issue of Tuesday, concerning Monday's doings:

OUR BROTHERS IN BLUE.

CONNECTICUT AND CHARLESTON ARM-IN-ARM.

The reception of the Connecticut troops on Sunday was a mere informal and spontaneous outburst of welcome, but yesterday's ceremonies, from the parade in the morning, through all the entertainments of the day, including the overwhelming demonstration at the Academy of Music last night, though not one whit less sincere and heartfelt, were the official expression of the city's pleasure in greeting worthy representatives of our Brothers in Blue with whom whilom we had so serious a falling out. It is a matter of sincere gratification that the entire programme was carried out without confusion or mistake. Throughout the day there was but one regret—that each hour brought nearer the inevitable parting.

THE PARADE AND REVIEW.

It is generally conceded that nothing like the military display of yesterday has been seen in Charleston since the close of the late unpleasantness. The crowd of people on the streets, the gala appearance of the thoroughfares, and above all the handsome and soldierly appearance of the Connecticut soldiers, whose dark blue uniforms contrasted strikingly with the gray of our own volunteers, made up a pageant which was well worth seeing. The parade was ordered for 9.30 A. M., and the appearance of the skies at that time indicated a wet day. In spite of this, however, soldiers and civilians were promptly out, the former to participate in the review and the latter to see it. The streets were alive with soldiers and citizens long before the appointed hour, and by 10 o'clock in the morning all the windows and most of the

house-tops along the line of march were occupied by the fair sex of Charleston. The street cars, as they bore the teeming crowds down town, were gaily decorated with miniature American flags, while from nearly every place along the line the colors of many nations, relieved here and there by the colors of Connecticut and Carolina, fluttered to the breeze.

The Fourth Brigade, numbering about 600 men of all arms, was formed on Broad street, the right resting on Meeting street, and was ready to take up the march at the appointed time. Owing, however, to the limited accommodations on the steamer, the Connecticut troops were a little late in getting ready, and it was half-past 10 o'clock when they marched from Adger's wharf and took up their position on East Battery. Here were a number of carriages containing Governor Hagood, Governor Bigelow, Mayor Courtenay, Mayor Bulkeley, and the other distinguished visitors, attended by the members of the citizens' reception committee.

THE UNIFORMS OF THE VISITORS.

As the First Connecticut regiment marched down East Bay the first thing that attracted the attention and excited the admiration of the spectators was the solid, soldierly appearance of the corps, which was seen for the first time in Charleston in full uniform. A description of the uniform will not be amiss here. The men wear dark blue double-breasted army frock-coats faced and trimmed with red and gold and mounted with red shoulder-straps upon which is the figure 1 in silver embroidery. The pants are of lighter blue with a broad red stripe running down the seam; they are worn at the bottom under white duck leggings. They wear black cloth helmets, spiked, and bearing in front a brass shield of the State with the number of the regiment.

The uniform of the line officers is similar to those of the privates, with the addition of gold braid on the helmets and regulation shoulder-knots. The field and staff and non-commissioned staff wear white helmets.

The regimental band is uniformed in scarlet frock-coats faced with black and gold and mounted with black musicians' epaulettes, embroidered with gold braid. Their pants are light blue, with a stripe of red bordered with gold. The kepis are of black beaver with a low peak, and are surmounted by the regulation white heron plumes for musicians. White leather waist and cross-belts and white leather music pouches complete a very handsome and showy uniform. The drum corps, consisting of ten drummers, six fifers and six trumpeters, are uniformed like the line.

The Governor's Foot Guard of New Haven have a uniform of dark blue, very much like the Washington Light Infantry. The coats are

military dress-coats, trimmed with black braid and slashed across the breast with black. The pants have a red stripe down the seam and the coats are topped with white worsted epaulettes trimmed with red. The men wear the regulation white web cross and waist-belts, with silver breast-plates. A black beaver kepi surmounted with a red pompon completes the uniform, which is neat, and at the same time serviceable and showy.

FORMING THE LINE.

At half-past 10 o'clock the Connecticut troops marched into position, company front, double rank, and wheeled into line with the precision of veterans. On the right of the regiment was stationed the band and drum corps, next to these came the regimental signal corps, the Governor's Foot Guard occupied the left, and the non-commissioned staff brought up the rear. A few moments after they had reached the ground the Fourth Brigade appeared and took position on the left, and at 11 o'clock the march was commenced. The troops proceeded through South Battery to Meeting, thence through Broad to King, and up King to Market, whence they again debouched into Meeting street, passing the Charleston Hotel, in the piazza of which the Governors of Connecticut and South Carolina, Major-General Rutledge and the various staffs were stationed. The line passed in the following order, the troops marching company front:

Platoon of Policemen.
Brigadier-General Walker and Staff.
Eutaw Band.
German Artillery and Pioneer Corps.
Chicora Cornet Band.
First Regiment Rifles, S. C. V., Col. W. M. Bruns and Staff.
Irish Rifles, Lieut. Gleason.
Palmetto Guard, Capt. S. Wiley.
Washington Light Infantry, Capt. A. W. Marshall.
German Fusiliers, Capt. H. Schachte.
Montgomery Guards, Capt. J. F. Redding.
Charleston Riflemen, Capt. J. C. R. Taylor.
Irish Volunteers, Lieut. Quinlivan.
Sumter Guards, Capt. C. F. Hard.
Helicon Band.
Carolina Rifle Battalion, Maj. Thomas Frost.
Mitchell's Cornet Band.
First Regiment Artillery, Capt. B. Mantoue, commanding.
Lafayette Artillery, Lieut. C. W. Stiles.
Washington Artillery, Lieut. H. H. Riggs.
Marion Artillery, Capt. Whaley.

Squadron of Cavalry, Major John C. Minott, commanding.
Charleston Light Dragoons, Capt. Lewis Jervey.
German Hussars, Capt. E. J. Hesse.
First Connecticut Regiment Band and Drum Corps.
Col. Barbour and Staff.
First Regiment Connecticut National Guard.
Governor's Foot Guard of New Haven, Capt. Morse.

As the Connecticut troops marched past the Charleston Hotel, their splendid appearance and soldierly bearing evoked, what has rarely if ever been heard in Charleston on a like occasion, a most hearty and well-deserved round of applause. It started from the sidewalks and was taken up at the windows and balconies until thousands and thousands of the spectators joined in, and it traveled along with the visitors until they halted on King, near Wentworth street.

At the hotel, the cavalry halted and debouched into Hayne street to act as a body guard for the two Governors and their military staffs.

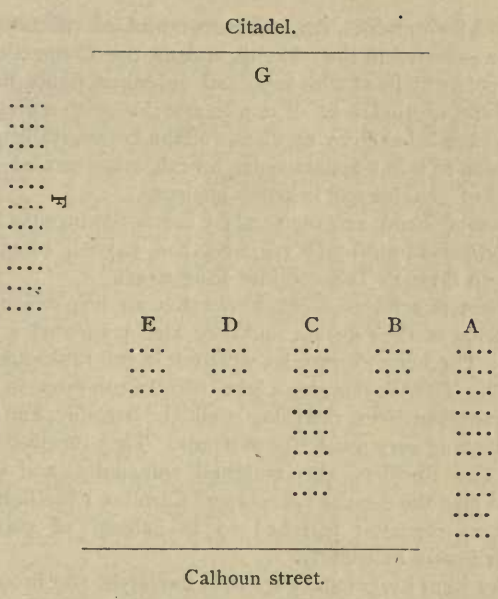
THE SCENE ON THE GREEN.

Long before the arrival of the troops at the reviewing-ground the four thoroughfares bounding the Citadel green had been thoroughly packed with spectators, and the strong police force on duty had the greatest difficulty in keeping a passage-way clear for the troops. The green was kept clear, but the white railing enclosing it was fringed with a sea of many-colored faces, and pedestrianism along the sidewalk in Calhoun and Meeting streets was simply an impossibility. The Citadel building was crowded with ladies, who occupied the windows and sat patiently on the roof waiting to see the review. All the houses in the vicinity were crowded, both at the windows and on such roofs as could afford a safe standing-place. To the north of the green a crowd of civilians packed closely against the Citadel furnished a dark border to the red walls of the building, while the steps of the Citadel Square church and the armories on the green were given up entirely to the ladies.

THE REVIEW.

The line was halted in King street, and the Connecticut soldiers first deployed into the green, massing in columns of companies on the right of the green, facing north. They were followed in turn by the German Artillery, the First Regiment S. C. V., the Carolina Rifle Battalion and the First Regiment of Artillery, all the commands forming in masses of battalions for review. The position of the troops is shown in the following diagram :

(As a hiatus occurs here, and the printers are paid by the page, the Historian takes this method of getting his money's worth.)



A—Connecticut Troops.
B—German Artillery.
C—First Regiment Rifles.
D—Carolina Rifle Battalion.
E—First Regiment Artillery.
F—Squadron Cavalry.
G—Reviewing Officers.

When the troops were massed for review, the Adjutant, Colonel Mazyck, turned the command over to General Walker, and the reviewing officers rode into the ground. These consisted of his Excellency Governor Bigelow of Connecticut, his Excellency Governor Hagood of this State, both of whom were mounted, and accompanied by their respective staffs, all brilliantly uniformed and splendidly mounted, and Major-General B. H. Rutledge and staff. The staff were escorted to the ground by the squadron of cavalry, who afterwards formed in line on the west side of the green. Governor Bigelow wore a black cloth suit with frock-coat and silk hat. Governor Hagood wore also a black cloth suit with a felt hat and cavalry boots General Rutledge was in full uniform, as was also his staff. Colonel Morgan, brigade-adjutant of the State of Connecticut, rode with the staff of Brigadier-General Walker. The brilliant staff first rode down the line in front of the troops, each regimental band playing as the staff galloped past, and then, riding around the rear of the column, galloped back to the reviewing stand. The troops were now put in motion, the Connecticut troops having the right of the column, and were marched in review past the

Governors and their staffs. An immense crowd of spectators had in the meantime gathered in the vicinity, and as the Connecticut troops marched up company front with solid and unbroken ranks there arose another outburst of applause. The men marched with a precision that could not be excelled even by regulars, and the crowd, realizing the fact, gave expression to it in a spontaneous hurrah, accompanied by a prolonged round of genuine and heartfelt applause.

The regimental band, as they reached the reviewing-stand, wheeled to the left and played until their regiment had passed, when they followed them out through Tobacco into King street.

The Charleston soldiers seemed to catch an inspiration from the splendid bearing of their guests, and they also presented a creditable appearance. The home companies were out in full ranks and the men marched well. The Washington Light Infantry came up to the stand with solid unbroken lines, marching well and steadily, and with their knapsacks, looking very much like veterans. They received a round of applause. The Fusiliers also marched splendidly, and received a round, as did also the Sumter Guards and Carolina Rifle Battalion.

The artillery regiment marched by in column of platoons and handled their horses splendidly.

The cavalry went by, company front, in fine style, and brought up the rear.

THE DRESS PARADE.

After the last of the troops had debouched from the green the Connecticut troops marched in again through the Meeting street gate and prepared for the dress parade, which was anxiously looked for as the crowning event of the day. The Charleston troops also entered the green and were massed near the Citadel, where they had a fine opportunity of witnessing the evolutions of the Connecticut troops.

At the sounding of the adjutant's call the guides were posted, the color company took position, and the other companies who were stationed at various parts of the green quickly formed the line. As they came into line and were brought from the "support" to the "carry," then to "order arms" and "parade rest," company by company, beginning at the right, the manual was closely and critically watched by the spectators, especially by the Charleston troops, who were lying on the grass in front, and each company in turn got a hearty round of applause as the movements were executed. The manual at the dress parade was a marvel of skill and discipline, and its execution was loudly applauded.

At 1 o'clock the movements were over, the parade was dismissed, and the companies, having been taken in charge each one by its especial hosts, marched to the various armories, where ample justice was done to the solids and fluids which had been prepared for the now thirsty and hungry soldiers.

SUMTER GUARDS, AND LIGHT DRAGOONS, ARMORIES.

After the parade was dismissed the Sumter Guards took charge of Company F, of the Connecticut regiment, and, accompanied by the Charleston Light Dragoons, marched them into their armory in the Citadel green, where a bountiful collation was served in splendid style. Captain Hard, of the Sumter Guards, welcomed the visitors in appropriate words, which were eloquently responded to by Capt. John L. White, in behalf of his comrades from the Nutmeg State. Other speeches were made of a highly enthusiastic character, and the soldiers engaged in a general frolic, interspersing the graver business of the feast with patriotic songs, music, and dancing, and winding up the entertainment by joining hands around the armory, and singing in true Connecticut style the feeling words of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Sumter Guards and the Charleston Light Dragoons then escorted their guests to the armory of the Dragoons in Hayne street, where another collation awaited them. The tables were charged in gallant style, and the affair passed off very pleasantly. Mayor Bulkeley acknowledged in appropriate and patriotic words the reception tendered the Connecticut troops, and was handsomely responded to by Captain Jervey, of the Light Dragoons, who said he was sure, if ever another division should take place in this country, South Carolina and Connecticut would be sure to go together. This sentiment was rapturously applauded by every one present.

Major Thomas Longdon was loudly called for, and made an eloquent speech. For the last twenty years he has been connected with the company, and is now its armorer. He has grown gray in the service, but his patriotism has not been diminished by the lapse of years.

Major T. A. Huguenin was called for, and was introduced as "the commander of Fort Sumter." Such announcement was sufficient to attract the attention of every stranger present. He responded in an eloquent strain.

The hall of the Light Dragoons was decorated with flags and flowers and festoons of evergreen in a very handsome way. Conspicuous among the decorations was a large palmetto tree planted in a bed of phosphate rock, and surrounded at its base with rice in the sheaf and cotton on the stalk.

A pleasing feature of the entertainment was the presentation of a palmetto walking-cane to Captain White, of the Connecticut company, by Captain Jervey, of the Light Dragoons.

AT THE W. L. I. ARMORY.

The Washington Light Infantry entertained the Second Company of the Governor's Foot Guard of New Haven, and their reception and en-

tertainment of this fine body of citizen soldiery at their handsome armory was warm and generous. The armory was tastefully decorated with flags and company mementoes, the W. L. I. colors and the New Haven company's colors being crossed in the parlor. After the dress parade of the Connecticut troops on the Citadel green, the W. L. I. escorted their guests with a band of music to their armory. The Guards were marched into the Masonic hall, and there stacked arms and cooled off for the fun that was ahead of them.

The W. L. I., who followed their guests, marched into their armory, and divested themselves of their arms and trappings, and were soon commingling with their guests. After a short rest the two companies repaired to an ante-room which had been prepared with much taste and great skill. It was here that the guests were entertained with a handsome collation and iced champagne. This room deserves more than a passing notice. On the outside door, before it was opened, appeared the following announcement: "What happened after the battle of Yorktown! An historical scene. General Washington's remarks to Lord Cornwallis reproduced within."

On entering the room the observer found himself in a skillfully constructed tent made of strips of red, white, and blue, resembling the American flag. On the south wall appeared the following significant legend: "Let us Smile! One! Two! Three! W. L. I. Boom! Ah! Ah!" Within this tent tables spread with good things soon attracted general attention, and very soon a fusilade of corks was opened on the guests, who, to their credit be it said, stood their ground like men, receiving volley after volley with the stoicism of veterans. Captain Marshall presided, and with a few well-chosen words soon placed the guests at perfect ease.

Capt. E. J. Morse, of the New Haven company, responded, and expressed sincere thanks for himself and his command for the lavish and warm-hearted kindness which had been bestowed upon them by the people of Charleston. He had found the climate of Carolina warm, but he had also found that the hearts of Carolinians were warmer. He extended a warm invitation to the W. L. I. to visit Connecticut, and said that when they came the Governor's Foot Guard and the whole people of New Haven would give them a hearty welcome.

The Hon. M. G. Bulkeley, the Mayor of Hartford, was next called upon, and made a charming little speech. He spoke of the real enjoyments of the trip. When they had started on the expedition there was some feeling that they might be treading on dangerous soil, but since they had come they had found that they were at home. He hoped that when South Carolinians came to Connecticut they would feel as much at home as the Connecticut boys had been made to feel in Charleston. If they did not he knew it would not be from the lack of welcome on the

part of his people, and if they could not hope to surpass the very generous hospitality which had been showered upon them they would, at least, when the time came, endeavor to equal it.

Mr. D. B. Gilliland next introduced the Police Commissioner of Hartford, who made a few remarks, and was succeeded by Mr. Gilliland, who was called upon to say something as the Mayor of Moultrieville.

Ex-Lieutenant Muckenfuss, of the W. L. I., made a capital speech, in which, after alluding to the late war, he touched upon the kindly spirit which now prevailed between the two sections of the country, and urged that in no way could the unpleasantness of that struggle be so speedily and completely forgotten as by a commingling of the people.

Governor Bigelow then came in with Mayor Courtenay, and was received by the W. L. I. with a "rocket." The Governor being introduced, made a few pleasant remarks, extending his thanks for the warm welcome he had received, which they had found to be far more generous than they had dared to hope for. Governor Bigelow was then presented by Alderman Barkley with a palmetto cane. Mayor Bulkeley and Captain Morse were also presented with palmetto canes.

The Governor's staff, escorted by Col. Jos. W. Barnwell, next came into the armory, and were received with cheers. Mr. Barnwell stated that he had been requested by Governor Hagood to tender to the W. L. I. his kind regards, and to congratulate the company at Yorktown and upon the parade to-day. The State of South Carolina, he said, was proud to have been so ably represented at Yorktown.

Adjutant-General Manigault made a few remarks, in which he alluded to the pleasure which it had afforded him to have the Eutaw flag displayed in the ranks of the South Carolina troops at Yorktown.

Colonel Barbour, with the staff officers of the First Regiment of Connecticut troops, next came in under the escort of General Walker and the line and field officers of the Fourth Brigade. After the party had been introduced all round, and had signed their names in the armory register, they were escorted into the ante room and again wined.

Captain Marshall introduced Colonel Barbour, who, being loudly cheered, responded appropriately. He said: This distinguished compliment, gentlemen, is only in keeping with the very lavish and warm-hearted hospitality we have received everywhere in Charleston. We cannot begin to express the gratification that every member of the First Regiment and of the Governor's Guard, whom we are glad to have with us, feels at the reception you have given us in Charleston. Yes, gentlemen, every man, woman, and child in Connecticut is proud of it, and I tell you that this is something that will last beyond our lifetime. It will go down into history, and tend to renew that brotherly feeling which will, I know, never again be rudely broken asunder. We thank you very much for your hospitality, which we know we could

not begin to repay, but if you should ever come to Connecticut, and I hope you will, we will at least do our best to give you a welcome which shall be as warm as your very kind welcome to us.

At the conclusion of Colonel Barbour's remarks, on motion of Colonel Bruns, three square South Carolina yells were given for the Colonel of the First Connecticut Regiment. These were followed by a "rocket" for the Colonel, and two others for the Surgeon and Chaplain of the regiment.

As a good joke on the Connecticut boys, who say that they had "hot grease" to eat on board of the "Charleston," a member of the W. L. I. had struck off a number of cards bearing the words: "One Square Meal—Hard Tack—South Carolina—Hot Grease—Connecticut."

AT THE MILITARY HALL.

The officers and members of Company G, C. N. G., who had been assigned for entertainment to the Washington Artillery, the Lafayette Artillery, and the Marion Artillery, were escorted after the review to the armories of the Lafayette Artillery and Marion Artillery, where they left their guns and trappings. They were then taken down in double couples by their hosts to the Military hall, where a handsome dinner had been prepared for them. The hall had been tastefully decorated with flags, the front window being covered by a large banner, with the motto of Connecticut, "*Qui Transtulit Sustinet*," over which were a pair of clasped hands and the motto of the State, "*Animis Opibusque Parati.*"

The guests were warmly welcomed by Captain Whaley, of the Marion Artillery, Lieutenant Riggs, of the Washington Artillery, and Captain Mantoue, of the Lafayette Artillery. The dinner passed off very pleasantly without any set speeches. After dinner Governor Bigelow and staff came in escorted by General Walker and staff, and the Governor of Connecticut was introduced by Major A. T. Smythe. The Governor said a few pleasant words, alluding to the many courtesies he had received in Charleston, and expressing his warmest appreciation of the hospitality of the Southern people. Colonel Bruns then made a happy little speech, at the conclusion of which the Surgeon-General said, with exquisite grace of manner and in well-chosen words, that he had been taken care of so well in Charleston that he didn't know what he would do with himself when he got back to Connecticut.

Captain Lockwood, of the Beaufort Artillery, who was present as a guest, made a capital speech, stating that he himself had been a farmer in Connecticut some years ago, and as he had made South Carolina his adopted home he could tell his brethren of Connecticut that the Carolinians were a mighty nice set of fellows. Captain Keeney, of Company G, and Lieutenants Montgomery and Wetherell, made short speeches,

in which they expressed their appreciation of the many kindnesses which had been shown them. Later in the afternoon the party were escorted around the city, visiting other armories and having a good time generally. At night the three artillery companies above mentioned escorted their guests to the Mayor's reception at the Academy of Music.

PALMETTO GUARD ARMORY.

After the parade, Company H of the Connecticut regiment was marched down King street, under escort of the Palmetto Guard, to their armory in Hasel street, which was most beautifully decorated in honor of the occasion. The fluted columns of the portico were tastefully entwined with evergreen, and over the door was the inscription, "Welcome, Connecticut." The interior of the hall presented a scene of rare beauty and taste. Reaching almost entirely across the hall and running parallel with the walls on both sides, in the form of letter E, was an immense table loaded with appetizing viands, and adorned by a lavish display of the richest flowers of the field and garden, arranged with exquisite taste, and lending to the scene a touch of enchantment. Hanging over the stage at the rear of the hall on the left was a mammoth United States flag, and on the right the State ensign spread its graceful folds. Directly in front of the stage, and at the head of the table, was a large palmetto tree about twelve feet in height, at the base of which, upon the right, was placed the beautiful silk flag presented to the Guards at the Fort Moultrie celebration in 1876 by Mrs. Elliott, and known as the "Centennial colors." On the left of the tree stood the Confederate battle-flag which was borne through the battle of Manassas by the Second South Carolina Regiment, with its precious folds faded by the lapse of years, and torn and tattered by the leaden storm through which it passed with glory, now more than twenty years ago. Standing by this relic of the times that tried men's souls were the regular company colors, draped with black, at once the token of a nation's sorrow and the evidence of a reunited country. Fastened among the branches of the tree was a sword of ancient pattern that was used at the siege of Fort Moultrie, when Sergeant Jasper performed his undying feat of valor. The walls of the armory were hung with cedar, and around the pictures were woven wreaths of long gray moss and fragrant flowers. Stacks of guns were placed against the walls, and in their muzzles were placed palmetto branches for distribution among the strangers. Rice in the sheaf and cotton in the stalk were also stacked about the base of the palmetto tree for distribution. The feast that was spread upon the tables would have graced a royal occasion, and was spread with all the taste of Tully, the well-known caterer.

At 3 o'clock the members of the two commands and the invited guests took their seats around the festal board, where, at the request of

Captain Wylie, the Hon. Henry Buist delivered a stirring speech of welcome to the soldiers of Connecticut. Standing under the branches of the palmetto tree, upon the soil of the Palmetto State, in the name of the Palmetto Guard, it was especially gratifying to him to welcome the strangers to the old-time metropolis of the sea. In fighting the battles of the Revolution and in achieving the original independence of America, South Carolina and Connecticut stood side by side, and to the hearts and homes of South Carolina he welcomed the Connecticut soldiers as members of one and an indivisible republic.

Concluding his address of welcome, Mr. Buist said: "Tell your people when you return to your homes that you met in Palmetto Hall, under the palmetto tree, a company of Palmetto boys who are as true to the government now as they were true to the government at Eutaw Springs, at King's Mountain, and at Bunker Hill."

Upon the conclusion of his remarks, which were frequently interrupted by the wildest applause, the Light Guard gave Mr. Buist three cheers at the call of Lieut. Henry Simon, Jr., and three cheers for the Palmetto Guard at the call of Lieut. John W. Crane.

The merits of the feast were then thoroughly discussed, and after the exchange of courtesies between the two commands the day was brought to a happy close.

THE FREUNDSCHAFTSBUND HALL

doubtless never witnessed a more memorable and historic scene than that presented at the entertainment of Company A of the Connecticut regiment yesterday afternoon. It cannot be photographed on paper—it can only be treasured up in memory and simply recorded here as one of the grandest triumphs of peace amidst "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The soldiers were there in uniform, they carried the weapons of carnage with them, and they came from the two sections of the country so recently opposed in deadly strife, but there was nothing in their association but fraternity, peace, and reconciliation.

Seated at the head of the immense table which filled the entire hall was Captain F. W. Wagener, of the German Artillery, at his left Capt. William Westphal, of the Connecticut company, and around them the commissioned officers of the two commands and of the German Hussars. The tables were spread with a splendid feast, prepared in the best style, and relieved and beautified at artistic intervals with the choicest flowers, whose fragrance filled the hall with an exquisite odor.

After the companies were seated, Captain Wagener made an eloquent and timely speech of welcome in the German tongue, which was enthusiastically received and appropriately responded to in German by Captain Westphal. Other speeches were made by Lieutenant Simons of the German Artillery, Captain Hesse of the German Hussars, and other

members of the two commands. Champagne and wine of the choicest vintage circulated freely around the board. The German band, stationed on the large stage, discoursed patriotic music, and the visitors joined with their hosts in singing the German national hymn with fine effect. The whole affair passed off with splendid success in every detail.

AT THE C. R. B. ARMORY.

The pleasure of entertaining Company K of the First Connecticut Regiment having devolved upon the Carolina Rifle Battalion, that command, after the dress parade, escorted their guests to their armory on Broad street. The guests had already been made to feel themselves at home at the battalion headquarters, and were therefore promptly marched into the armory and disarmed. Having done this, Captain W. St. J. Jervey in a few appropriate words extended another hearty welcome to the guests, to which Captain Smith of Company K happily responded, expressing the hope that the Connecticut soldiers would some day have the pleasure of reciprocating the hospitalities they had received at Charleston, as heartily as they reciprocated the good wishes and brotherly love with which they had been received.

The battalion then gave three cheers and an old-time ex-rebel "tiger" for their guests, in response to which the Connecticut soldiers gave one of their own peculiar Nutmeg war-whoops. This is done in the following words: "Three—times—three—K—compa—nee—rah—rah—rah—rah—rah—rah—rah—rah—rah." The effect of this is startling. It was considered as a declaration of war, and turning to his battalion, Captain Jervey, without blanching, but in tones which expressed the desperate situation, and the resolve to do or die, said to his men: "Comrades the enemy are before you. You know what is expected of you. You have always borne a high character for a fight, a frolic, or a festival. Now charge them, and see that not a single man escapes from the fate that awaits him."

These cheering words acted as an inspiration. A charge was made, and in a few minutes there remained nothing but a few turkey bones, the wreck of one or two sandwiches, a few pickles, and a mere odor of champagne. The battle ended, the soldiers lingered on the battle-field relating their experiences in past campaigns. During the afternoon the visitors were entertained with some capital music from the Battalion Glee Club.

AT HIBERNIAN HALL.

Companies B and D were entertained at the Hibernian Hall by the Charleston Riflemen, Irish Volunteers, Montgomery Guards, and Irish Rifles. The banquet-room was tastefully decorated with flags, prominent among which were the National ensign, the flag of Erin, and

the Connecticut and South Carolina flags. Five long tables were set, upon which were spread the choicest viands, prepared *secundem artem*. The two visiting companies, headed by Colt's Band, and accompanied by their hosts, marched into the room. Col. James Armstrong presided. On his right was seated Rev. P. L. Duffy, and on his left Capt. Patrick J. Moran. Lieut. M. Quinlivan had on his right Capt. Augustus N. Bennett. Capt. J. C. R. Taylor had on his right Lieut. J. C. Bingham. Capt. J. F. Redding had on his right Lieut. Thomas F. Flanigan. Lieuts. P. H. Smith and W. E. Allen occupied seats on the right of Lieuts. D. F. Gleason and T. J. Kennedy. The Rev. P. L. Duffy asked a blessing, after which there was a brisk clatter of knives and forks.

The dinner was partaken of with a zest known only to soldiers. Champagne and other fluids came next in order. Col. Armstrong delivered the welcoming address in a most feeling manner. His remarks touched a tender chord in every breast. He told them that it would require the golden periods of a Curran, the sublime sentences of a Preston, the transcendent beauties of a Webster to fittingly convey to them the gratification felt by the people of Charleston at having as their guest the citizen soldiery of Connecticut. He spoke of the Sunburst of Erin around which shone the bright Stars of the United States; the flags of Connecticut and Carolina joined together as they were a hundred years ago when they triumphantly floated above the valiant men who rushed to danger and to death in the hallowed cause of American liberty; of the Blue and the Grey mingling as lovingly together as the bright waters in the far-famed Vale of Avoca. He assured the guests that they were not strangers in a strange place. The same patriotic impulse throbbed in the breast of all assembled. Where there was a joining of hands there was also a union of hearts. He told them they marched side by side with the soldiers of Carolina; that above the column waved the flag of our common country, whose bright stars reflected the greatness and glory of a united people, and that every step kept time to the music of the Union. He complimented the two companies on their handsome appearance and gentlemanly deportment; told them that the recollection of this visit would linger long and lovingly in memory, and in conclusion expressed the hope that they would make themselves perfectly at home and forget that they were abroad.

Captain Bennett was then called upon, and made a most graceful allusion to Carolina's hospitality, spoke in elegant terms of her martial renown in the war of the Revolution, of the fame of her orators, the beauty, grace, and culture of her women. Assured those present that the kind attentions so freely bestowed upon the Connecticut soldiers would never be forgotten. He spoke of Col. Armstrong's address in the highest terms of praise, and proposed three cheers for that gentleman, which were given with a will. Capt. Bennett's remarks were happily conceived and admirably expressed.

Capt. Moran had to leave the hall and go to the steamship "Charleston" to make arrangements for the removal of his company, greatly to the regret of all, for they were most anxious to hear from that gallant soldier. Lieut. Flanigan, however, took his place and spoke with the warmth and ardor of a true Irishman. His handsome face and genial manners captured the hearts of his Charleston friends. His tribute to the Palmetto state, couched in beautiful language, was loudly applauded by the guests.

At this stage in the proceedings Right Reverend Bishop Lynch entered the room, and was most vociferously cheered. He responded in forcible and impressive terms, and aroused the enthusiasm of the guests as he spoke of their happy homes, and of his friends in that section. His remarks abounded in patriotic sentiments, which went home to every heart.

Capts. Redding and Taylor, Alderman Sweegan, Lieut. McHugh, Lieut. P. H. Smith of Company B, and other gentlemen, responded to complimentary calls in happy, fitting words, which added no little to the interest of the occasion.

During the entertainment Colt's Band discoursed the choicest music. This talented corps of musicians were most obliging, and received, as they well deserved, loud applause.

Several members of Companies B and D sang sweet songs. The entertainment was kept up until dark, when the guests were escorted to the Academy of Music. After the exercises at the Academy they returned to the Hibernian Hall, and spent several hours most pleasantly.

AT THE FUSILIERS' ARMORY.

The decorations at the armory of the Fusiliers, who were charged with the entertainment of Company E, were as handsome as they were elaborate. Festoons and wreaths of moss, ivy, cedar, and laurel decorated the pale blue walls of the armory, and made a delightful contrast. A portrait of the late President Garfield was artistically framed in laurel leaves and draped in crape. The stage at the east end of the hall was covered with a bed of moss and palmetto leaves, while vases of fresh and fragrant flowers were placed in various positions around the room, converting the room into a perfect bower of floral wealth. After the parade a bouquet of choice flowers was presented to each one of the visiting soldiers and attached to the spike at the top of his helmet. The guests were escorted to the armory after the parade, and after being welcomed by Captain Schachte were invited to dinner, which was served hot in the armory. After that, champagne, cigars, and speech-making followed, and the armory was made to resound with the sounds of mirth and revelry.

THE REGIMENTAL STAFF.

After the parade and review at the green, Brig.-General Walker and staff, and the field and staff officers of the Fourth Brigade, escorted Colonel Barbour and the field and staff officers of the First Connecticut regiment to the Military Hall, where a handsome dinner had been laid for their entertainment. General Walker presided at the table, and Colonel Barbour was seated on his right hand. The entertainment was made pleasantly informal, and there was no set speaking. A lively cross-fire of jest and friendly conversation was kept up, Colonel Morgan being the life of the lower end of the table over which Colonel Bruns presided. After dinner, General Walker announced that they would not have any speeches there, but would take their guests round in carriages to the several armories and give them a chance to make a speech at each place.

Just as the party were retiring from the hall, Governor Bigelow, Mr. C. A. Jewell, Secretary of State Searls, Mr. Tyler, Mr. H. T. Sperry, Mr. J. G. Rathbun, Quartermaster-General Harbison, Judge Harrison, Mr. Stanton, Comptroller Batcheller, accompanied by Congressman Dibble, Judge Bryan, State Senators Izlar and Moore, and others, came into the hall and were cordially received. Governor Bigelow said that he had made a speech the night before which had been pronounced the most effective speech he had ever made in his life. It was remarkable for its brevity, and he would take the liberty of repeating it. He had simply said: "I am glad I came!" General Walker, who was standing near by, quickly said, "Governor, I think we may add for South Carolina in terms equally as brief that we are sorry you are going." The party then drove off in carriages to visit the several armories in the city.

THE GOVERNOR'S RECEPTION.

After the parade yesterday morning Governor Bigelow and staff, Mayor Bulkeley and the officers of the First Connecticut, were entertained by Governor Hagood at the Charleston Hotel, in the ladies' ordinary. The tables were laid out with charming taste, an exquisite bouquet of fragrant flowers being prepared for each guest. After the luncheon Governor Hagood arose and said: It gives me a pleasure, gentlemen, which I desire to express, and which all of us who are South Carolinians share, to meet at this board our distinguished guests, coming as they do from one of the "Old Thirteen" states in this centennial year, and representing the civil and political worth of their State, as well as her military array. We extend to them a cordial Southern welcome. I give you "The State of Connecticut" and the health of her governor, Governor Bigelow.

This terse and complete little address was received with rousing

cheers, and Governor Bigelow, in response, said that he had heard a great deal about South Carolina and Southern troops lately, but it had not entered into his heart to conceive that there could be anywhere so thorough and cordially heartfelt kindness and welcome as Connecticut had met with in Charleston, from the very moment that her soldiers planted their feet on the wharves in this city. He hailed it as a good omen of that cordial feeling and union which ought to exist, and he believed did exist, between the State he represented and the State of South Carolina, and he only hoped that his State would have an opportunity to return South Carolina's kindness.

Mr. Barbour was next called out and made a brilliant speech, invoking in conclusion the blessing of the Almighty on these Southerners who had, with their hearts in their hands, met their former opponents and proved to them that this was indeed one country and one people.

This speech made a profound impression, as much by the grace and fire of the speaker as by the intense sincerity, the intense affection, of his words.

After passing an hour or so in pleasant talk the party separated with the universal verdict that "the Governor's reception was a magnificent success."

AT THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

The federal officials in Charleston united with the citizens in entertaining the visitors from Connecticut, and a reception was held in the collector's office at the Custom-House at 3 o'clock yesterday. Among those present were Collector Baldwin, Deputy-Collector Jennison, Postmaster Taft, U. S. Marshal Blythe, Ex-Mayor Cunningham, Judge Bryan, Congressman Dibble, State Senator Smythe, Major D. T. Corbin, Governor Bigelow and Staff, and many of the State officers, together with a number of the Citizens' reception committee. A light champagne lunch was spread, and stirring and patriotic addresses were delivered by Judge Bryan, Mr. Sperry, Col. Jos. W. Barnwell (who replied to the toast to Governor Hagood), General Ford, Postmaster Taft, Mayor Bulkeley, Major Corbin, General Harbison, and others. The health of the President of the United States was offered and cordially pledged.

Governor Hagood, who was unavoidably absent, was represented by Adjutant-General Manigault and a number of his personal staff. A toast to the Press brought out Mr. H. T. Sperry of the Hartford "Post," who said that he knew he was not a speech-maker, and that he had, therefore, prepared and studied a speech to be delivered during the trip, but that he did not intend to give it away on any such occasion as this. He intended to reserve it for a big occasion when all the reporters would be present, and it would be sure to get in the newspapers. After a pleasant interchange of courtesies the company separated, the guests to visit other scenes and fulfil other engagements.

THE DINERS-OUT.

Governor Bigelow, Ex-Governor Jewell, Judge Harrison, the Hon. N. D. Sperry, Mr. H. T. Sperry of the Hartford "Post," and the Hon. Chas. A. Jewell, dined with Postmaster Taft at his residence in Rutledge street, at 6 o'clock last evening.

INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS.

The members of the Montgomery Guards wore crape on their sleeves in the parade yesterday, in respect to the memory of their late orderly, James D. Turner.

Mr. Wm. Pringle, a member of the Light Dragoons, had the misfortune yesterday to be mounted on a "bucking horse." The animal started to "buck" in Meeting street, opposite the Charleston Hotel, and although his rider stuck in the saddle for some time, he was finally thrown to the ground. Mr. Pringle was carried into Perry's book-store, where it was found that, although stunned by the fall, he was not seriously injured, and soon recovered.

Mr. F. F. Chapeau of the Light Dragoons was also thrown from his horse, near the Battery.

At Pregnal's ship-yard a new flagstaff, ninety-one feet in height, was erected, and the National colors displayed in honor of Charleston's guests.

When the head of the Connecticut regiment debouched from Market into Meeting street, the band played a medley composed of "Dixie" and "Rally Round the Flag, Boys."

Mr. J. G. Rathbun, the historian and brigade-corporal of the First Connecticut, marched on the left of the column yesterday, with note-book and pencil slung across his shoulders.

A dispatch was received yesterday from Mr. B. P. Chatfield, the proprietor of the Aiken Hotel, inviting Governor Bigelow and his staff to breakfast with him on their way to Atlanta.

After the parade a number of the Irish Volunteers and their guests, Company D, First Connecticut National Guard, paid a visit to Captain O'Neill, of the Volunteers, who has been confined to his house by illness for some weeks.

Many of the vessels in port displayed their bunting yesterday in honor of Charleston's guests.

Mr. A. McCobb, Jr., presented the Connecticut troops yesterday with a three-hundred-pound shell which had been thrown into the city during the siege of Charleston by General Gilmore's battery on Morris Island. He told the Colonel of the regiment that the people of Charleston had got through with it, and that as they had left it here they were welcome to it. It is understood that the regiment will take the shell home with them as a memento of their trip.

Gen. Walker said yesterday that the dress parade of the Connecticut troops was a finer parade than had been held on the Citadel green for many long years, and was better even than any of the parades of the Regular United States Army troops which had been held in Charleston.

Much of the success attending the entertainment in the Freundshaftsbund Hall yesterday was due to the excellent taste and management of Mrs. Stelges.

Dr. H. G. Howe, assistant-surgeon of the Connecticut regiment, in passing a hatchway on board the steamer "Charleston," on Sunday, slipped and sprained his ankle so severely that he has to go on crutches. His patriotism is of the invincible kind, however, and he was present at the grand review yesterday.

Governor Hagood rode his mare Minnie in the parade yesterday. She attracted the attention of every one, and was highly complimented by the Connecticut officers—a compliment which, it is said, the Governor would more highly appreciate than one to himself.

When the Connecticut troops passed Kohn, Furchgott & Benedict's store, in King street, yesterday, hundreds of palmetto fans were showered down upon them by the ladies in this establishment. It was a thoughtful act, and was greeted with rounds of cheers by the soldiers.

It is a notable fact that almost the first act of our Connecticut visitors on arriving in Charleston was to *secede* from the steamer that brought them to this port.

Lieut. H. H. Riggs, of the Washington Artillery, displayed very fine horsemanship on the parade yesterday.

Lieut. W. H. Lockwood, of the Beaufort Artillery, was in the city yesterday, and by invitation served as aide on the staff of Captain Mantoue, commanding the First Regiment of Artillery.

A very neat little device was adopted by the Palmetto Guard yesterday to keep the liquors from getting mixed. The decanters containing brandy were tied with a blue ribbon and those containing wine with red ribbon.

When the parade halted in King street yesterday, the Connecticut band played some beautiful music in front of the Washington Light Infantry armory.

The Connecticut soldiers saluted each of the armories in King street, on the parade.

The scene in the bend of King street yesterday, when the troops passed in parade, beggared all description, and the enthusiasm of the populace was uncontrollable. Every window and door was filled with fair faces, who waved such a welcome as no people have ever before received in the City by the Sea.

One of the most noticeable features about the City Hall decorations

is the portrait of President Garfield hanging over the front entrance to the building, framed in crape.

Wilson sent twenty barrels of provisions to the South Carolina railroad depot last night, for the Connecticut troops.

Among the officers of Company H, of the Connecticut regiment, at the Palmetto Guard Armory yesterday, was Lieutenant Crane, who saw service during the war in the famous 79th New York Highlanders. He was stationed on the Carolina coast during the war. On Sunday he met in this city Mr. James Campbell, who was a lieutenant in the Charleston Battalion, or Union Light Infantry, during the war. (Since Colonel). A little questioning on both sides soon brought out the fact that the two had met before, on June 8, 1862, on James Island, and exchanged shots. Crane fired a number of shots at Campbell, who gave him as good as he sent, but fortunately neither was struck. Crane says that there never was a braver man than Campbell, who would no doubt return the compliment. It was their intention to go over to James Island yesterday afternoon to visit the graves of their comrades who fell in battle and were buried there.

One of the most tasty badges worn by any of the companies yesterday was that of the Lafayette Artillery, which was printed in red ink at "The News and Courier" job office, on heavy white satin ribbon. The badge was designed by Sergeant Cadie, of the company, and the cut was engraved by Mr. William Fischer. The cut represented the South Carolina and Connecticut flags crossed, each bearing the coat of arms of the different States, and the badge contained the inscription: "Welcome Company G, First Regiment Connecticut N. G. By the Lafayette Artillery, Charleston, S. C." Above the two flags were the figures "1781" and below them the figures "1881." Another badge with the same cut was printed for the guests, containing the words, "Welcome, sons of Connecticut."

MONDAY—CONCLUDED.

How we looked by Gas light.

THE MAYOR'S RECEPTION.

A BRILLIANT SCENE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC—SPEECHES OF WELCOME AND RESPONSE—STIRRING INCIDENTS—A FITTING FINALE.

The entertainment at the Academy of Music in the evening was a fitting close to the patriotic demonstrations of the day, and in every way sustained the proud reputation of our city for chivalrous hospitality to strangers. The house presented a scene of gorgeous beauty and attractiveness, and was filled by one of the largest and most brilliant audiences ever assembled in this city.

The military occupied the orchestra circle and parquette, and the family circle, galleries, and private boxes were filled by private citizens, representing the beauty, wealth, and intelligence of Charleston and the South. Even "Mount Rascal" was graced by bright eyes, and looked more attractive for being better. Stirring music was furnished by the old Eutaw band, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

The theatre was very handsomely decorated. High over the front of the stage the national colors were displayed in graceful folds, supported on either side by the Connecticut and South Carolina State flags. Over the arch, at the rear of the stage, was an arch of gas-jets, bringing out the words "Welcome, Connecticut," each end of the arch being ornamented with a star. On the right of the stage, suspended directly over the heads of the distinguished guests of the evening, were two shields of gas-jets, one bearing the name of "Bigelow," and the other the name of "Hagood." On either side of the stage stood a large palmetto tree, and two pedestals garlanded with flowers, and each surmounted by a large bouquet of the richest floral treasures. The columns supporting the lower gallery were twined about with evergreens and roses, and the lower edge of this gallery, making the circuit of the hall, was festooned with evergreens, the whole being relieved at artistic intervals with miniature United States flags. The front of the upper gallery was festooned with the flags of all nations, the Connecticut, South Carolina, and United States flags being brought out in a conspicuous light, and blending their colors in fraternal harmony.

The stage was filled by chairs, which were occupied by Governor

Bigelow of Connecticut and staff, Colonel Barbour and staff, the captains of the Connecticut companies, Governor Hagood of South Carolina and staff, General Walker and staff, General Manigault, Regimental commanders and staffs, and captains of companies of the South Carolina troops, the foreign consuls at this port, Mayor Courtenay, and members of the City Council, Ex-Governor Jewell of Connecticut, Lieutenant-Governor Bulkeley, Mayor Bulkeley, Comptroller Batcheller, Secretary of State Searls, Rev. James W. Cooper, Chaplain of the Connecticut regiment, Judge George S. Bryan, of the United States District Court, General Izlar of Orangeburg, Collector Baldwin, the Rev. E. T. Hooker, and many other prominent persons.

When Governor Bigelow appeared upon the stage under the escort of Mayor Courtenay he was greeted with deafening cheers, which were repeated when Governor Hagood came to the front. Governor Bigelow was seated on the left of Mayor Courtenay, who acted as chairman of the meeting, and Governor Hagood on his right. These three were the central figures of the array of distinguished guests and citizens. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. James W. Cooper, Chaplain of the First Connecticut Regiment, who offered a fervent petition for the divine blessing upon a united country and upon the States once more living in harmony together, bound by the same ties, and moved by the same purposes. Upon the conclusion of the prayer, which found a response in every heart, Mayor Courtenay made the address of welcome.

MAYOR COURTENAY'S REMARKS.

Ladies and gentlemen: My words will be few to-night, but I should not represent old Charleston as her heart now beats if they were not spoken in the warmest spirit of welcome.

This grand occasion suggests a thought. A little more than six years ago the first of the Revolutionary centennials occurred, and was celebrated on the soil of a distant State. The flag of South Carolina was borne a thousand miles then that the old Palmetto State should be represented.

Is it too much to say that the faith in and the love for the Union our fathers founded, which carried those sixty young Carolinians to Bunker Hill from this city in 1875, accounts for the presence of six hundred New Englanders who are with us to-day? Inspiriting as are the thoughts which grow out of these fraternal meetings, there is a higher sentiment developed in the consciousness that we are citizens of a common Republic, whose domain is a continent, and whose mission is to illustrate on a grand scale that theory of self-government which was proclaimed in Philadelphia on the 4th of July, 1776.

Let us turn aside then from the trifling and debasing political issues which agitate from time to time the country, and, rising to the height of

HON. JOHNSON HAGOOD,
GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Engraved for S. S. Scranton & Co's book,
"Public Men of to-day."

our great privileges as citizens, see to it "that our great Union shall grow even more and more in wisdom, power, and splendor in the years to come, and that this western world of civil liberty shall remain to those who are to come after us."

To all our guests, from the distinguished Governor of Connecticut down to the worthy privates in the ranks of your soldiery, I say gratefully and heartily, welcome to the City by the Sea.

My friends, it is our good fortune to have with us this evening the Executive of South Carolina, who commands at all times our respect and affection, and who is here especially to extend to the sons of Connecticut a welcome on behalf of the people of the State. I take great pleasure in introducing Governor Hagood.

Governor Hagood's name elicited long and loud rounds of applause, and it was some moments before he could be heard.

GOVERNOR HAGOOD'S REMARKS.

It is always a pleasure to me, fellow-citizens of Charleston, when my good fortune leads me to your ancient city. With it come always personal memories and associations with which I would not lightly part, and within its limits have been enacted much that makes up the name and fame of South Carolina.

In the future, as in the past, the welfare of the State is indissolubly connected with the prosperity of her metropolis, and her wisest policy will be found in fostering the commerce and promoting the development of her City by the Sea.

But I am here to-night for another purpose than to speak of these things. You are again in the exercise of your wonted hospitality, and I have come, not to aid that which never yet has needed assistance, but to add to your own the welcome of the State to your distinguished guests. They come from a State renowned in arts and in arms. They represent her civic and municipal dignities, and in the admirable drill and martial display which they have given us they show that their mother State gives now the same attention to the preparation of her citizens for the stern duties of war that she has always given to their education for the pursuits of peace.

It is an exhibition which, if it leads in its result to a generous rivalry, will make their visit an era to be remembered in our history. Gentlemen of Connecticut, South Carolina bids you welcome.

I have now the honor to present one who worthily wears the mantle of his distinguished predecessors in the highest office of the State whose sons are our guests. I present the Governor of the time-honored Commonwealth of Connecticut—Governor Bigelow.

Governor Bigelow rose to speak, but as he stepped forward the band struck up "Yankee Doodle," and he was compelled to desist until that famous tune was finished.

GOVERNOR BIGELOW'S REMARKS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you sincerely for the kind words which you have spoken for Connecticut. South Carolina and Connecticut had a common origin. Simple planters and plain farmers in the seventeenth century, they sought on the western shores of the Atlantic a happy home for their families and their descendants. Nearly all the wealth of the early settlers was won by hard labor and untiring industry. The people were poor, industrious, and happy, and the common liberty built up and commemorated in that celebration at Yorktown last week brought South Carolina and Connecticut in that common sympathy which I am sure will now endure as long as this country lives. [Loud cheering.] The glorious patriotism displayed, from Fort Moultrie to Groton Heights, is a common heritage to us forever. [Cheers.] What both States now need is a simple and economical form of government, and that protection which the law can give to every individual. There is one thing that is beyond all question. The State of Connecticut will ever cherish the State of South Carolina in the sisterhood of States, and will never forget the brotherhood of the men of South Carolina. [Loud cheering.] The people of Charleston and South Carolina have given us a warm and hearty welcome. I do not know what could have been done which has not been done to make our visit here with you one of unalloyed pleasure. [Applause.] I only hope that the time is not far distant that we may receive a delegation from South Carolina in Connecticut, that we may upon our own soil reciprocate the many kindnesses we have on this visit received at your hands. [Loud applause.]

ADDRESS OF MAJOR G. LAMB BUIST.

In continuing the address of welcome to our visitors from Connecticut, I would hold out the right hand of fellowship with a cordial grasp, and say, we are indeed glad to meet you here.

We are members of one grand Republic, speaking the same language, and living under the same institutions and laws. We have the same memories, and whoever was great and illustrious in our past history is revered by us alike. We have in common the undying memories of Webster and Calhoun, of Jefferson and Adams, of Hancock and of Marshall, of Green, Warren, and Washington, of Ethan Allen and Roger Sherman, and Col. William Ledyard. Their glories and achievements reflect lustre on the entire nation. Our past history is our joint inheritance, and our individual pride.

If the past unites us, how much more should the present receive our earnest coöperation, and our hopes for the future be links in the chain of affection which will closely bind us to each other. The prosperity of one part of our country inures to the benefit of all.

The lesson of the past is, that America has a brilliant future before her. She is still to attain more noble results for the glory and benefit of mankind. She has already peculiarly become the guardian spirit of the cause of religious and civil liberty, of enlightened education, and free speech, and all that entered into the constitution of a benignant government "by the people and for the people."

As citizens of a State which has founded and nourished among its institutions a college which has for so many years gained and deserved a world-wide reputation, and under whose learned professors many of our most illustrious statesmen have received those accomplishments which have graced them in their high station, you need no special introduction to us. To the distinguished guests who have honored us with their presence, and to the citizen soldiers who accompany them, on behalf of our people I extend a kindly, cordial, and general welcome.

Larger States may offer you more splendid hospitalities, and may receive you with more imposing ceremonies. We extend to you such as befits the plain and simple habits of our people, unostentatious, but straight from the heart, touched with the memories so recently awakened by the celebration of that event which crowned the Revolutionary struggle with success, and gave us our common country.

Side by side Connecticut and South Carolina battled for independence. Through the long, dark struggle of the Revolutionary war they were faithful to each other, and both contributed to the security of the peace which followed.

In welcoming you to South Carolina under the auspices of this inspiring occasion, we give expression to the oft-repeated hope that we will preserve the inheritance we have received, and perpetuate in our people the character of those from whom we received it.

> "Ill fares that land to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

As we pause then on the threshold of the coming century and let our memories review the lives of that great generation who made our country free and great, let us bear in mind that, by emulating their virtues and imitating their examples, the permanence and durability of our noble institutions will be maintained inviolate in the coming years.

Ex-Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, being introduced, came forward and spoke as follows :

GOVERNOR JEWELL'S REMARKS.

It is no light thing, Mr. Chairman, at any time to face an audience of American citizens like this. I care not whether they come from Cape Cod or the Golden Gate, from the Rio Grande or the St. Lawrence, but here they stand before me an American sovereign, each individual rep-

resenting in himself the sovereignty of a government which is equal in the aggregate to the sovereignty of kings and the sovereignty of any nation. No matter from where we come, our responsibilities are the same, and if we make a proper use of them, if we make a good use of them, the results will be the same. I feel the dignity of American citizenship when I look into the faces of the sovereign. Our fathers founded this government. It has grown from three million to fifty million. In a short time it will be one hundred million, and another century will give us two hundred million, and thus the sovereignty is going on conquering and to conquer to the end of time. [Applause.] How rapidly we have made history during this century. How rapidly we have made it as we have celebrated the recurring centennials of Lexington, Cowpens in your own State, and at Yorktown, the crowning glory of this country, which gave it its momentum to reach its present proportions. Great as has been this history and as valuable as have been the lessons we have learned, the lessons within the last few months have been greater than all. Within the last summer we have been made better citizens, better men, better Christians, better husbands, fathers, and sons, by the lessons we have learned so dearly to our cost. How patriotic have been the impulses, and what lessons has it not drawn, as with tearful eyes and prayers we looked for the recovery of the man whom we had elected to the Chief Magistracy of this Nation. [Cheers.] How great has been the feeling for the death of the great ruler of this great country. It has stirred the hearts of all Christendom, and flowers have been placed upon the coffin of the nation's dead, fresh from the royal hand of Great Britain, only to be crowned a week ago with a salute to the flag of England—a week ago, during a celebration which commemorated the victory of this country in a struggle against that very nation. [Applause.] Other rulers have been assassinated as have ours, but they had different results. The Emperor of Russia was struck down by the hand of the assassin, and to-day his successor lives in a fortress, a prisoner in his own possessions, not daring to announce when he expects to take a railroad ride. The estimable statesman who succeeds to the Chief Magistracy of this country goes as free as air, unattended by guards, to all parts of this great land, and he is protected by the love of the sovereigns, fifty million of whom stand at his back. [Applause.] I am embarrassed when I consider the greatness of this country, and, whether we come from one State or another, matters little if we do our duty in our places; and I look forward to seeing Connecticut and South Carolina and the other thirty-six States vieing with each other as to which shall make the most progress—which shall do the most to propel this government on to the high destination which it is bound to achieve in the future. I have no doubt that this government will do what it can to protect the rights of all its citizens, and in the

future, as in the past, we will find the citizens of all the States equal to the emergency, standing side by side each with his neighbor in this fight for liberty. [Cheers.]

I have no doubt that our country will go on conquering and to conquer until we shall have sown the seed of Republican institutions, of the sovereignty of the individual, until all the nations of the earth shall find this the only way of safety. This will be the reward of the individual effort of this people. [Loud cheering.]

REMARKS OF COLONEL SIMONTON.

In introducing Colonel Barbour to the audience Col. Charles H. Simonton spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Fellow Citizens: A part has been assigned to me in uniting in this welcome to our honored guests. They have been received as citizens of our common country, nurtured in traditions which are our household words, sprung from a common ancestry, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. With the same future before us, united in the bonds of an indissoluble Union, they have recently bowed with us under the great national affliction. As they have shared our sorrow, they have come to us, to our homes, to unite with us in our joy. Fresh from the Centennial celebration of the crowning victory which secured their independence and ours, we bid them hearty welcome.

Especially do we welcome them as excelling representatives of the citizen soldiery of our country.

Our fathers, laying the foundation of this grand Republic, wisely determined not to put their trust in princes or their reliance upon bands of hireling soldiers. They resolved to trust the instinctive devotion of the people to their hardly-won liberty and to the arms of their own citizens for its defence. Her wars have been wars of volunteers, and at the call to arms, whether in the vindication of right or the protection of honor, the sons of the Republic have responded to her bidding and have sealed their devotion with their blood. This generation has seen over a million and a half of men, hardened by war, led by men who to war owed all their distinction, in a single day stack arms, break ranks, turn their backs upon all the temptations of power and of place, and, with the same exalted courage and unyielding pluck with which they encountered the shock of battle, devote themselves to the acts of peace. Never so long as we maintain and cultivate our citizen soldiery need we fear for the safety of our institutions. We have with us now a splendid specimen of citizen volunteers. We welcome their entrance into our State with our whole hearts. We recognize in them brothers in blood as well as brothers in arms. We accord them that meed of praise which they so richly deserve.

I have the honor of introducing to you the commander of this picked regiment of Connecticut. If you want evidence of his merit look at his men.

COL. L. A. BARBOUR

was next introduced and received with tremendous applause, which continued so long that he was twice compelled to resume his seat. Silence was at length restored, however, and Colonel Barbour spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen of Charleston: In behalf of the organization which I have the honor to command I am glad to have the opportunity of expressing the great pleasure you have afforded us by your right royal presence here to-night. You have welcomed us to your homes, to your arms, and to your hearts. [Applause from the Connecticut benches.] You have done all that we could hope and more than we could have expected, and words would fail to express our thanks.

MR. JOSEPH L. BARBOUR,

of Hartford, was next introduced and made one of the most telling speeches of the night: I esteem it, he said, no small privilege in this presence and on this occasion, when the thunder of the rejoicing guns which commemorated the victory at Yorktown have just died on the air, on the soil of a State which was one of the brightest stars that clustered in the diadem of the infant republic, in a city where were born the descendants of Barnwell, Rutledge, Pinckney, and Hayne, I esteem it no small privilege to say what little I can in response to this most generous, hearty, and cordial reception.

The first step of unwarranted encroachment by the mother country upon the liberties of the American Colonies found South Carolina in the midst of great public and private prosperity; her fertile soil richly repaid the labors of the husbandman, and, in the language of our own poet, "made the poor to sing." None but the idle and worthless were indigent. It found the people of South Carolina secure in person and property, loving civil and religious liberty, and devotedly attached to the mother country. But that first unwarranted step found South Carolina and Connecticut shoulder to shoulder in opposition to British encroachment.

South Carolina and Connecticut were alike aroused by the bloodshed at Lexington; they fought side by side and joined in the pæans of their final victory. [Applause.] The Stamp Act was met at Charleston by a determination not to use stamped paper, and the seizure of a cargo of the obnoxious paper at Fort Johnson. Connecticut met the Stamp Act with a legislative protest and a refusal to indulge in the use of the stamped paper. When a revenue was attempted to be placed upon tea,

the people of Charleston compelled the consignee of a cargo to store it, and it rotted in the warehouse. At Georgetown, S. C., a cargo was seized and thrown overboard. The people of Connecticut refused to use tea.

When the Boston Port Bill was passed and the city was blockaded, the people of Charleston sent thousands of dollars to the suffering people of Boston. Connecticut, being nearer to Boston, sent corn and grain and other supplies of food. When the bloody news from Lexington was sent abroad through the land, the men of Carolina and of Connecticut seized their rifles and prepared for war. Tarleton ravaged your fair State and burned its hamlets. The infamous Tryon landed on the shores of Connecticut and burned its villages. Together the people of the two States heard the Declaration of American Independence which foreshadowed the freedom of America. Nathan Hale and Isaac Hayne gave up their lives for their country's liberties.

Such, oh men of Carolina, such are the ties that bind us! So does our history travel down the years on even grooves. The men of Connecticut and of Carolina suffered together, they marched together, they fought together, they died together. [Applause.] They shouted together in victory and wept together in defeat, and so the Carolina and Connecticut veterans passed into rest and long renown. They starved in prisons together and lay in dungeons together. Danger was their constant guest, disease infested their huts, and famine haunted their sleeping and waking hours. Yet they stood it all, for they fought for liberty. They endured it all and kept the faith, because they suffered for liberty.

Now we come here, the descendants of the fathers of Connecticut, to receive the hospitable greeting and welcome of the descendants of the fathers of Carolina. [Applause.] We come after years of estrangement and misunderstanding, but we come bringing with us only what we found was here when we arrived—love and good will! [Applause.] Now shall we not go on in this good work of cementing the bonds of our common Union? Will Connecticut surrender to any section her share in the glorious history of South Carolina? Never! [Applause.] Will South Carolina surrender to any section her share in the glorious history of Connecticut? Never! [Applause.] No! Let the dead past bury its dead. [Applause.]

We are here for Union, all for Union. We recognize together all the indomitable energy of Ulysses S. Grant, the knightly chivalry of Robert E. Lee, the Christian fortitude of Stonewall Jackson, and the dashing gallantry of Phil Sheridan. [Applause.] The result of the late contest was not a victory for the North, nor was it a victory for any party or section. It was the victory of the Union. It saved Carolina as well as Connecticut. [Applause.] For what would either State be without the Union?

What man is there among us, a native and to the manor born, who does not feel his heart throb as he exclaims with Webster: "I was born an American citizen, I live an American citizen, and I shall die an American citizen." [Applause.]

Mr. Barbour closed with an eloquent apostrophe to the Ship of State, and sat down amidst a perfect storm of applause from every part of the house.

SPEECH OF THE HON. C. RICHARDSON MILES.

The following were the remarks of the Hon. C. R. Miles.

In discharging the pleasant duties assigned to me of taking part in the reception and introduction of our welcome and honored guests, allow me, fellow citizens of Charleston, to congratulate you on this auspicious occasion, which affords us the opportunity of showing our friendship and good will to our fellow citizens of Connecticut.

Fellow Citizens of Connecticut, you have just attended the celebration at Yorktown. One of the most striking incidents of that celebration, as I have seen it described, was the formal salute to the English flag.

During the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the crowning victory which secured to the rebellious colonies their independence of the mother country, the great nation into which these colonies had grown united with the representatives of her faithful allies in the war in showing their respect to the nation against which they had fought by formally saluting her flag.

Nor was this a mere idle and unmeaning ceremony, but the honest expression of genuine good-will to former foes, made more cordial by the striking manifestations of sympathy which England's Queen and England's people had shown with us in our recent national affliction.

The incident is not without its significance and its lesson. England herself has suffered the woful pangs caused by the strife of hostile races and opposing factions. But the England of to-day is the resultant of all those contending forces. And when she reckons up her worthies she does not distinguish between Saxon and Norman, between those who fought for the White Rose or the Red, Prelatist or Puritan, Cavalier or Roundhead, but recognizes that each and all have by their lives and by their deaths helped to weave the garland of glory that "wreathes her happy isle." And therefore from the great nation that has sprung from the colonies who threw off her allegiance can she receive without grudging or bitterness this manifestation of respect and good-will, even on the anniversary of the victory over her arms.

In our hundred years of national life, we too have passed through ordeals of bitter party and sectional strife, and even of bloody conflict. Yet when

> "Time, who mows with equal scythe
> Our pleasures and our pains,
> Shall smooth our thorny memories,"

may we not hope that we will recognize in the deeds of all our sons, whether the descendants of those who landed on the rock of Plymouth or the sands of Carolina, whether they wore the blue or wore the grey, whether incited by the solemn swell of the "Star-Spangled Banner" or the inspiriting strains of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," as inspired by hearts alike loyal to their conceptions of duty, and garner up all the memories of the past, as part of the heritage of glory of one common country. In the fervent words of the great Scotch poet:

"Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That truth and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the palm, and a' that,
For a' that, for a' that,
Its coming yet for a' that;
That man to man, o'er this broad lan'
Shall brothers be, for a' that."

In furtherance of this "consummation most devoutly to be wished," let us welcome this opportunity of showing our good-will and fellowship to our fellow-citizens of Connecticut. [Applause.]

JUDGE BRYAN.

Mayor Bulkeley was next called upon, but not being present, Judge Bryan was introduced, and after a few patriotic utterances introduced

MR. H. T. SPERRY, OF THE HARTFORD "POST."

After a very facetious speech, in which he alluded in pleasing terms to the ladies of Charleston, Mr. Sperry read the following lines:

"OUR REASONS FOR COMING."

Written on board the steamer "Charleston," off Cape Hatteras, by H. T. Sperry.

We bring no wooden nutmegs—
We come with no bass-wood hams,
And we havn't among us even
A sample of Guilford clams—
No Gatling guns or belting, no screws or pocket-knives;
Not a mouse-trap, clock, or notion,
Not a thing to sell or trade,
Out of which you Southerners know
Our splendid fortunes are made.
We shall cause no wild commotion,
'Mong your handsome girls and wives,
By begging for applications for
Insurance on your lives;

And I'll bet a Confederate bond,
Or a bursted Yankee note,
That there isn't a fellow among us
Who'll ask you how you vote.

When we see a "Charleston eagle,"
We shall never be so rash
As to hint at "roasts" or "stews" or a
"South Carolina hash;"
And when feasting at your tables,
Partaking of "Southern greens,"
We shall never be so foolish
As to call for "Yankee beans."

No, it isn't for cash or barter,
And it isn't for gush I know,
That we've crowded the hold of the "Charleston,"
And braved the "Hatteras woe."
And it isn't because we're handsome,
And it isn't because you're good,
But it's (well, excuse the frankness) because
We want to be understood.
And we've a better reason than this,
For leaving the "Nutmeg Land,"
And it's simply your thoughts and ways and lives
The better to understand.

We've been hoping you'd come and see us,
We've urged you many a time,
But somehow your Southern hearts and blood
Don't take to our Northern clime.
And yet we've a "sneaking" notion
You'd like us as others do;
But you wouldn't come up to us,
And so we've come down to you.

And we're glad to be with you here,
For we were all lost, they said—
But we haven't a doubt you grieved for us
When Dawson's "News" you read;
And we know at home were mourning hearts,
That for us some tears were shed—
For, as poor as a Connecticut Yankee is,
He's better alive than dead.

Well, let us strike palms as brothers,
Forgetting the old-time hate—
The foolish and bitter dissensions
That divided us State from State—

Talk over the whole situation,
In a kindly, neighborly way,
And then perhaps we'll all of us vote
That quarreling doesn't pay.

And some time in the early future,
When you've nothing better to do,
Put on your best suits of Southern gray,
And come North where we wear the blue;
When perhaps our freezing climate,
With its winds and its ice and snow,
May cool your blood, as your hotter sun
Has stirred ours to a warmer glow.

And then perhaps you Palmetto fellows,
And we of the Charter Oak,
Will be ready to label the old dislike
The sorriest kind of a joke;
But if you'll only come up and see us,
Whether "you uns" are or not,
We'll give you no warmed-over welcome,
But a Connecticut one—like yours—RED HOT.

Mr. Sperry was frequently interrupted by applause during the delivery of his speech and poem, at the conclusion of which he received a very handsome ovation.

COL. GEO. JOHNSTONE,

of Newberry, who was next introduced, delivered a brief but pointed and appropriate address, alluding to the grand history of the past, and expressing the hope that from this time forward the Union would be separate as the billows, but one as the sea which they composed.

GENERAL HARBISON,

Quartermaster-General of the State of Connecticut, was the next speaker. It gave him great pleasure, he said, to come south of Mason and Dixon's line, and he knew that he expressed the sentiment of the regiment and the Governor's Guard, and of the Governor's staff and the other visitors, when he said that the greeting that had been given them had been so great that he was unable to find an expression of thanks in words. The State of Connecticut had only ordered her soldiers to Yorktown. They had, however, determined as one man to come to Charleston, and now they were here. [Applause.] The State of Connecticut thought well of her National Guard. She spent $125,000 a year to support it, and no money that was spent in the State brought such good results to law and order. He had been surprised to learn

that the State of South Carolina held no fostering hand to her citizen soldiery, and since learning that, he thought that mayhap the visit of the Connecticut soldiers might have some good result. Connecticut thought it her duty to educate the manhood as well as the intellect of her youth.

The citizen soldiery of America was the safeguard of the honor and glory of the Republic. He believed that they had been called for the last time to rise in arms against brothers, and he was satisfied that the soldiers of Connecticut and Carolina would be ready at all times to defend the old Star-Spangled Banner of this glorious Union of ours. [Immense applause.]

STATE SENATOR SMYTHE,

in response to an invitation from the Mayor, closed the ceremonies briefly, but happily and earnestly. He said he was not in the programme as one of the speakers, but he felt at liberty to say that the people of Charleston were glad to see their guests from Connecticut, and they only wished that their stay could be prolonged. Our welcome, he said, has been hearty. We gave it because we meant it, and we feel assured that, when we go North, we will be as warmly received. [Applause.]

The immense audience was then dismissed with a benediction, and the reception was ended.

Hon. N. D. Sperry, the genial Postmaster of New Haven, and Judge Lynde Harrison of the same city, were to have spoken, but failed to respond when called for, much to our regret.

It was a glorious good meeting, and a grand wind-up to the public festivities of a never-to-be-forgotten day.

(Later in the day, although unable to state when, a very large number of the Connecticut people went to bed.)

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25TH.

The Departure—"Good-Bye, and God Bless You."

The morning dawned bright and pleasant, and, 10 o'clock having been designated as the hour for assembling, there was a busy scene in and about the Charleston Hotel, which had been the place of rendezvous for all the Connecticut people during the visit.

Gov. Jewell and Capt. Stanton had gone North on an early train, the former to Washington on important business, the latter to his home in Stonington, Conn., to fulfill an engagement.

Quartermaster Cheney had engaged transportation for the troops to Washington over the South Carolina, the Charlotte & Columbia, and Virginia Midland Railroads, expecting to reach Washington at least by Wednesday afternoon.

Our hard-working and efficient Quartermaster, with his assistants, had no light task to perform, and while the rest of the regiment were having their good times he was figuring out the problem of how to get them home safely.

Baggage was piled in immense heaps in the vestibule, being transported as fast as possible to the depot. The palmetto trees, which had adorned the Opera House stage, had been presented to the regiment, the Light Dragoons had given a fine full-grown tree to the Hartford City Guard, and these with other gifts were to be brought home. Badges, pins, fatigue caps, and other souvenirs of the visit were freely exchanged, friends were bidding adieu to friends, who forty-eight hours previous were unknown to each other. Some of us who had formed pleasant acquaintances at the homes of our hospitable Charleston friends were calling to say "Good-byes," others were making purchases of articles

to take home to the children, often finding merchants unwilling to receive compensation, the soldiers were hurrying to and fro, getting ready to fall in, those of the guests who were to leave with the regiment were making fruitless efforts to pay their bills at the hotel, finding after persistent inquiries that we had brought money with us that wouldn't pass, and that the Charleston Hotel is run on the principle of free beds and free lunches (probably they make money in that way, because of the large business they do).

As a sample of Southern lavish liberality, the Historian accompanied Lt.-Col. Cone to a large clothing store (not second-hand) on King street, the morning of our departure, where each purchased a linen duster, paying one dollar apiece, and received in change two hundred dollars apiece. The merchant was so very liberal, and wealth rolled in upon us so suddenly, we have saved the money received and as yet have not spent a penny of it.

Colt's Band played in front of the Hotel for half an hour, to the great delight of the large crowd assembled. Officers of the Charleston companies, and members of the various committees, with Mayor Courtenay at their head, were bidding adieu to their new friends, and all was bustle and excitement.

Governor Bigelow and nearly all of the guests had accepted an invitation to visit Atlanta, and were to spend another day at Charleston ; and, having arranged for a visit this morning to the Phosphate works, took leave before the regiment started for the depot.

At 10.30 the assembly was beat, the regiment fell into line on Hayne street, General Walker and staff fell in behind the band ; behind them was a platoon stretching from curb to curb, with "Yank" and "Ex-Reb." officers alternating, arms locked together ; behind these a crowd of Charleston soldiers as escort, but without arms, and then the Connecticut troops, with knapsacks slung in heavy marching order. The command, "Forward, March!" was given, the band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," and amid the cheers and "Good-byes" of the great crowd we started toward home.

The march up King street was perfectly stunning. At the windows, on the balconies, and even on the house-tops, thousands of handkerchiefs were fluttering and waving, bouquets and even kisses were thrown to the departing soldiers, the kisses, however, were too far away for any practical use, not being worth a fig at that distance.

Who were doing this? why, the ladies, the ex-rebels; those possibly who had been most bitter in their hatred of the North, and this kindly expression meant something—it meant peace and good-will.

As the head of the column reached Calhoun street, the thunder of artillery was heard, bidding us adieu, a detachment of the Lafayette Artillery manning the battery.

Reaching the depot, we found a train of 14 cars, in two sections, waiting; the troops were quickly embarked, then came good-byes to the Charleston soldiers, hearty handshakes, Yankee cheers from the cars, and one of the peculiar, startling Confederate yells from the crowd on the platform, and the first section was off.

Ten minutes later the second section, in the rear car of which were Colonel Barbour, field, staff, and the few guests remaining, followed, amid similar scenes, and our Charleston visit was ended.

Many relics were brought away, among them a 15-inch shell, an engraving of the surrender of Cornwallis, from a painting dated 1819, and many other interesting articles; but the best of all were the pleasant memories of probably the pleasantest forty-eight hours this regiment will ever spend away from home.

It had been a great undertaking, this trip of so many to such a great distance from home, but it had passed without any serious accident, and with continued pleasant weather; without exception the soldiers had enjoyed hugely their reception and visit in the "City by the Sea." Adieus had been said, and a long journey by rail was before them, a decided change from that by water: it remained to be seen whether the men would be better pleased or better satisfied.

The following, from Wednesday's paper, gives the last scenes as viewed in Charleston, following the official orders of the 24th, which appeared on Tuesday morning, as follows:

THE DEPARTURE THIS MORNING.

OFFICIAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS
FIRST REGIMENT, C. N. G.
CHARLESTON, October 24, 1881.

[GENERAL ORDERS No. 6.]

This Regiment is hereby directed to report at the Charleston Hotel at 10 A. M., October 25, 1881, in full uniform, knapsacks with blankets rolled and overcoats folded, to proceed to Hartford by rail.

Blouses will be packed in knapsacks, but all articles not actually needed on the cars must be packed in company chests and transported by each company to the South Carolina Passenger Depot before 9 A. M.

By order of Col. Lucius A. Barbour.

JOHN K. WILLIAMS, Captain and Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS 4TH BRIGADE, S. C. V. T.

[ORDERS No. 23.]

I. The companies of this Brigade entertaining companies of our Connecticut visitors will escort their guests to the Charleston Hotel, to reach there at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, 25th instant.

II. Companies will parade in uniform, with side-arms only and without colors.

III. The Brigade Commander congratulates the companies on the handsome and successful manner in which they have entertained our friends, and trusts that as large numbers as possible will be present to see them safely off on their homeward journey.

By command of Brig.-Gen. Walker.

A. MAZYCK, Adjutant-General.

[FROM TUESDAY'S ISSUE.]

Quartermaster Cheney succeeded in making final arrangements yesterday for the transportation of the Connecticut troops back to Hartford and New Haven through Major Allen of the South Caro-

lina Railroad. Ten passenger coaches and two baggage cars have been engaged, and the troops will leave here this morning at 10 o'clock and will proceed to Columbia, where they will take the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta Railroad and proceed by the Virginia Midland route to Washington. It is thought that the troops may stop one day in Washington and will then go on to Connecticut.

General Walker last night issued an order to the city commands, instructing them to escort the Connecticut regiment, assigned to them for entertainment, from their armories, where the Connecticut boys slept last night, to the Charleston Hotel promptly at 10 o'clock this morning. The line will then be formed, and our military guests will be escorted to the South Carolina Depot and be given a "God-speed" on their journey homeward.

HOMEWARD BOUND!

CLOSING SCENES OF A MEMORABLE VISIT.

THE DEPARTURE OF OUR CONNECTICUT GUESTS—DISSOLVING VIEWS —AULD LANG SYNE.

Notwithstanding the demands that had been made upon the time of our visitors and of our own troops for the past two days, and despite the fatigues of Monday, the streets were alive at an early hour with the military. The Boys in Blue and the Boys in Gray were at the armories promptly, and the preparations for departure were visible in every direction. The Connecticut troops had on Monday moved all their impedimenta from the steamer "Charleston" to the various armories to which they had been assigned. Company chests, knapsacks, overcoats, blankets, and camp utensils were piled up at the armories, and all these had to be put in shape before 10 A. M., for the exacting duties of the campaign of Monday left no time to attend to such commonplace but necessary duties.

The work began yesterday morning, and the Nutmeg boys were equal to the emergency. Some of the men had been quartered at the hotels Monday night, and others at various private residences. They all reported for duty yesterday morning, and a train of wagons was soon engaged to transport the heavy baggage

to the depot. After breakfast the men began to encumber themselves with their light baggage, and by 10 o'clock all the companies were under march for the regimental rendezvous at the Charleston Hotel. At this point the field and staff of the Fourth Brigade reported, as did also the Mayor and members of Council and a number of the citizens' reception committee.

The splendid band of the First Regiment assembled too, and for a half-hour previous to the departure entertained the public with a delightful open-air concert.

The two palmetto trees which adorned the stage at the Academy of Music on Monday night were carefully packed up and sent off to the train, to be carried to Hartford as souvenirs of the visit of her soldiers to Charleston, while nearly every soldier in the regiment had exchanged his Nutmeg badge for either a palmetto walking cane or a palmetto rosette. The Governor's Foot Guard wore the familiar leopard skin of their hosts, the W. L. I., and many of the soldiers carried off fatigue caps which they had traded for their own.

At half past 10 o'clock the assembly was beat and the regiment drawn up in line in Hayne street, the Governor's Foot Guard occupying the right of the line. The men wore their knapsacks and blankets and looked even more soldierly, if that were possible, than they did on parade. General Walker and staff headed a miscellaneous delegation of several hundred Charlestonians who had assembled to see their guests off, and at twenty minutes to 11 the column moved off to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and amid the cheers of thousands of spectators who had assembled at the hotel.

The march up King street was a perfect ovation. Every window, the sidewalks, and many of the house-tops were crowded with ladies, and thousands of handkerchiefs fluttered adieus as the Connecticut soldiers marched by. As they passed the various company armories on the route the troops gave the marching salute, and as the head of the column reached Calhoun street the thunder of artillery burst upon the cool morning air, bidding our guests farewell and God-speed. The battery was manned by a detachment of the Lafayette Artillery, who had waited patiently since 8 o'clock to do the last honors to our guests.

The column at length reached the Line street depot of the South Carolina Railroad, where a train of fourteen cars, divided

into two sections, was awaiting the troops. The soldiers quickly embarked, there was a hasty but hearty hand-shake, a hurried good-bye, an old-time Confederate yell, and the first section of seven cars, under the direction of conductor Gilbert, moved slowly out of the depot at 11 o'clock precisely. Ten minutes later the second section, under the direction of conductor J. W. O'Brien, started amid the huzzahs of the crowd, and a few minutes later the depot was deserted. The soldiers were in good health and spirits, the casualties of their two days' campaign in Charleston being only trifling, and a pleasant ride of four hours through pine forests and past bright hamlets was expected to bring them to Columbia, where it was thought they would have to encounter a fresh body of Carolina troops.

INCIDENTS.

Among the souvenirs of their Southern tour carried home by Company F of the Connecticut regiment was a full-grown palmetto tree, which was presented to them by the Charleston Light Dragoons. Co. H. also received a handsome one from the Palmetto Guard.

The Connecticut boys took quite kindly to corn whiskey, one of the members of Company H declaring that the first of the kind he had ever tasted was taken from a specimen keg the German Fusiliers carried with them to Yorktown. (Wonder when the last was.)

Among the prominent citizens who were at the depot yesterday to witness the departure of the Connecticut guests was the Rev. Dr. Vedder of the Huguenot Church, whose eloquent sermon on Sunday has been the subject of much happy comment.

Among the numerous presents made to the First Connecticut were a 15-inch shell, weighing 65 pounds, by Mr. E. Willis, and an engraving of the surrender at Yorktown, by Mrs. E. Willis. The engraving is valuable, being 36 x 40 inches, and from a painting by John Francis Renault, dated June 18, 1819.

CARD OF THANKS.

We, the members of the First C. N. G. Band, beg to return our sincere thanks to the captain and members of the Irish Volunteers for the kind treatment and unbounded hospitality received at their hands while in Charleston. Hoping soon to have the

pleasure of returning this kindness, we remain, with sincere regards,

W. C. Steele, Drum-Major.
W. C. Spary, Leader.

Thos. Hallam,	W. Westphal, Jr.,
C. Johnson,	E. O'Brien,
C. Elwin,	J. Gould,
C. Hatch,	A. Baker,
W. Behre, Jr.,	T. Morgan,
G. E. Bishop,	E. Johnson,
C. Baldwin,	J. B. D. Wilson,
W. Boyle,	E. Johnson, Jr.,
W. Behre,	J. Daly,
A. Prutting,	C. Stone,
C. Dunlap,	S. T. J. Clarke,

W. O. Walker.

(Maybe it is wrong to mention it, but the reason why the Band never went hungry was because it had A. Baker, and the secret of its stock of rich music, was owing to the fact of J. Gould being with them.)

As previously stated, nearly all those who had come as guests of the regiment had decided to visit Atlanta with Governor Bigelow and his immediate party, which enabled them to spend another day in Charleston, visiting places of interest in and about the city.

The entire regiment and Governor's Guard had received a pressing invitation from the citizens of Atlanta to extend their trip to that active and wide-awake city, even offering to pay all expenses from Charleston, and return, if the regiment would remain several days, but it was thought inexpedient to do so. Could the officers have foreseen the delays and disappointments in returning, however, the Atlanta visit could have been made, and probably home reached nearly as soon.

Well, those who remained apparently had a capital time, but as they had forsaken us we cannot give them too much space in this narrative; we quote from Wednesday's paper:

AN EXCURSION ON THE ASHLEY.

Upon the invitation of Colonel Joseph Yates, Mr. W. H. Wallace, and Mr. E. C. Williams, Jr., Governor Bigelow, Lieutenant-Governor Bulkeley, Mayor Bulkeley of Hartford, General Harmon, General Ford, General Gregory, General Camp, General Harbison, Colonel Russell, Colonel Fox, Colonel Barrows, Comptroller Batcheller, Secretary of State Searls, Postmaster N. D. Sperry of New Haven, Mr. M. F. Tyler, the executive secretary of Governor Bigelow, Hon. Lynde Harrison of New Haven, Mr. H. T. Sperry of the Hartford "Post," and Mr. Joseph L. Barbour of Hartford, went on an excursion yesterday around the harbor and up the Ashley River in the steamer "Juno." The party visited the Charleston Mining Company's works, Cahill & Wise's phosphate works, Magnolia Gardens, and Fort Sumter. Captain Craig, of the "Juno," made it exceedingly pleasant for the guests by describing the various points of interest along the route. The entire party were delighted with the trip.

The regular meeting of the City Council was held last evening, the following members being present: Hon. W. A. Courtenay, Mayor; Aldermen Dingle, Johnson, Aichel, Rose, Webb, White, Ufferhardt, Sweegan, Rodgers, Loeb, Eckel, Barkley, Thayer, Knee, and Mauran.

After the confirmation of the minutes of the last meeting, the mayor stated that he had written a letter to Governor Bigelow during the day informing him that the City Council would call on him at 8 o'clock, to take formal leave of himself and his party.

The following letter was then read from Colonel Barbour of the Connecticut regiment:

CHARLESTON, S. C., October 25, 1881.

MAYOR COURTENAY, Charleston, S. C.

My Dear Sir: Owing to a change of method of transportation for the return of the First Regiment Connecticut National Guard to their homes, we find on our hands some five hundred mattresses purchased for the use of the troops on the steamer.

In behalf of the regiment, whom your citizens have entertained so grandly, permit me to tender, through you, these articles, to be placed at the disposal of the managers of the city charities, hoping they may prove of some use to them.

Very respectfully, LUCIUS A. BARBOUR,

25 Col. First Regiment C. N. G.

On motion of Alderman White, the mayor was requested to return the thanks of Council to Colonel Barbour for his generous donation, and to make the distribution of the mattresses. He has already ordered 200 mattresses to be sent to the City Hospital, 100 to the Almshouse, and 50 to the Old Folks' Home. There are about 150 mattresses remaining for distribution, which the mayor will place where they will do the most good.

During the proceedings of the evening, Mayor Bulkeley of Hartford, the Hon. Jos. L. Barbour, and Lieutenant-Governor Bulkeley of Connecticut, appeared in the Council Chamber and were received by the members of Council standing, and were introduced by Mayor Courtenay. They remained as interested spectators during the session of Council, and upon its adjournment were escorted to the Charleston Hotel.

GOOD-BYE TO CONNECTICUT.

THE FAREWELL WORDS OF OUR NEW ENGLAND GUESTS.

A PARTING ENTERTAINMENT THAT WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED BY CHARLESTONIANS.

The climax of the round of festivities given in honor of Governor Bigelow and the other distinguished visitors from Connecticut occurred last evening, when Mayor Courtenay and the entire Board of Aldermen of the city called at the Charleston Hotel to say farewell and bid God-speed to the parting guests. The company assembled in the ladies' ordinary, where a wine collation had been spread.

Mayor Courtenay said that he, with the Aldermen, had thought it proper to call in a body to pay their respects as the City Council of Charleston. Being non-combatants, the Council had remained in retirement during the presence of the First Regiment of Connecticut and the Fourth Brigade of Charleston, but now that the military had retired from the field they had come to say that it had been a source of pride and pleasure that the visitors should have honored Charleston with their presence. In conclusion, Mayor Courtenay offered the following toast, which he said he felt assured the citizens of Charleston would heartily endorse to a man: "The prosperity of the State of Connecticut

and the health and happiness of Connecticut's Governor." [Applause.]

Governor Bigelow responded briefly and happily. From the moment of their landing up to the hour of their parting, he said, nothing had been left undone by the people of Charleston to add to their comfort and enjoyment. I am glad, he said, that we came, and we return with different views and opinions of the people of Carolina than when we came. We have received the warmest and the kindest welcome, and we will carry back with us the pleasantest memories of our visit. [Applause.]

Alderman Dingle then proposed the health of Mayor Bulkeley of Hartford.

Mayor Bulkeley responded in a capital little speech. Among other good things, he said that it had been peculiarly gratifying to him, as the representative of the capital city of Connecticut, to come to Charleston and find that the citizens of Charleston had honored themselves in selecting for the high position of their Chief Executive the honored gentleman who now occupies the mayoralty. "I can see as I walk through your streets," said he, "the evidences of progress, and I can see that it has been a clear head and an able brain that has devised these things which have been for the welfare of this proud old community." Personally and officially Mayor Bulkeley then thanked the people of Charleston, for their generous hospitality towards himself and the representatives of his city and State, and for the opportunity they had given him to meet and talk with the people of South Carolina face to face and hand to hand as he would like to meet them on the soil of his own State. [Applause.]

Alderman Thayer, after a graceful allusion to the pleasure which the presence of the Connecticut visitors had afforded the people of Charleston, proposed the health of Judge Lynde Harrison of New Haven.

Judge Harrison, who is a polished speaker, gave eloquent expression to their gratitude for the pleasures which had crowded thick and fast upon them during their trip. He jocularly put in a plea for New Haven, saying that the people of Charleston seemed to think that Hartford was the only city in Connecticut. If any of the people of Charleston should ever come to Connecticut, however, he was satisfied that they would not care to go to Hartford. He spoke earnestly in favor of applying the surplus

revenue of the Government to the education of the people of the States, and pledged his earnest effort to secure for the South, which needed assistance in this respect so sorely, a fair share of this appropriation. In speaking of the hospitality and generous kindness with which they had beenreceived, he said: "Your love and affection which you have given us so freely has warmed us into life, and, whatever the past has been, the remembrance of your kindness will be immortal and will be engraven upon our memories forevermore." [Loud cheering.]

Alderman Rose made a pleasant little speech, telling the story of the old man and woman with the bolster between them and their subsequent reconciliation and the banishment of the bolster. This illustrated, he said, the present happy condition of the people of South Carolina and Connecticut. He alluded with pride to the fact that although Connecticut had sent a regiment of 600 men to Charleston, and those men had participated in a round of festivities for two days, while wine flowed freely everywhere, not one man had been seen unduly excited and not a single act of impropriety had been committed. Connecticut had sent a regiment of gentlemen to Charleston who would long be remembered. Speaking of the education of the people of the South, he earnestly endorsed Judge Harrison's remarks, and in behalf of the colored people pleaded for that assistance from the National Government which was needed and which he felt would in time be given.

Postmaster Sperry of New Haven was next called for, and made a strikingly eloquent and effective speech. The time, he said, has come when the representatives of this nation should rise with each other to see who can best work for the good of the country. The vote of the people should be directed by intelligence. That is my principle, and it was through my aid that in 1865 a clause was placed in the Constitution making intelligence a necessary qualification for the right of suffrage, and I say now that there is no State in the nation that ever prospered when the ballot was not directed by intelligence. The South needs assistance to secure the enlightenment and education of her masses, and the time is not far distant when she will get it. [Applause.] At Bunker Hill South Carolina had three flags, one white, one blue, and the other red, and the union of these three makes the red, white, and blue of the flag of the Union. Why then should

not the people of South Carolina stand by the red, white, and blue banner? It is theirs. They originated it. [Cheers.]

Alderman Sweegan, alluding to the pleasure which the visit of the men of Connecticut to Charleston had conferred upon every Charlestonian, said: "Why the very announcement of your coming, gentlemen, caused a remarkable advance in Confederate bonds." [Laughter.] Mr. Sweegan then called on Lieutenant-Governor Bulkeley of Connecticut, who in a neat and glowing little speech spoke of the princely reception they had received here and of their warm appreciation of Charleston's hospitality. He was loudly cheered.

Alderman Loeb introduced the Hon. Charles E. Searls, the Secretary of the State of Connecticut.

Mr. Searls said: "We came strangers and we leave you friends, whom we shall not forget as long as life lasts. Why did we come? Because there is a mystic tie reaching from our hearts to yours, born of a common heritage and nurtured through a common struggle for freedom, and in the future South Carolina and Connecticut will march forward conquering and to conquer. We came because of these ties, and because we revered the grand old State of South Carolina. [Cheers.] It is my earnest desire that we may meet on the soil of Connecticut, you being the visitors and we the hosts, that we may renew the pleasant intercourse which we have established here. And until we do meet again, across the distance between us let our hands be clasped in a grasp which shall never, never more be relaxed." [Loud cheering.]

Col. A. H. Kellam was called for and expressed his feelings in the following lines:

Princes and Kings may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made.
In our proud State we know no Prince or King,
We kneel or bow before no earthly thing.
But oh, ye men of Charleston, by your welcome warm and true,
You have conquered us at last and we humbly bow to you.
Our Iron Horse is ready, and waiting is our train,
But before we go, Carolina, we would drink with thee again.
Were it the last drop in the well, and we lay gasping on the brink,
Ere our fainting spirit fell 'tis to thee that we would drink!

[Loud applause.]

Alderman Ufferhardt introduced Mr. J. L. Barbour.

Mr. Barbour, whose silver-tongued eloquence will long ring in

the ears of the people of Charleston, spoke with his accustomed grace. Your Southern sun, he said, is as warm as your welcome, and feeling the freshness of your Southern breezes, as invigorating as your Southern hospitality, feeling the warmth of your Southern hearts, like those Lotus-eaters of old who sat them down by the yellow sands, we fain would stay with you longer. We would be Southern Lotus-eaters, and remain with you through all the dreamy days. I have acquired new ideas of Southern men. I shall go home with a palmetto fan in my hand, a palmetto badge on my breast, a piece of palmetto from Secession Hall in my pocket, and the roots of your palmetto in my heart. Gentlemen of Carolina, Brothers of Charleston, Hail! Farewell!

Major David Reed of Bridgeport, who was announced as the only democrat in the party, made a capital little speech, full of humor and of grateful appreciation of the courtesies which had been shown him during his stay.

Mayor Bulkeley then proposed a toast to "Our Two Queens—the Queen of England and the Queen of the United States, in her own desolate home in Ohio." He called upon Mr. Forbes of the London "News" to respond.

Mr. Forbes, after professing great astonishment at the common attribute of eloquence which he said seemed to be possessed by every American, and excusing his own lack of oratorical ability, said that he could not refuse to attempt a response to a toast of such a character. The sorrow of America's Queen had been a deep sorrow to England, and England's Queen had given expression to her sympathy with fervor, with truth, and with candor. As regards our own Queen, he said, I don't think I could tell you anything better about her than simply to say that there is no better woman in the world. [Applause and cheering for Queen Victoria.] She is not a brilliant woman. Brilliant women, as some of you perhaps know, are a nuisance. I have met some charming women in Charleston, and it is because they were not too brilliant that they were so acceptable and entertaining to me. The Queen of England is a woman with a heart. She is a woman who when she speaks she feels, and her heart throbs with emotion. Being a domestic woman she sent her sympathy across the water, because she was a widow who felt for another widow. Mr. Forbes closed with a pleasant allusion to the kind and courteous hospitality he had received in Charleston.

Alderman Mauran was next introduced by Mayor Courtenay as a representative colored member of the City Council. He said he thanked God that he had lived to see the day when the gentlemen of South Carolina and the gentlemen of Connecticut could shake hands over the festive board.

Postmaster Sperry offered the following sentiment: "South Carolina and Connecticut—

> Two clouds that in the morning
> Were tinged with the rising sun,
> And in the dawn have floated on
> And mingled into one."

Cheers for the President of the United States, for the Governor of Connecticut, for Mayor Bulkeley, and Mayor Courtenay, were then given with a will, and at the suggestion of Mayor Bulkeley the whole party, numbering over fifty, joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne."

The Connecticut visitors then left the hotel, the Mayor and City Council and a number of friends accompanying them to the depot and sending them off with many rounds of cheers. Mr. Forbes accompanied the party on his way to Atlanta.

And now we come to the statement made by Archibald Forbes regarding the Connecticut soldiers. Pleasant words they are, and, being made so publicly, together with the high authority and the unprejudiced opinion of a gentleman who knows soldiers and understands military science probably as well as any man living, they have been quoted throughout this country so generally that our First Connecticut has most certainly acquired a National reputation.

PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT.

ARCHIBALD FORBES ON AMERICAN DRILL AND DISCIPLINE.

THE MARCHING AND DRESS PARADE OF THE FIRST CONNECTICUT REGIMENT SETS HIM TO THINKING—A CORPS THAT HE HAS SELDOM SEEN EQUALED AND NOWHERE SURPASSED—HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the distinguished war correspondent of the London "News," consented yesterday afternoon to give to a

reporter for "The News and Courier" his impressions of the First Connecticut regiment and of the Charleston troops, which he saw in line on the streets and in the Citadel green last Monday. Mr. Forbes, at the time of the reporter's visit, was in his room at the Charleston Hotel, and gave expression to his views while he packed his valise and performed his toilet; some of his sentences being interrupted here and there as he plunged his face into a basin of water, or engaged in a struggle with a refractory collar button.

Speaking of these Connecticut troops, said he, I could not but be struck with that miraculous gift of talk which is the attribute of the American citizen. We Englishmen have a habit of looking down upon a talking man, and to agree with Carlisle when he says the able man is the silent man. And I am bound to say that the first night I was here, when I heard those Connecticut men get upon their hind legs and orate freely, with a good deal of buncombe thrown in, I said to myself: Much that I am told I will see to-morrow will be promise without fulfillment. But it came about quite the other way. And I am free to say that it seems to me that if there are a great many regiments like that Connecticut regiment which I saw here on parade, in a nation, it don't want any standing army at all, as they would constitute a far cheaper and more effective force than any standing army would be. I have seen all the armies in the world, I believe, from the Afghan scalawags to the Russian Imperial Guards, and I have never seen greater precision and solidity than those men manifested on that dress parade. To me it was a revelation, and rather a disagreeable revelation, simply from this point of view, which you can easily understand, that I became painfully aware that here was another factor in the world capable of beating us. A man never likes to find out that the number of men stronger than himself is on the increase. We Englishmen have been indulging in the satisfaction that, however the continental countries might grow with their millions of reserves against our hundred or two hundred thousand trained troops, we were yet capable of swaggering over the United States, in the matter of drill and discipline and punctilious performance of evolutions. But what I saw yesterday proved to me that such was not the case. Those men marched and wheeled quite equal to our Grenadier Guard, and I don't think I have seen anything to equal the precision in the manual in that dress parade. It seemed

to me that the commanding officer, who went to the front and moved as a piece of mechanism, and not like a creature with bowels in him at all, had his foot on an electric wire which communicated with the regiment and with every man in the regiment, and that each man was a mere automaton, not moved by the word of command, but by their colonel's foot on the concealed wire in the ground. And what I admired most of all was the absolute rigidity of accuracy that was preserved in the minutest detail.

The tendency of a Republican country like this is to despise accuracy which does not bear fruit right away. But the accuracy in military affairs which appears good to outsiders is really the means to an end. It is the evidence of that discipline which in time of danger may be found to have no other stable reliance than by that consuetude which rigorous drill and practice, the intuition of discipline, carries with it. Discipline becomes second nature to a soldier—almost first nature. The weak point of all volunteer, improvised forces is, that they have not that amount of discipline that becomes engrafted into the very nature of the old soldier. But those men seemed yesterday to have been that way so long that what they did was not the result of thoughtfulness, it was not the result of a first rehearsal or a second rehearsal, but the performance of a thing by rote. And they had come to that perfection as naturally as the taking of a cocktail. All this seems to come out of an infinite capacity for taking pains in these Connecticut people.

It seemed to me that comparing—for I didn't like to contrast—but comparing what I saw, that your South Carolina people were deficient in comparison with those Connecticut troops in mechanical accuracy. They looked well, and all the world knows that they are good fighting-men, but they had not got that punctilious accuracy in keeping step and in the manual which brings confidence to a general in a larger manœuvre. In other words, their discipline was not so good. Their rudimentary discipline was deficient. I don't know but that, if the Connecticut men and the South Carolina men were put in opposition to each other, in the first battle it might be quite possible to imagine that the Carolinians would win, but when they came to fight a series of battles you would find that discipline, regularity, method, and cohesion will ultimately tell, everything else being equal, as I take it to be.

I take it for granted that the two classes of men are about equal as to what they may call inherent valor, and estimating them to be so, it is only a self-evident proposition that an organization like this Connecticut regiment would ultimately be victorious over troops lacking their discipline. My sympathies are with the South, but my military sympathies are with those people who come nearest to what I consider perfection. The Connecticut regiment yesterday truly astonished me. The South has the right kind of material. All she wants is to try and remedy their deficiency in drill. Your troops have had the opportunity of seeing to what perfection drill could be carried, but I am satisfied that you will hardly get much nearer perfection than those men exhibited yesterday.

Speaking editorially of the same matter, "The News and Courier" said:

In considering the high state of efficiency to which the First Regiment of Connecticut National Guard and the Second Company of Governor's Guard, New Haven, have been brought, the fact must not be lost sight of that the State of Connecticut, to a greater extent than any other State in the Union, pays special attention to her militia, and has in force a militia law which seems to an outsider to be perfect, and which is said by the military men of the State to work like a charm.

The First Regiment was selected by the Legislature to go to Yorktown on account of its efficiency and past record, and, without being able to speak of the efficiency of the other regiments, it is safe to say that the people of Charleston have never before entertained so fine a body of well-drilled citizen soldiery. It is only unfortunate that the whole of the South Carolina Legislature cannot be present and see this regiment. If they did they might be induced to give to South Carolina such legislation as would secure a similar efficiency among our State troops. Aside from the interest taken by the State, the men themselves take great interest in their regiments, and give both time and money towards securing a high state of efficiency.

TUESDAY, CONTINUED.

"Hail Columbia."

As before stated, our train, or trains, consisted of fourteen cars, the rear car of the second train being headquarters, occupied by Col. Barbour and most of his staff, Maj. Goodrich, and the handful of guests; Lieut.-Col. Cone, Quartermaster Cheney, and a few other officers, being with the first section.

The headquarters car was a sort of Superintendent's or Paymaster's car, with settees around the sides, not as comfortable as those occupied by the rest, excepting in the matter of having more elbow-room.

There were in the two sections ten passenger cars, one for each company, and one for the band with instruments, leaving a little extra room for overflow from the rest of the train; there were also three cars for baggage, stores, and a somewhat cramped space for Capt. Sluyter and assistants.

Efforts had been made in Charleston to obtain stoves and utensils for making coffee on the train, but it was impossible to do so, therefore it was reluctantly given up; there was an ample supply of cold meats, hard tack, pickles, sandwiches, etc., and ginger ale, bottled soda, etc., for those who wished to purchase them; in short everything possible had been done in a city which had been pretty well drained of eatables by the soldiers and the crowds, to provide food for our subsistence, with a feeling on the part of the officers that, no matter what was provided, there would be plenty of grumblers among so many.

Quite a number took the precaution to "lay in" baskets and boxes of goodies at the hotel, for an emergency, and very glad they were afterward that they had done so. Thus much for the eating department.

The cars as a whole were exceedingly pleasant and comfortable, finely upholstered, and as easy as any cars on any road, one or two however being in poor condition, causing us trouble later on.

Co. D were assigned to a car which proved to have a history, the car used by Gen. Thomas while "going through" the Southern States; it is iron-plated throughout, bullet-proof, and was used as head-quarters car, while moving about in places where a stray bullet might hurt some body.

The run on the South Carolina road was a rapid one, our trains having the right of way between Charleston and Columbia; we passed Summerville at 12 M. without stopping, although a large crowd had gathered to see us.

SUMMERVILLE, October 25th.

The two passenger sections bearing the Connecticut contingent passed here promptly on schedule time at 12 o'clock. An impromptu ovation had been gotten up by the young ladies, who had prepared a handsome and elaborate floral offering for the Governor and the officers of the "Famous First." The customary ceremonies, speeches, etc., were, however, prevented by the fact that the trains did not stop, as was anticipated. The tribute from the ladies was sent in on the fly by an acrobatic performance of the ticket agent. The wreaths and mementoes were of exquisite design, the one to Governor Bigelow being tastefully and beautifully arranged. The souvenirs addressed to the staff officers were prepared with similar taste and grace.

The transit of the regiment was the event of the day, the fluttering public having been on the *qui vive* of excitement the whole morning, and sitting on the safety-valves of their patriotism and curiosity. As a failure to see and be seen the little occasion was eminently successful. It is to be hoped that the effort to keep pace with the general good feeling will nevertheless be duly appreciated.

When the members read the above, a sort of far-away look ran through the ranks, and a feeling of sadness prevailed, for the reason that they had not been permitted to pay their respects to the ladies; 'twas too bad. Young ladies, undoubt-

edly, and the regiment composed of young men; too bad, colonel, too bad.

At Branchville, the junction of several railroads, a short stop was made, and one company at least had a feast of ginger pigs, 4 for 5 cents (this is a peculiarity of Branchville, as southern travelers are aware).

At Orangeburg a crowd of about two hundred had assembled, but we did not stop, so they contented themselves with sending after us some hearty cheers

Soon after leaving this place the second section had a tedious delay of nearly an hour, caused by a hot box on one of the afore-mentioned old cars, but while the box was being re-packed and the wheel cooled off the soldiers improved the time by gathering large supplies of cotton bolls to bring home, as we were not far distant from cotton fields.

Lunch was served on the train, and as we had been making good time all hands felt that they were having one, although remarkably quiet, being glad to rest awhile after the festivities of the two days in Charleston.

It was well along towards sundown when we approached Columbia, where we expected a stop of half an hour to change to the C. C. & A. R. R., and hoped to see something of this celebrated city, the capital of the State. Suddenly our ears were saluted with the roar of cannon, which somewhat startled us, but on looking forward we discovered a dense crowd gathered about the station, while at a short distance a salute was being fired with guns pointed from us. As will appear by the extracts from the Columbia papers, which I will insert in this story, the citizens of Columbia had made arrangements to give us a fine reception, in case we could be induced to remain a few hours as guests of the city, but receiving a dispatch from the mayor of Charleston, stating that we should only pass through the city, they contented themselves with gathering at the depot and parading the Flying Artillery to give us the honor of a salute. How they were disappointed, and we made a long stay, will be told in their own words.

When the first section arrived, under command of Lt.-Col. Cone, amid the thunder of artillery, the crowd at the station gave hearty cheers for the Yankee troops, and they were welcomed by Capt. Richbourg for the military, and Mayor O'Neale in behalf of the city, when it being ascertained that the second train was delayed so that it would not arrive for an hour, hurried preparations were made to entertain the visitors.

Carriages were provided for the officers of the regiment, who had a pleasant drive about the city and a collation at the City Hall, the soldiers meanwhile being allowed to walk about and see the many interesting sights.

At about 6 o'clock the second train arrived, and Col. Barbour was prevailed upon to form his command and allow the people to view the regiment as a whole. Attorney-General Youmans, upon being introduced to Col. Barbour, presented him with an elegant bouquet in the form of the letter C, having in the centre a cotton pod, a cotton bloom, and ball of lint, given as a testimonial from Columbia to Connecticut; it was a very happy conception, and was greatly admired and prized by the recipient, who in a few words expressed his thanks. And please bear in mind that this was in Columbia, called before the war the "hot-bed of Secession," where the North was hated with intense hate, where thousands of Union soldiers were imprisoned, and the city burned when Sherman's army approached, nearly every building being destroyed; but, thank God, all this sectional hate has passed away, and the soldiers of the two old Continental States could clasp hands in sworn friendship.

The various companies were soon in line, and, escorted by a detachment of Columbia troops, marched across the city, through the principal streets to the other station, attracting much attention, although the lateness of the hour prevented a good view of the passing troops; the playing of Colt's Band, however, was much admired, as it had been everywhere on the trip, and when, just in front of the old Hampton place, they struck up "Dixie," the music was completely drowned in the cheers of the spectators.

The regiment stacked arms in Blanding street, and waited —how long? only three hours or so, for though one-half hour was sufficient to make the transfer, yet, the two roads not being on the best of terms, we had a vexatious delay. A few who didn't care to march were treated to a carriage-drive and a collation at the City Hall, but it being dark by this time, we had but little opportunity to see the city. Very few, if any, cities suffered during the war more than did Columbia, and it is still suffering from its effects, not yet being rebuilt, and we were informed that it is too poor to afford to have the streets lighted; but, with a new generation growing up, it will yet be prosperous.

Major Goodrich and myself enjoyed a great treat, for while riding past the Baptist church, just being lighted for evening service, the courteous gentleman, Dr. T. T. Moore, who accompanied us, stopped the carriage, and took us inside the building, saying "Gentlemen, you are now standing on the spot where the first ordinance of Secession was passed," which proved to be the fact, and he gave us many interesting facts also about the early days of the rebellion, which I will not relate here.

The population of Columbia is about 12,000, of whom probably two-thirds are colored.

The members of the regiment skirmished around for eatables, hired the "darkies," who were standing around open-mouthed, to sing and dance, and managed to survive the long delay; but it was exceedingly wearisome.

At last came the welcome order to fall in, and we hoped to start at once, but even after we had been assured that the train would start in five minutes we waited about three-fourths of an hour; but in the headquarters car we enjoyed quite a treat, for about a half-dozen "darkies" who had been singing for the boys climbed on the platform of the car, and sang as only plantation negroes can sing; anything and everything we asked for, they knew. We gave them money, more than they had seen very likely for many weeks. Each of our party asked for a song, which was sung. Bye-and-bye,

Chaplain Cooper called for a particular song, one of the old revival melodies. "Can you sing it, boys?" "Oh! yes, sah." So the leader, who had asked permission to "jess step his foot inside, sah," sang one line, hesitated, and tried again, he had forgotten the words; he scratched his head a moment, and then turned with a comical look to the chaplain, and in an indescribable tone of voice said, "D—d if I ain't done gone forgot it."

The roars of laughter which greeted this unlooked-for explanation lasted for some time, and astonished the aforesaid leader, who maybe would have turned pale, had he known who he had been speaking to.

The Historian called in his turn for "Gwine back to Dixie," which was sung in a very pathetic and touching manner.

After awhile we fairly got under way, but it was with difficulty that we induced our singers to jump from the train; they evidently had a liking for us Yanks.

Concerning our departure, I quote from the "Columbia Register:"

> The band played a lively air, the crowd rent the air with shouts and the train rattled off for Charlotte, bearing as gallant and gentlemanly a regiment of soldiers as ever trod the soil of South Carolina.

This occurred at about 9.30 P. M., and as we had no sleeping-cars and were exceeding wearied, all hands made themselves as comfortable as possible in the car-seats, and slept the sleep of the sleepy; but, notwithstanding our wearisome delay, were very glad we had given the citizens of Columbia an opportunity to see a sample of Northern troops.

From the very excellent reports in the Columbia papers, and in order to show the fraternal feeling and good will manifested, I quote:

From the "Register," October 25th.

CONNECTICUT IN COLUMBIA.

THE CRACK MILITARY REGIMENT OF THE NUTMEG STATE TO MAKE A FLYING INVASION OF THE PALMETTO STATE'S CAPITAL TO-DAY—LET COLUMBIA GIVE THE BOYS IN BLUE A FITTING RECEPTION.

Last night a dispatch was received from Charleston stating that a special train would leave that city for Columbia at 8 o'clock this morning, containing the Connecticut regiment. This train will reach Columbia to-day at 12.30 o'clock. The transfer of baggage, etc., from the South Carolina railroad to the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta railroad will require a considerable time, during which the people of Columbia will have an opportunity of tendering the traveling soldiers a hearty welcome. It is not yet known how long a stay they can make in Columbia, but they will probably, if pressed to do so, spend three or four hours here. Owing to the lateness of the hour at which the news of their coming reached Columbia, no definite programme could be arranged last night. It is known, however, that the four military companies will go in full uniform to the depot to escort the visitors through the city. Upon the arrival of the train salvos of cannon will be fired by the Columbia Flying Artillery. The Mayor and Aldermen in a body will probably greet the distinguished guests from the "Nutmeg State," and the South Carolina officials will doubtless be on hand to take a part in the ceremonies. Last night, as soon as the news was received, the telephones were brought into requisition in spreading it over the city. A number of prominent citizens were waited upon, and they were enthusiastic over the prospect of meeting the Connecticut military, of whom they had heard so much, and it was generally agreed that it would be the proper thing to spread a collation for the troops and invite them to spend as much time as possible in Columbia. Never before in times of peace has a Connecticut regiment trodden South Carolina soil, and when it enters the capital of the Palmetto State during this era of amity it should be made to feel the warmth of our hospitality. Let, therefore, the whole city of Columbia—men, women, and children—don their festal habiliments and greet these distinguished citizen soldiery and make them realize that

their passage through Columbia is hailed with sentiments of the utmost kindness and good will and with feelings of universal delight. Give the boys of the Nutmeg State a cordial reception.

From the "Register," October 26th.

THE VISIT OF THE FIRST CONNECTICUT.

The city officials, the military commands, and the citizens generally were taken by surprise yesterday, and no proper reception was therefore given to the splendid regiment of Connecticut troops which marched through our streets. It was contemplated to have received the regiment with real Carolina hospitality, so that Charleston should not be alone remembered by the New England boys; but the news received made our citizens confident that we would not have the pleasure of greeting the homeward bound military.

The city council, anxious to extend every hospitality, held a meeting at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and telegraphed to Mayor Courtenay of Charleston, requesting information as to the movements of the Connecticut boys. No answer having been received up to 11.30 A. M., the council reconvened at that hour to deliberate upon what further steps to take, and at 12.30 P. M. a dispatch was received from the Mayor of Charleston, stating that he thought the regiment would not stop in Columbia, but would merely change cars. At about the same time a dispatch was received by a citizen from another source conveying the information that Governor Bigelow and staff had gone to Augusta, and that the regiment would pass directly through Columbia.

With this information all steps towards a reception came to an end, as it was considered certain the troops would change cars at the Junction.

A detachment from the Richland Volunteer Rifle Company and one from the Columbia Flying Artillery, however, repaired to the railroad to greet the Connecticut troops, and a number of civilians also went for a like purpose. Upon getting there it was ascertained that the troops would stop here, but it was too late to perfect any arrangements for a collation, and those who became aware of the circumstances did the best they could to let the visitors see that a warm welcome would have awaited them had it been known that they were coming. The officers were ridden

around by the citizens and a great many went to the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta railroad depot to see them off and be with them at least.

The regiment marched through the city at a little after 6 o'clock, presenting a magnificent appearance, notwithstanding the fatigue of their long journey and the Yorktown hardships.

The Columbia military companies had been ordered out early in the morning, but the order was afterwards countermanded, and the boys and their officers looked awfully chopfallen when it was found that it was impossible to get out.

COLUMBIA TO CONNECTICUT.

HER WELCOME TO THE GALLANT MILITIA OF THE NUTMEG STATE —AN IMPROMPTU RECEPTION—THE MINGLING OF THE BLUE AND THE GRAY—FAREWELL TO SOUTH CAROLINA—ROSTER OF THE OFFICERS.

Yesterday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, the first train from Charleston reached Columbia with half of the Connecticut regiment. One hour later the second train arrived bringing the other half. Nearly two hours before the arrival of the first train crowds had assembled at the depot, expecting that the train would arrive at 3.30 o'clock, as was announced in a private dispatch from the Mayor of Charleston. As soon as the smoke of the locomotive became visible in the distance the Columbia Flying Artillery, who had assembled in full uniform in the open space near the railway platform, began firing salutes, and the cannon continued to roar till the train came to a full stop. Then the crowds along the platform gave cheer after cheer for the traveling soldiers. It was thought that only a stay of a few minutes would be made, for it had been stated in all the telegrams from Charleston that the regiment would not stop at Columbia, but go through to Charlotte. The soldiers who rode on the first train left the coaches and filed into line. Never was a finer body of soldiers seen in Columbia. The magnificent band which accompanied them played a few selections while the baggage was transferred from the cars of the South Carolina railroad to those of the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta railroad.

The music was very much enjoyed by the throng of listeners. When it was announced that a second train was coming and would not arrive for an hour, it was suggested by Mayor O'Neale, Colonel Pearce, and others, that the officers of the regiment be shown some public attention by the officers of the city. Captain Richbourg with his men, who had come down in full uniform to welcome the visitors, were soon among the Connecticut soldiers, making friends with them. Then followed introductions and pleasant chats. In the meantime preparations had been hurriedly made to entertain the officers in the City Council Chamber. A number of prominent citizens of Columbia, including the Mayor and Aldermen and the State officials, were present. Carriages were provided by these gentlemen, who took charge of the officers of the regiment and distinguished civilians accompanying the troops, and they were driven through some of the principal streets of the city. The visitors were delighted with the beauties of Columbia, and expressed themselves in enthusiastic terms concerning the attractions of the city. They were taken to the summit of Taylor's Hill, where they had a most beautiful view of Columbia and the surrounding country. Then they were driven to the City Hall, where they were entertained for half an hour. The jovial, pleasant conversation, amid the popping of champagne corks, rendered the occasion one of real enjoyment to both the visitors and their hosts.

About this time the second train reached Columbia, bringing the rest of the troops and the Colonel and several other officers. These were taken in charge by a committee of citizens, who treated them in the same way in which their brother officers had been treated an hour before. After returning to the depot, where all the companies were drawn up in line, it was decided by the Colonel that, instead of riding around the city, the whole regiment should march from one depot to the other. Consequently, a few minutes later, preceded by the band, the whole command marched up Gervais street to the State House, then up Main street to Blanding, and out of that street to the depot of the Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta railroad, where it was expected that the trains would be in waiting to convey them on to Charlotte, without further delay. The pavements were crowded with men, women, and children, both white and black, who cheered the soldiers as they marched along. When just in front of the old Hampton place,

in Blanding street, the band struck up "Dixie." The music was almost drowned by the loud cheers which the tune elicited. The soldiers continued their tramp until the railroad was reached. They then disbanded and stacked their arms along Blanding street. It was expected that the train which was to bear them homeward would be ready in a few minutes, but, on account of some misunderstanding on the part of the railway employees who had the train in charge, a vexatious delay of nearly three hours was occasioned. This caused great inconvenience to the soldiers, who were hungry and tired. They had to wait out in the damp, dark streets, without food, until the train was ready to start, when they re-entered the coaches. While the band played a lively air and the crowd rent the air with shouts, the train rattled off for Charlotte, bearing as gallant and gentlemanly a regiment of soldiers as ever trod the soil of South Carolina.

One of the most interesting features of the occasion was the presentation at the South Carolina railroad depot by the Richland Volunteers of a handsome wreath of flowers, the handiwork of a Columbia lady, to the Connecticut Regiment. The presentation was made by Attorney-General Youmans, in his well-known felicitous style, in which he gave utterance to patriotic thoughts which stirred the hearts of all who heard him, and which called forth an outburst of hearty applause.

Colonel Barbour, commanding the regiment, in receiving the wreath, responded in an exceedingly happy manner, and directed that it should be placed on the staff bearing the regimental flag.

The Connecticut troops are as well disciplined and as thoroughly drilled as the best trained regulars. They march with the precision of veterans.

It is safe to say that Columbia was never more agreeably surprised than yesterday.

All of which praise, coming from such a source, is very gratifying, and certainly sounds better than the comments in the Southern papers regarding the conduct of the Ninth Massachusetts in Richmond.

The leading citizens of Columbia have the hearty thanks of the entire Connecticut party for their kind attentions, as well as intentions, and their hospitality, shown to us at a time when they had supposed we should merely pass through the

city, was sincere and unbounded. We hope we may have an opportunity at some future time to reciprocate.

The Historian endeavored to obtain the names of those who paid us so much attention and endeavored to make our stay pleasant, and, at the risk of omitting some who, perhaps, should have a place in the list, will mention those obtained, asking pardon for any omissions:

Mayor Richard O'Neil,
Col. Samuel A. Pearce,
Col. J. R. Abney,
Dr. T. T. Moore,
Col. McMasters,
Col. Thomas Dodamede,
Col. J. R. Pope,
Capt. C. J. Iredell,
Capt. J. Q. Marshall,
Capt. J. N. Richbourg,
Nathaniel Barnwell.

We were also under obligations to Mr. Orchard and others, of the Columbia "Press," and felt very sorry that we were unable, during the tedious hours of waiting, to have done more for the enjoyment of the good people, or to have been enabled to visit places of interest in and about the city, of which we had heard so much.

But the darkness and uncertainty of the hour of our departure rendered these things impossible. Columbia! Good-bye!

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26TH.

"Dinna ye hear the Slow-gan."

We passed through Charlotte, North Carolina, very early, without stopping except to change cars, and without an opportunity of seeing anything of Charlotte. The fates were certainly against us, for we had been unable to stop and make the acquaintance of the ladies of Summerville, and now there was no opportunity to see Charlotte; at any rate, the hour was so early in all probability she was not up. Poor Charlotte! and she, too, had no chance to see us.

Breakfast was served through the cars as well as the limited accommodations allowed, but we had an ample supply of hard-tack and cold meats, and some of the men obtained cheese and pickles in addition. Many of the men clamored for coffee, and the more they couldn't get it the more they wanted it, and no explanation seemed to satisfy some of them. About the middle of the forenoon we reached Salisbury, and, it having been stated by some one that we should make a long stop here, a large number went ashore and made some purchases; others went to a hotel near by and made applications of water to their skin, on the outside, in order that they might not forget the operation.

This is a place of considerable interest, many Union prisoners having been confined in Salisbury prison during the war. The building was pointed out, standing some distance away. Suddenly, while the soldiers were scattered about the station and the portion of the town near by, came "all aboard!" the whistle tooted, the bell rang, and stragglers came tumbling aboard pretty lively.

Shortly after the train got in motion the discovery was made that two of Company K were left behind; having been informed that there was plenty of time, the members of that

wide-awake company made a collection of several dollars and deputized two of their number to skirmish around for supplies, and the result was that they got left.

Not deeming it best to be personal, I will not state their names, merely mentioning that the (Scar) borough of Salisbury had a larger stock of Candee that day than usual.

Efforts had been made here to obtain a supply of coffee, but, notwithstanding there is a junction of several railroads, we could not get it; therefore Quartermaster Cheney telegraphed ahead to Greensboro for enough hot coffee for six hundred men to be ready upon the arrival of the train; having been assured that we could get any amount and anything else we might wish for, and it being known through the regiment, the men felt better.

At Thomasville we stopped for a few moments, when we were treated to a pig-race, the piggest thing thus far on the trip. A few of the soldiers were allowed to leave the train, when, catching sight of a little black pig in a litter that were grunting about a little cabin near by, two or three men tried to catch him, but, not succeeding, reinforcements came, until about a score were endeavoring to capture the smart and active little porker, who fought and dodged bravely until, wearied out, he was captured and brought on board the train in triumph. The owner was reimbursed for the animal, and piggie was brought home safely, having become quite a pet.

We reached Greensboro at noon, and at last we should have the long-wished-for coffee; but we were fast learning that the people down on the lines of railroads in the South do not know how to do things as we do in the North, and here was an instance, for, after several hours' notice, they had—how much do you suppose? Why eight (8) gallons of coffee ready for six hundred men,—about a half-tablespoonful for each, instead of one hundred gallons, as was expected, the excuse being from the keeper of the eating-house that he had nothing large enough there to make more at one time.

The question arose as to whether we should wait for coffee or not. It was decided to let the men have what they had

so long been deprived of; therefore coffee-making began very actively, with Capt. Sluyter to assist. The Historian having ascertained accidentally that a five-minutes' walk would take him to the McAdoo House, a fine hotel, induced the member of the New Haven "Press" to assist him, and managed by means of a little trickery to get Col. Barbour up to said hotel, and we three sat down to an excellent dinner, and well served.

In justice to Col. Barbour I will say that he was suffering from a severe headache, and at first refused to leave the station, to do anything, or have anything different from the rest, but the Historian felt himself justified in taking the course he did, and will gladly bear the blame. (P. S. 'Twas a blamed good dinner, with plenty of coffee, and cured the Colonel's headache.)

We waited a couple of hours, until the men got their coffee, and gladly departed, but luckily, just before the train got under weigh, the two missing members, who had got left at Salisbury, arrived on a freight-train. I was not informed whether they obtained the supplies they went after, or whether in case they did not they returned the large amount of money placed in their hands. They obtained permission to ride as freight, just as one of the Salisbury military, who had hastily donned his uniform, arrived at the depot to tender the hospitalities of the soldiers to them, a very kind and thoughtful act. (No boys, you are mistaken, it wasn't the Sheriff.)

Greensboro is the county town, and said to be exceedingly pleasant, west of the depot, and it was interesting to know that we were not the first to wait in this place. Jefferson Davis and cabinet, while trying to escape from the Southern Confederacy, after the surrender of Lee, waited here for a long time while endeavoring to ascertain the best route to follow in order to escape Sherman's army. He took the same route going South that we had been following coming North.

Many historical facts might be mentioned in connection with Greensboro, but space will not permit; five miles distant

the memorable battle of Guilford Court House was fought during the Revolution, and the surrender of Johnston's army to Sherman, in the last days of our late war, took place about sixteen miles distant.

All along from Charlotte we had been on historic ground, and from this point, as we should approach Washington, we were to go over the ground so often occupied by both armies, and the scenes of many bloody conflicts.

Just along here, however, and until we should arrive at Danville, the country was not often visited by the Union soldiers, excepting as they were on their way to Salisbury prison —until the last year of the war.

We were much interested in seeing the country, but it was very different from New England, and the villages far inferior to those of the North ; there was a look of poverty about the land, the houses, and the people ; and especially in the matter of railroading there was a want of enterprise and push. The rolling-stock was excellent, but they needed a *Superintendent Davidson* to manage affairs, in which case somebody would know, when we stopped at a station, whether the train would wait five minutes or five hours.

At Reidville something remarkable occurred; we saw two very pretty young ladies, and at Pelham, and other small places,—for we stopped often—we saw crowds of wondering negroes, and we wondered how and where they lived. The cry still being for coffee, Quartermaster Cheney telegraphed to Danville Junction for coffee and sandwiches to be in readiness for us all. We arrived at this important station about dark, and found, as we had done all the way, that owing to lack of management, or for other reasons, preparations had not been made, as expected.

Here we were obliged to wait for two hours before all could be served, and all the while the proprietor of the hotel and eating-house, as well as the servants and employees, acted as though in fear of Yankee troops, for the conduct of the Ninth Massachusetts at Richmond had been so bad they evidently looked with suspicion upon the First Connecticut, and it was

not strange that they should do so ; but when they beheld a line of several hundred soldiers, in post-office fashion, patiently waiting for rations, and good-naturedly singing "Sweet Bye and Bye," "Shall we meet beyond the River," and other songs, they evidently thought better of the crowd, and before we left the proprietor and the bar-keeper both apologized for their actions, saying that they had never seen a better-behaved body of troops ; they also stated that very frequently soldiers would make a raid on the eating-saloon or bar, and carry off articles without payment, but in our case everything bought had been honestly paid for, all of which was very gratifying to the officers. Adj't Williams, assisted by Capt. Sluyter, bossed the coffee-making.

Danville Junction was a very important point during the war, and the roads centering here were strongly guarded, for they were the feeders for Lee's army, and here were great store-houses of supplies. I very much doubt, however, their capability as feeders in comparison with the First Connecticut when a good opportunity came, an experience they were unable to undergo to their full satisfaction between Charleston and Washington.

We could see earthworks and strong fortifications still standing on the hills near by, showing that every precaution had been taken to prevent capture or surprise.

We finally got away at 9 P.M., the train consisting of thirteen cars with one locomotive, instead of two as expected ; we were then due at Washington, and we had only just crossed the Virginia and North Carolina line with the whole width of Virginia to pass over,—it looked dubious. Another night to be spent on the hard car seats, although a few had mattresses which they had bought for the trip, and probably did not regret it ; the greater part, however, must content themselves with their overcoats and military cloaks for coverings, carpet-bags for pillows, and good consciences for night-caps.

We had got along very comfortably thus far, owing to the mild temperature, but after leaving Danville it was noticed

that the temperature was decidedly lower, and several complained of cold.

We hoped to awake in the morning and find ourselves at or near Washington, in which case we could have nearly all day in which to visit places of interest and see the sights, but the best-laid plans of soldier men "gang aft aglee," etc.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27TH.

"On to Washington!"

About 5 o'clock this, Thursday morning, the Historian awoke, feeling like the "Turk in his guarded tent," only decidedly colder, and noticing, firstly, that the car was motionless, and secondly, that all the others in the headquarters car were asleep, went out on the car platform, to take bearings and soundings. The first object to attract my attention was a thick darkness; the next, a train hand holding a lantern. I addressed him: "Where are we?" He answered, "Lynchburg." "How far from Danville?" "Sixty-six miles." Good gracious! What traveling! Sixty-six miles in eight hours. "Any chance for us to obtain another engine here?" "What's the matter? Isn't your engineer good enough?" I quietly remarked, "I didn't say 'engineer,' you son of a gun! I said 'engine *here*.' *Locomotive!* Machine with a tender behind! The thing which draws cars down in Virginia at the rate of eight miles an hour. Do you catch on?" He looked frightened, and said, "Don't know." "How soon shall we start?" "Don't know." "Where's the conductor?" "Don't know." "Where's the telegraph office?" A look of intelligence came into and over his countenance, and pointing up the track he said: "Up there where the light is." I started toward the light, through the damp mist (no dry mist down there), tumbled over two or three railroad trucks, barked both shins (if the reader doubts it, I can show the shins), stepped into a ditch, and rolled partly down an embankment, but succeeded in reaching the telegraph office at the station, where I found an operator, and forwarded a dispatch as follows:

Hon. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY,

Washington, D. C.:

At Lynchburg, 5 A. M., sixty-six miles in eight hours. Thirteen cars and one locomotive. Can you help us?

J. G. RATHBUN.

Several hours later, at a station up the road, I received the following in reply:

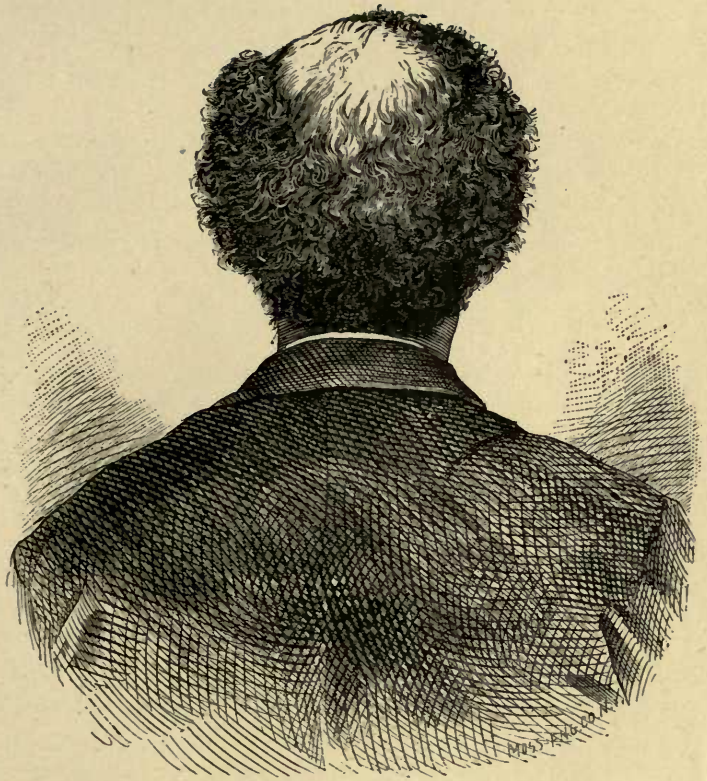
J. G. RATHBUN, First Conn. Regt.:

Have done all I could. You ought to have come one by one.

J. R. HAWLEY.

But in some way the railroad officials became alarmed at the warlike appearance and actions of the Historian, and possibly fearing that Joe Hawley would come down and give them a piece of his mind, managed in some way to obtain an additional engine, and we again moved, in two sections. Our train had been lightened during the night, by attaching two cars of our train to the night express for Washington, and we hoped to make faster time. The two cars were occupied by Cos. B and D, but the change had been made so quietly that very few knew anything about it; the Colonel was not apprised of the fact until several hours later, when he inquired: "What companies have gone?" The Adjutant replied, "B and D." "All right," said Col. B.; "I'll trust Moran and Bennett to keep the men straight in Washington." We learned, also, that a couple of soldiers who had accidentally been left at Charleston had also passed us on the express, so that if it should be our good luck to reach Washington the First Regiment would once more be "present or accounted for."

And so we went forward at a moderate speed, stopping often, frequently, over and near the scenes of many struggles, until we arrived at Charlottesville, where we stopped for lunch about the middle of the forenoon, lunch being served while at a stand-still, it being difficult to distribute it quickly and satisfactorily while in motion, especially as the provisions were in the forward train. Charlottesville appeared to be a pretty town, more like a New England place than any we had seen; the houses and grounds neat and inviting, while at a distance the view was charming. We were within sight of Monticello, the home of Jefferson, situated on the mountain, about two miles away.



THE HISTORIAN.

(By Request.)

FOR FRONT VIEW, SEE OTHER SIDE.

From this point we sped on through many towns whose names were so familiar during the war—Gordonsville, Orange, Culpepper, Bristoe Station, Warrenton Junction, Manassas, the scene of the bloody Bull Run fight, where some on our train had their first taste of war, and where some lines of earthworks still remain; up through Fairfax, Alexandria, across the Long Bridge, into Washington, where we arrived in two sections, the last at about 4 o'clock P. M.; found that Cos. B and D had arrived in the forenoon, and that all day we had been hourly expected, but that nothing positive could be learned as to our whereabouts.

Gen. Hawley, who had anxiously watched for us for twenty-four hours, was apprised at once of our arrival, he being in his seat in the Senate, and met us at the depot, as did also a committee from the Washington Light Infantry, headed by Col. William G. Moore.

As soon as the regiment could be formed, we marched, with Gen. Hawley and other Connecticut men at the head, to the spacious armory of the Light Infantry, where knapsacks were unslung, considerable brushing done, and about 5 P. M., under escort of a detachment of the Washington Light Infantry in full uniform, we marched down Pennsylvania avenue, and up to the Arlington, where Gen. Sherman stood in readiness to review the troops, which story I will relate in the words of Gen. Hawley.

Upon our return to the armory, it being then dark, the men were dismissed, to meet again at the armory at 9.30, in readiness to march to the special train, the Colonel making his headquarters at the St. James Hotel. There were many callers from Connecticut men who reside in Washington, as well as from Senator Platt and other Members of Congress. Doubtless many more would have welcomed us, had it been known that the regiment had arrived, but as it had been expected for twenty-four hours, and finally the announcement made that there would be no stop, in addition to which the lateness in the day when we paraded, after the departments were closed, prevented the reception by our immediate

friends which would have been tendered us had we arrived in the forenoon.

It was a great disappointment to many, in fact, nearly all; for a day in Washington, at that season, would have been delightful; and as we had been pretty well advertised at Yorktown and Charleston the "crack" regiment would have been handsomely welcomed.

The Washington Light Infantry, *the* most noted military company in Washington, had been under orders upwards of twenty-four hours, waiting for us, and when finally we did appear a full company could not be brought together to escort us. They did the handsome thing by us, and for their kind courtesies and hospitalities the Connecticut boys felt very grateful.

The members as soon as dismissed struck bee lines for hotels and restaurants, and enjoyed again the luxury of sitting down to a "good square feed," after which the barber shops did a lively trade, and then a short time was devoted to getting a glimpse of the great city by electric and gas-light; our parade as before stated was made just at dusk, and it certainly appeared to be our fate to show ourselves after daylight; our first grand parade, after embarking on the steamer, was made late at night in the cabin, under the lead of the Poet; at Columbia we paraded just at dark, at Danville Junction we paraded just after sundown, in single file to receive rations, at Lynchburg the Historian had deployed as a skirmisher, before daylight, starting out as a pale-face and after numerous tumbles returning as a red-skin; and now again we had paraded just at dusk instead of sunlight, but 'twas all right, we should arrive home by daylight and make up for all our disappointments.

Our indefatigable Quartermaster had made arrangements for transportation, via Pennsylvania railroad to Jersey City, thence by transfer steamer Maryland to Harlem Junction, and had also telegraphed to Harlem for ten cars to be in readiness upon our arrival. Everything possible had been done to make the rest of our trip a quick and pleasant one,

and we all felt that a glad welcome awaited us at home. Notwithstanding the fact that we had already been away one day longer than expected, we felt that we had been fully repaid; the ride from Charleston to Washington had been long and tiresome, and the railroading pretty slow, but now we had reached the Northern States, and the ride to New York would be a rapid one, but liable to detentions: only let us reach the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, and we'll see what railroad travel is, you bet!

This was about as the majority felt and spoke, and we saw no reason, barring accidents, why the regiment should not reach Hartford in ample time to make a street parade, for we had heard that great preparations were being made to receive us, after which we could have a few hours in which to rehearse the details of the excursion, get well rested, and be in good trim for the daily routine of business.

At 10 o'clock, we were on our way from the armory of the W. L. I., escorted by a large delegation of Connecticut men, including officials, clerks in the departments, etc., etc., who had found many friends in the regiment, and had deeply regretted the delay in reaching the city and the lost opportunity to "show them up."

Good-byes were said, cheers exchanged, the companies took possession of the cars assigned to each, and about 10.30 we left the National Capital, after a very pleasant visit.

The night was decidedly cool, and those who were not supplied with blankets or thick coverings slept rather chilly, and laid the foundations of numerous colds, which appeared in due time. The Historian desires right here, to thank Capt. Woodbridge, I. T. P., for that cloak thrown over his shivering form, early in the morning.

Quartermaster Cheney was in excellent spirits, for everything seemed to be going along smoothly, and the great strain and anxiety consequent upon his position relaxed considerably, or it might be said in the words of the immortal Wm. S., "Richard was (or soon would be) himself again."

Senator Hawley forwarded the following to his paper.

[Special dispatch to "The Courant."]

WASHINGTON, October 27th.

After its numerous vexatious delays the First Connecticut regiment arrived to-day in sections, two companies coming at 9.30 A.M., the others at 3 and 4.15 P.M. A committee of the admirable Washington Light Infantry met them and led them to a spacious armory where the First laid aside their knapsacks. The infantry escorted the First and the column formed about 5 o'clock and marched in splendid style from the armory between Third and Fourth streets, down the avenue and up to the Arlington, where General Sherman in full uniform stood to review them. The battalion halted on the way up, formed in line, saluted the general, and exhibited a beautiful precision in the manual of arms which brought applause from the spectators at every movement. Moving northward a block, the battalion countermarched and came down past the general in column by company with perfect solidity and the step of veterans. A vexatious jam in the street just south of the reviewing stand compelled the regiment to mark time twice just as they were passing, but this was done as accurately as all other movements, and served as well to show excellent drill. General Sherman commended them in very high terms. After their long journey from Charleston and two nights in the cars the six hours' stay here was a positive rest. The men were in fine health and spirits, and notwithstanding their mishaps have enjoyed the trip greatly. Escorted by the Light Infantry, the regiment went to their special train about 10 o'clock and left at 10.30 o'clock, after the two regular express trains, expecting to reach Jersey City by 7.30 o'clock Friday morning, and hoping to be able to secure a trip around the harbor to Harlem on the steamer Maryland, save a march through New York city, and reach home about noon. The officers speak in the highest terms of the behavior of the men. There has not been a case of insubordination or gross disorder, and for their conduct as gentlemen, as well as for their remarkable excellence as soldiers, the State has every reason to be proud of the First. The highly commendatory criticisms of Archibald Forbes were telegraphed to Cincinnati last night and published in the "Gazette" in full. J. R. H.

The Washington "Republican" had the following on the day previous to our arrival there.

A CONNECTICUT REGIMENT COMING.

The First Connecticut regiment of militia commanded by Col. L. A. Barbour, which went to Yorktown with the Governor of that State, and was conceded to be one of the finest military bodies there, proceeded thence to Charleston, S. C., upon invitation, and having been royally entertained there Sunday and Monday left that city at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning for Washington. They will be due here at 1.20 o'clock to-day, and will tarry a few hours, during which time they will parade and be reviewed by General Sherman. Senator Hawley, who in common with all citizens of "the land of steady habits," takes much pride in this crack regiment, will see that the regiment is properly received.

The visitors have been tendered the use of the armory of the Washington Light Infantry corps during their brief stay in the city.

Items like the above published in the various papers, the promises of which were not filled, misled our Washington friends to so great an extent, that some began after awhile to doubt the existence of such a body of troops, and prevented many from calling when we finally arrived.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28TH.

Hurrah for old New England!

When we awoke in the morning by the bright early sunlight, we were hurrying along at a rapid rate through a foreign country, which upon inquiry proved to be New Jersey, the land where lightning is manufactured and bottled up, where mosquitoes thrive, and where picked regiments are composed of companies from all parts of the State.

We arrived at Jersey City on time, 8 A. M., but were much saddened and grieved to hear of the sudden blow which had fallen upon the beloved commander of the regiment, who having purchased a New York morning paper noticed the sudden death of Mrs. Barnes, the mother of Mrs. Barbour, who died the day previous in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A telegram received upon our arrival at Jersey City necessitated his immediate departure for Brooklyn, consequently the command was transferred to Lt.-Col. Cone, and bidding good-bye, the colonel departed with the heartfelt sympathy of all.

After a short delay at the station, we marched on board the "Maryland," soon after which the baggage cars were run upon the boat and we were again in motion.

Breakfast was served on board, in the capacious dining-hall; oysters and hot coffee being in the greatest demand. The sail was a beautiful one, and the view of New York harbor, as well as of the city, very much enjoyed, making some amends for the disappointment of not taking the route by way of New York on our way to Yorktown.

We arrived at Harlem Junction about 10 o'clock, landed, and formed in readiness to march on board the cars, making the calculation that we should reach Hartford about 2 P. M., just the time we should wish to arrive; but no passenger cars

were in waiting, save one, on a side-track, but of course they would soon be ready for us; the Quartermaster hastened to the depot to see about it.

It was not long before a painful rumor spread like measles through the ranks, to the effect that we must wait a couple of hours for cars. Great Jehoshaphat! two hours!! and so near home? what! why!! how!!! when!!!! A look of consternation ran down the line and returned by the same route.

Upon inquiry, it was found that the telegram engaging "ten" cars, when received, read "one" car. Alas some one had blundered, the one car was there, but useless to transport 550 men, and we must wait until cars could be brought from various points, between Harlem Junction and New Haven.

The regiment was brought into line on the one spot where there was room enough, arms were stacked, knapsacks unslung, the men brought "in place rest," and each man began the delightful operation of waiting, but directly after came the order "Break ranks."

But where was the Quartermaster? he had not returned, and no tidings could be obtained of his whereabouts.

The men after awhile grew hungry again, and the last of our rations were brought out—not enough for all, so, obtaining permission, some went over the bridge into Harlem, and obtained something to eat. The hours passed, but no news as to when, where, or how soon we should get away. Col. Cone ordered the band to play—something they had not done that day—and a few lively tunes put the men into better humor. "Surgeon's Call" came next, but Assistant-Surgeon Howe and Hospital-Steward Newton soon had such a long line of lame, halt, and maimed soldiers to attend to, they prudently shut up shop.

The men after awhile began to grumble, and nobody blamed them for it, for Harlem Flats are not particularly conducive to good humor. If the reader does not believe it, why, just go down there some day, each one of you, and stand in line four hours or so.

Harlem Flats probably has its good qualities, and I don't wish to hurt its feelings, or injure it in any way before the public. It is not a particularly attractive spot for a military picnic, and yet without doubt a great many things have taken place there.

Away back during revolutionary times, the great and good George Washington, after the disastrous battle of Long Island, withdrew his troops in the night, across to this very spot and vicinity, where he could retreat to a safe place on the Hudson; but that didn't help us at all in getting transportation home.

The view from Harlem Flats is unique: toward the south, flats, steamer Maryland, and long lines of freight cars; toward the west, a muddy river, and more freight cars, with a distant view of the top of New York City; on the east, a rise of ground, with some cars used in transporting freight; and on the north, numerous railroad tracks, on which were a number of freight cars, a small depot, and in the foreground a single passenger car—our only hope, for if no more could be obtained, we could load up, one company at a time, while the other eight could push, and thus, by frequent relays, we could reach New Haven, and telegraph Davidson, who would whirl us to Hartford pretty lively.

The two hours passed—three—four—it was 2 o'clock, and things were getting rather monotonous, and where was the Quartermaster? The Adjutant, too; both were missing, and nothing had been seen of either for several hours. The Historian felt worried like, and started on a tour of observation. The depot was again visited for the third or fourth time; the little telegraph office, on which were the words "no admittance," was entered. Noticing a door, opening apparently into another room, and hearing a sound of voices talking in a low tone, the Historian entered before the operator could reach his revolver, and there, in a little seven-by-nine room, looking more benign than the room, sat the Quartermaster—weeping? Not at all. Mad? Possibly and probably, but quietly reading a newspaper, while the Adjutant was

half asleep in an easy chair. Did I denounce them? Did I in hot, bitter words, inform them as to the condition of the miserable, suffering soldiers outside? I did not, but looking them in the eye, with a mournful, pitying look, with a bitter, elixir pro-ical sort of laugh, I rushed madly out of the room, and—asked the operator a question, which he chalked instantly down as the two hundred and eleventh: "About how soon we should get away?" He told me there was one way to "git" right out where the notice of "no admittance" was. I didn't exactly understand his meaning, but stepped out to read the notice, when he locked the door—probably to keep the Quartermaster and Adjutant from following me.

Poor Dick! I didn't blame him for keeping out of sight, for after the trials and tribulations consequent upon the duties of his position, the extra labor resulting from a change of route home, and the great pains taken to perfect arrangements for our speedy journey from this point, and then to have a blunder made by a telegraph operator, obliging five hundred and fifty men, anxious to get home, to remain at such a forsaken hole as this, was a bitter disappointment.

Somebody suggested that H. F. be engraved as the coat of arms of the regiment, for at the start it was a prominent combination of letters, *H-ot F-at*; and now near the close of the trip it again sprang into prominence, *H-arlem F-lats*, and we ought not to *Sluyter* thing like that.

At last came the order "Fall in!" for the long-wished-and-waited-for cars appeared in sight behind a freight train, having been picked up at various points along the road; for the great gathering, the previous day, of Knights Templar at Hartford had scattered temporarily the rolling stock of all the roads.

It was now 2.30 P. M., and we had been detained four and one-half hours, never to be recovered, in which we might have accomplished so much. Could we have foreseen or known that we could not reach home before Friday night, we might have accepted the cordial invitation to visit Atlanta, spent one day there, and still have reached home as soon; or

if we had not been detained so long unnecessarily at Columbia, Greensboro, and Lynchburg, we might have had an entire day at Washington; and could we have known that we must wait several hours at Harlem Junction, what a splendid thing it would have been to have crossed Jersey City ferry, marched company front up Broadway, independent of escort, to the 42d street depot, and taken cars there. Such a parade, made by a regiment just from the laurels won at Yorktown and Charleston, would have pleased the men immensely.

The train was made up, backed down to the station, to which point the regiment marched; the cars were quickly filled, and before 3 o'clock we again moved homewards, but the cars were *much inferior to any* we had occupied on the whole return trip—a matter noticed and spoken of by many, and yet in all probability this railroad is the richest of them all. Supposing we should have the right of way, as we had on some of the southern roads, we calculated upon arriving at New Haven about 5 o'clock, and Hartford about 6 o'clock, in time to be seen by daylight; but we stopped several times before reaching the former place, to allow not only passenger, but freight and gravel trains to pass. Of course we were willing to do anything to oblige the hands on the freight and gravel trains, because they undoubtedly were anxious to get through work and get home, but it was provoking to stand on a side track and let passenger trains pass us whose inmates were not a whit better than ourselves. We understood afterward that Col. Barbour passed us on his way from New York to Hartford, and again, later, on his return to New York, as he was obliged to at once return to Brooklyn.

It may interest those who have survived the reading of this story to this point, to know what our military friends in Bridgeport did in honor of our regiment.

[From the Hartford "Times."]

TOO MUCH "PREVIOUSNESS."

The Bridgeport "Farmer" says that a strong element of "previousness" characterized the reception which some members of the local militia attempted to give on Thursday night to the First regiment on its return from Yorktown. A dispatch was received here during the afternoon stating that the regiment would leave New York by a special train at 9 o'clock. Desirous of saluting the command which had won so many laurels in its trip to the south, a party of local militiamen repaired to the depot with a cannon about half-past 10 o'clock with a determination to wake the echoes to the honor of their military brethren when that train should get in. Half-past 10 o'clock came but brought no train. The saluting party waited, thinking there might have been a delay. When the 11.59 train was heard approaching, however, they concluded the First was close at hand and discharged the cannon two or three times just as an introductory. The inmates of the sleeping cars were doubtless a good deal stirred up and not a little astonished at this unexpected demonstration, but they did not take the trouble to dress and publicly acknowledge the salute. The saluters were much surprised to hear that the First regiment were not aboard of that train or of an extra following close behind, but concluded they could not go amiss when the 12.19 train arrived, and accordingly made the cannon speak again a few times. Again the inmates of the sleeping cars had the discourtesy to utterly ignore their noisy welcome. They were doubtless too much overcome by amazement and wonderment to express their feelings, and therefore are perhaps excusable. Once more disappointment fell upon the reception committee, and after saluting two or three freight trains to make sure of not making a miss on the regiment they went home sadly disappointed. The cannonading roused a good part of the population from their slumbers and disturbed the peace of mind of not a few, who could not imagine what was going on.

Now that was very kind in our Bridgeport friends, one of whom, Major Read, had suffered for his country and State on board ship, but their pluck was not lasting; they should have had details of men with an ample supply of ammunition in readiness, and by saluting all trains arriving from the

south they would have at last hit the right one. Keep up your courage, men, next time!

At last we reached New Haven, about 6.30, and found an immense crowd waiting at the depot, with the city battalion of five companies, not for us but to welcome the Governor's Guard, who had suffered and enjoyed with the First Regiment, the previous eleven and a half days, fraternizing at all times with the Hartford companies, making no trouble, always obedient to orders and instructions, and adding by their discipline and handsome dress, as well as good conduct, to the reputation of the Connecticut soldier. Captain Morse and officers were always willing to be under Colonel Barbour's orders, invariably replying when consulted regarding parades or other matters, "just as you think best, Colonel," which materially lightened the cares and burdens of the regimental officers, and I desire to repeat once more what I have said earlier in this history, that in speaking of the doings of the First at Yorktown, Charleston, and other cities, I have always included the Foot Guard as part and parcel of the regiment, in all the complimentary remarks.

It would have been a very easy matter to have kept the troops in a state of turmoil and jealousy, had the Guard demanded, by virtue of their name and date of organization, that their position should always be on the right of the line, but they very sensibly left Colonel Barbour to do as he thought best, who divided the honor with them.

The Guard quickly formed on the platform, good-byes were said, cheers given heartily on both sides, the company marched off, and for the second time since arriving at Charleston our numbers were considerably lessened.

[From the New Haven "Journal and Courier," Saturday.]

HOME AGAIN.

FINE RECEPTION OF THE FOOT GUARD—THEIR HOMEWARD TRIP.

The Connecticut militia arrived home yesterday, the special train bringing them reaching this city at half-past 6 o'clock. After the Foot Guard had been landed, the train proceeded to

Hartford, where a reception awaited the First regiment. The Foot Guard were escorted from the depot by the city battalion of the Second regiment, five companies, Captain Tiesing in command, and headed by the American band, the procession making a fine appearance and dense throngs of people being out to witness the reception. A brilliant display of fireworks added to the scene. The Foot Guard were looked for as the lions of the occasion, and the command was evidently in fine trim, and reflected credit upon themselves as they have done throughout their notable trip. The members of the different commands of the Second were summoned to assemble at their respective armories by the military alarm—fifteen strokes on the fire bells—at about 3 o'clock. The responses were prompt, and soon from all directions soldiers appeared, some attired in uniform, hastening to the armories. There was quick work done in many cases in reporting to the armories.

The train bringing the First regiment and the Foot Guard left Harlem river at about 3 P. M. The troops arrived at about half-past 9 o'clock at Harlem river. The delay was no fault of the railroad company, as the first news they had that a train was wanted was at 10 o'clock, when the troops were already at Harlem river. A telegraph message had been sent from Washington to notify the railroad, but in repeating it it was sent to read "one" car instead of "ten," as the dispatch was first transmitted. The railroad authorities made up a train in the shortest time possible for the boys.

The troops left Charleston on the 25th inst., via the Charleston & Columbia railroad. Arriving at Columbia they would have been greeted with a grand reception had the city council been able to get particulars as to the time of the boys' coming. They were in session two hours waiting for the news, but were disappointed. The boys were detained at every stopping place from four to five hours, at Greensboro and North Danville to give the men some hot coffee, which had been telegraphed for; at Lynchburg, the grade proved too much for one engine, and a stop was made on a side track for two hours, until Lieut.-Col. Cone told the yardmaster if he did not start up the train the troops would take possession of it and start it themselves; at Charlottesville the engine broke down. In some places keepers of stores kept the doors locked, being afraid the boys would not pay for

what they had, having heard what a Massachusetts regiment did. Washington was left on time at 10.30 o'clock Thursday night, arriving in Jersey City about 8 o'clock yesterday forenoon. Just before arriving in Jersey City, Colonel Barbour read in a morning paper of the death of his mother-in-law, and left the regiment there, Lieut.-Col. Cone assuming command. At New York, through a misunderstanding, the train was not made up, although it was telegraphed for Thursday by Quartermaster Cheney, and supposed to be in waiting. In coming up a long freight train was overtaken and this caused the delay. The boys were well satisfied with their return trip, but the down trip was rather too much.

It was about 6.45 o'clock when we left New Haven, and we all felt happy in the thought that before long we should be once more at home, after our perils by sea and perils by land. The train made a fairly quick run to Berlin Junction, where we parted from Cos. D and E, and our worthy and companionable Chaplain, who were here transferred to the train for New Britain, and whose reception at home will be told in the words of one of the correspondents of a Hartford daily.

RECEPTION OF "OUR BOYS."

It needs to be distinctly borne in mind that two companies, D and E of the First regiment, belong in this city, and that last evening as they arrived home at 8.30 o'clock they were met at the depot by the old soldiers, the City Cornet band, and a large concourse of people, and escorted to their armory via Center, North Main, and Main streets. Going down Main street they were greeted by a perfect storm of fireworks, cheers, etc. At the band stand a halt was made and Mayor Talcott welcomed the boys home very heartily, expressing the sentiments of all our citizens. The Rev. Mr. Cooper, Chaplain of the "First," pastor of the South church in this city, responded most happily in behalf of the companies, and drew out frequent bursts of applause as he told of the right royal reception they had met with from the good people of Charleston. He stated that the morals of the regiment had been excellent, and that not a single case of intoxication or improper conduct had been noted. This was received with great pleasure by all, and our people felt that they had good reason to

be proud of their military boys, who had been compelled as it were to go away from home, to prove to our citizens that they were worthy of more favor and credit than has heretofore been given them. It is now hoped that Captains Bennett and Erichson and their commands will have extended to them every encouragement, and as soon as their new armory is completed it is intended that our citizens should finish the reception ceremonies begun last evening, which were necessarily incomplete, as there was so little certainty when the companies would arrive in town. Our citizens would, if they could, personally return to the people of Charleston, Columbia, and other places, their hearty appreciation of the magnificent reception and treatment extended to our boys. Long live the Union.

It was about 8.30 o'clock when our ears were saluted with the booming of heavy guns on the West Park, a colonel's salute of eleven guns being fired. As we came slowly into the depot, amid the cheers of the people, the sound of artillery and the discharge of fire-works, and saw the dense mass of humanity which packed all the available space in and about the building, we knew by intuition that we were to receive one of Hartford's famous military receptions; we had sniffed it in the air for the past twenty-four hours, and felt that after our experience in Charleston we could stand this without faltering.

The line was quickly formed, or as rapidly as the crowd would allow, Co. G of South Manchester, who had a train waiting for them, deciding to remain with the Hartford battalion, and see the thing through. But where was that brilliant staff and that noble band of guests? When we left Harlem Junction there remained of the latter Chas. G. Day, Esq., the guest of Col. Barbour; E. W. Baldwin, Esq., of the New Haven "Journal and Courier," guest of the Governor's Guard; and but two of those who went as guests of the First Regiment, Lieut.-Col. L. L. Morgan of New Haven, Brigade-Adjutant, and the Historian, sometimes known as Brigade-Corporal, two brigade officers; Col. Morgan and Mr. Baldwin, had, with heart-broken sobs, left us at New Haven; Mr. Day had matters connected with the regiment

to attend to, which left the B. C. the sole survivor to represent the guests in the march to the armory.

But the Chaplain, being as usual very level-headed, before tearing himself away from us, had kindly presented the Historian with a white muslin tie, and appointed him Assistant Chaplain *pro tem.*; and as the Paymaster had deserted at Fortress Monroe, the Surgeon had been called to an urgent patient as soon as he arrived, and the Assistant Surgeon was on crutches (he was yet suffering from the accident in Charleston), the staff was reduced to three, the Quartermaster, the Inspector of Target Practice, and the Chaplain *pro tem.* (*alias* B. C., *nee* Historian).

We marched up Allyn street through a dense mass of people, went through the reception ceremonies on High street, and, under escort of the stay-at-homes, went over the line of march to the Union armory. Where did all the people come from? It was like unto Battle-flag Day, as regarded the march through Main street, which was almost an impossibility, the crowd pressed so strongly into the street.

But we were truly glad to reach our home, our beloved Hartford, and to be welcomed so heartily by the people, after, in many respects, the most famous trip ever undertaken by any body of citizen soldiers; but mingled with our gladness was the thought that the commander of the regiment could not share our pleasure with us.

When we filed into the splendid armory we were gladdened by the sight of many friends, and, better than all, by the sight of the faces of many of Hartford's beautiful ladies, for the elegant collation awaiting us had been gotten up by the ladies, under the leadership of Mrs. Lieut.-Gov. Bulkeley, all of whom received the hearty thanks of the soldiers.

I could give many pages of extracts from the Hartford papers—dailies, weeklies, Sunday papers, and all—descriptive of our splendid welcome, but this history is being strung out already to greater length than originally intended. A few, however, must find a place, taken principally from the "Courant," "Post," and "Times."

THE RETURN OF THE FIRST.

PREPARATIONS TO GIVE THE MILITIA A FITTING RECEPTION.

Notwithstanding the rainy weather last evening, so much interest in the return of the First Regiment from the South was aroused among the members of the Hartford battalion and the veterans that the gathering in Company K's parlors, in the Union armory, was quite large, over fifty being present. The unanimous sentiment was that a befitting reception should be extended to the First on their return, and that no efforts to make the occasion a worthy expression of the pride and appreciation of all citizens in the fresh honors of the regiment should be spared by those who remained at home. The meeting was presided over by Major B. F. Blakeslee, and Meigs H. Whaples acted as secretary. It was voted that the militiamen at home and the veterans should parade as a company, and Colonel John B. Clapp was chosen Captain, Ex-Captain James T. Sherman of the Hillyer Guard First Lieutenant, and Major Blakeslee Second Lieutenant. They were also appointed a committee to secure music and make all necessary arrangements. The active members of the battalion will parade in fatigue caps. To-morrow evening another meeting will be held in Company K's parlors at 8 o'clock, when the preliminary arrangements will be completed. It is probable that the regiment will reach Hartford either Thursday afternoon or Friday morning. The Putnam Phalanx and the Governor's Foot Guard, should the latter not be engaged at Cedar Hill at the hour of the return of the regiment, will act as an escort, and the company formed last night will report to the Major of the Phalanx for a position in the procession.

Previous to the general meeting last night, the City Guard veterans met in their company rooms and voted to parade with the members of other commands, and not as a separate body.

WELCOMING THE FIRST REGIMENT.

PROGRAMME OF THE ARRANGEMENTS TO-DAY.

The Foot Guard, the Putnam Phalanx, the "stay-at-homes" of the First, and our citizens generally, propose to give the First Regiment boys a rousing welcome home to-day from their south-

ern trip. The brilliant record they have made, and the praises they have received at every hand, entitle them to a warm reception.

Major Brown of the Putnam Phalanx issued the following order yesterday:

The First Regiment will arrive Friday and will be received at the Union depot by the Putnam Phalanx, Governor's Foot Guard, and home members of the regiment, when the following programme will be carried out:

Platoon of Police.
Putnam Phalanx Drum Corps.
Putnam Phalanx, Major Brown commanding.
Home Members of the First Regiment.
Governor's Foot Guard, Major Embler commanding.
Colt's Band.
First Regiment, C. N. G., Colonel Barbour commanding.

The line of march will be through Allyn street to High, to Main, to Charter Oak avenue, to Charter Oak place, to Wyllys street, around South Green to Park street, thence to Washington, Trinity, and Elm streets, to First Regiment armory.

Residents on the line of march are requested to honor the return of the regiment by such a display of bunting or otherwise as will be commensurate, if possible, with the superior record it has made in its visit to the Southern States.

Members of the Putnam Phalanx are requested to appear at their armory in full uniform at 11 o'clock this (Friday) morning, to do escort duty as above described.

F. M. Brown,
Major Putnam Phalanx.

John S. Hussey, Adjutant.

Major Brown has arranged to have the fire-alarm bell struck to-day, two hours prior to the expected arrival. The bell will be struck twenty times at intervals of thirty seconds.

The veterans of the First Regiment and the members of the Allen Drum Corps will assemble at 11 o'clock.

Some of the ladies propose to give a collation to the First Regiment on its arrival to-day, and respectfully ask contributions of sandwiches and cake from those disposed to contribute. All contributions should be left at the rink before 12 o'clock. The committee of arrangements will provide coffee, and the appeal of the ladies should meet with a generous response.

The First Regiment has had experience enough for a campaign, and its members have probably learned a good deal that they will be glad to think over, however much they may feel that some of the knowledge was pretty dearly paid for. They know about all there is to be known about delays, and they have a fine realizing sense of the true inwardness of sea-sickness. But they have hosts of pleasant recollections to put by the side of them, and one of the most agreeable must be that they have done credit to themselves and their State, and earned compliments from some who were not disposed to give them too easily.

The regiment reached Washington yesterday, in three sections, after many vexatious delays, and in good health. They were handsomely entertained by the Washington Light Infantry, and about 5 o'clock marched up the avenue and to the Arlington hotel, where they were reviewed by General Sherman in full uniform. Their marching and drill in the manual were both very fine, and were highly praised by General Sherman, as well as by the immense crowd which had gathered to witness their exhibition, the latter testifying their appreciation in an enthusiastic manner.

They left for New York in the evening, and on their arrival at Jersey City, this morning, were transferred around the city on the steamer Maryland.

Meantime arrangements had been made in Hartford for their reception, including delegations for escort duty, and contributions of refreshments, which were sent to the armory. It had been arranged that the fire bell should strike twenty strokes two hours before the regiment might be expected here. At 11.20 the bell began to strike. This, however, was an error based on information received at 9.30, that the regiment had got on board the Maryland and were on their way to Harlem. Almost before the bell had done striking it was learned that no arrangements had been made for a special train. How this omission occurred has not been explained, but the result was that the troops had to wait there till cars could be obtained, and did not get away till after 2 o'clock. They were then expected to reach Hartford about 6 P. M.

A great deal of inconvenience was caused to the various commands here which had been under orders to report for duty at 11 o'clock, and who found early in the day that there would be a delay, but could not ascertain how much until part of the after-

noon was gone. An abundant collation was provided at the armory of the First Regiment, and in view of the delay a private lunch was also ordered at the armory of the Putnam Phalanx.

FIRST REGIMENT—HOME AGAIN.

A FINE MILITARY RECEPTION AND COLLATION.

The much-expected and much-delayed First Regiment, who have met with a series of mishaps and delays, going and returning from the South, and whose one bright memory of their trip is their Charleston experience, reached home at last, at a quarter before 9 o'clock last night. The booming of artillery on the park announced their arrival, and Asylum street was already crowded with people. Crowds had in fact collected, at various points about town, at all hours of the day, from 10 o'clock in the morning till dark, and the inquiries why the regiment was so greatly delayed were anxious and universal—the newspaper bulletins, which explained the shifting phases of the delay at Harlem, being surrounded by large crowds. The streets were generally decorated, during the day, in expectation of the arrival of the regiment in the daytime. There was a profuse display of bunting, and the red-white-and-blue was shown from a thousand buildings and residences along the line of march. On the arrival of the regiment the fitting military salutations took place, the escort being drawn up in line on High street. There, notwithstanding the late hour, the procession formed, in the following order:

Weed Band.

First Company Governor's Horse Guard, Major C. B. Boardman.

Putnam Phalanx Drum and Fife Band.

Putnam Phalanx, Major F. M. Brown.

Allen's Drum Corps.

Six platoons of Veterans of the First Regiment, under command of Colonel J. B. Clapp, Captain James T. Sherman, and Major B. F. Blakeslee.

Section of Artillery.

First Company Governor's Foot Guard, Major A. H. Embler.

Colt's First Regiment Band.

First Regiment Drum Corps.

City Battalion of the First Regiment, C. N. G., and Company G of South Manchester, Lieutenant-Colonel Cone in command.

The procession marched through High, Main, Park, and Washington streets, Capitol avenue, Trinity and Elm streets to the armory. The entire route was

A BLAZE OF COLORED FIRES,

while rockets and Roman candles illuminated the air, and made arches of fire over the returning soldiers. Applause was liberally bestowed from every corner, and "the boys" were cheered all along the line. An excellent and abundant collation, prepared by lady friends, awaited the regiment at the armory, and over 400 persons sat down to the well-provided tables. After the feast, Major Brown of the Putman Phalanx introduced Colonel Joslyn, of his staff, who said:

Officers and Members of the Regiment:

By request of the escorting soldiery and with sentiment in full accord with those of all your fellow citizens, I come to speak to you the words of welcome, of congratulation, and of thanks. With booming of cannon, with martial music, with waving banners, with joyous illuminations, with huzzahing voices, with warm hands and with warmer hearts we bid you welcome—thrice welcome. Welcome home, to the comforts of home, from the delays and fatigues of your journeyings. Welcome home to your comrades, friends, and fellow-citizens, proud one and all of you, of your laurels and your triumphs.

Congratulations warm and hearty we extend to you upon the brilliant and substantial record that you have made; upon the rare hospitalities and attentions you have enjoyed, and the rarer compliments and honors you have received, and more than all upon your superb soldierly accomplishments—equaled only by your gentlemanly deportment. We have noted these things, and because we have noted them our welcome is the more hearty and our congratulations the more cordial. We were not of you in your pleasures and your praises, but we are one with you in your exhibitions and rejoicings. But while as comrades, as friends, and as fellow citizens, we welcome you back again to your accustomed places, and congratulate you upon the many and brilliant honors so richly merited and so generously bestowed, we look over and beyond those things to something in my judgment more important, more beneficent, and more enduring. To my thinking

you have accomplished something more than a personal triumph. To my thinking you bring back something more than the gratification of a local pride. You presented to the citizens of the South a picture of Connecticut ideas, of Connecticut methods, of Connecticut character. The picture may have been a flattering one. I will not flatter you by saying so in your presence; but it was a picture, if we may judge of it by the cordiality of its reception, like the Jewish queen of old, "most fair to look upon."

And you saw in return, and without glasses and without the praises or distortions of party politics, something of southern life, southern habits, and southern character. And the knowledge thus gained of each other did something, and will do yet more, to lessen the old-time jealousies and suspicions, and to encourage the new era of good fellowship and good will between the States.

Especially you made Connecticut and South Carolina to know each other better, and it follows as the night the day, that you made Connecticut and South Carolina to love each other better.

You and your hosts blended the Charter Oak and the Palmetto and engrafted upon them both the olive of peace, and their foliage will be richer and their shadows fall more kindly as the years go by. And as ye did these things unto two of the least of States ye did them also, only in less measure, unto the great sisterhood of States.

Everything and anything that tends to bring the people of the different sections into closer sympathy and communion ought to be generously encouraged in its doing, and more generously praised when done. We add, therefore, to our words of welcome and of congratulation the words of thanks, for unless we do much deceive ourselves your pilgrimage, following close upon that death that made the whole world kin and embracing in it the celebration of that victory in which we of the North and they of the South found a common pride, has done much to bring about a closer union of the States and the realizations of the poet's dream:

> "A union of lakes, a union of lands,
> A union that none may sever;
> A union of hearts, a union of hands,
> And the flag of the Union forever."

Lieutenant-Colonel William E. Cone (in the unavoidable absence of Colonel Barbour) responded in a brief but fitting address. He regretted that Colonel Barbour was prevented from being pres-

ent. During the twelve days since the regiment left home, and throughout the 2,000 miles trip by sea and land, they had kept uppermost in their hearts, the honor of their State. If we have merited the compliments bestowed upon us abroad, and the welcome accorded us this evening, we know that our efforts have not been in vain. Before the regiment was dismissed they gave three cheers and a "South Carolina yell" for the ladies of Hartford, at the call of Colonel Cone.

INTERVIEW WITH GOVERNOR JEWELL.

Governor Jewell, who has been with the First regiment through its southern trip, arrived home on the fast train from New York this afternoon. In an interview with a Post representative he stated that he had seen the regiment at every parade which it had made, and that without exception the command had brilliantly deported itself, winning universal applause and admiration. It made a most commendable appearance at Yorktown. At Fortress Monroe the regiment gave an exhibition drill in the presence of forty or more West Point officers, and elicited the highest approval from them. At Charleston the command paraded on the old Citadel grounds, where the celebrated South Carolina school was formerly situated, and won the enthusiastic commendation of the South Carolina soldiers who witnessed it. Charleston extended the most generous courtesies, and chivalric entertainment. Not a member of the Connecticut troops by word or act did a thing to disgrace the State or his uniform. Governor Bigelow and staff and Colonel Barbour and staff won great admiration by their gentlemanly and soldierly appearance, and the whole visit, Governor Jewell says, has been productive of great good. The trip has been one of which Connecticut may well be proud.

In all of these good times, and our glad welcome home, Co. G participated, although a welcome was awaiting them at South Manchester, but at a late hour they marched to the depot, and left on a special train, arranged for by Quartermaster Cheney.

They arrived about midnight and were received by quite a crowd, who had waited for them, and soon after dismissed for the needed rest.

And so the companies of the famous First, the Governor's

Foot Guard, and a small portion of those who had accompanied the troops were "accounted for," but Governor Bigelow and party, who had separated from us at Charleston, as yet had not returned, but were on their way home.

The history will not be complete without a record of the trip to Atlanta, for they had been of us, although they had gone from us, therefore a few pages will be devoted to this part of the trip from the pens of others, as the writer cannot relate his personal experiences.

CHARLESTON—ATLANTA.

How the North and South cottoned to each other.

The party of guests who accompanied the troops on this eventful trip became closely attached to one another, and many life-long friendships will as a matter of course grow out of the companionship; it will be very natural, as one and another who reside in different localities shall meet, to refer to this pleasant journey, recalling many never-to-be-forgotten incidents with mutual inquiries after mutual friends.

One of the party from New Haven, who was a stranger to many of those residing in other places, but well known in his own city as a gentleman of literary ability, and in addition to other accomplishments could play whist fairly, was temporarily attached to Governor Bigelow's staff as an aid, accompanying the party who went to Atlanta, and communicating his impressions of the trip and people, in the form of a letter to the New Haven "Palladium" under date of November 3d, which I take pleasure in giving entire.

I refer to Colonel A. H. Kellam, and feel justified in the afore-mentioned personalities, because of the dose he has given to the public concerning the rest of the party, all of which they were obliged to swallow.

THROUGH THE SOUTH.

A MEMBER OF THE CONNECTICUT EXCURSION PARTY RELATES HIS IMPRESSIONS CONCERNING WHAT HE SAW AND HEARD—A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE TRIP.

The visit of Connecticut's delegation to the sunny South is over, and naught remains but its pleasant memories and recollections. The trip was, strictly speaking, divided into three parts, visiting a portion of three representative Southern States, those of Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia, the first of which was Virginia.

Enough has probably been said about the vexatious delay in arriving at Yorktown, and the disappointments and discomforts which met us there, and in passing that subject I will merely say that in one of my previous letters your types made me say that "if Yorktown was as memorable a place one hundred years ago as now it was no wonder that Cornwallis surrendered it." What I did say was that if it was as miserable a town, etc., for of all the dirty, God-forsaken holes visited by man, Yorktown takes the prize. Our next stop on Virginia soil was at Fortress Monroe, where the First Regiment had a fine parade, and where we were very hospitably entertained by Colonel Livingston and the other United States officers at the fort. Here we parted with much reluctance from General Stephen W. Kellogg of Waterbury, and from his genial companion, A. H. Byington of Norwalk, they being compelled to return to Washington. Many thanks, General, for your warm greeting and kindly attention on the dusty plains of Yorktown. The second event of our trip was the visit to South Carolina.

It is unnecessary to repeat here what has already been said regarding our princely welcome and magnificent reception at Charleston. I think, however, that the memories that cluster around that part of our journey will outlast all others, and remain sweeter and more fragrant as time recalls them to our recollection. Charleston is an old and historic city, and much of interest could be written regarding it did time and space permit. It was originally settled in 1669, and its history from that period to the close of the revolution is one of curious and remarkable interest. Charleston was one of the first places of the South to assert a common cause with the other colonies, and was the first to make a constitution for itself. Its conquest was thrice attempted by the British, first by Sir Peter Parker and General Clinton in 1776, next by General Provost in 1779, both of which attacks were signally defeated, and thirdly when for six weeks it withstood the regular investment of 12,000 British troops, and succumbed at last, on May 12, 1780, to this overwhelming force. The two great events for which Charleston is most noted now, however, is the signing of the first ordinance of secession there in 1860, and the first shôt fired on Sumter in April, 1861, a shot more portentous in its results than any that ever echoed from a cannon's mouth; a shot that called a nation to arms, freed four million of slaves, and

delivered South Carolina and the whole South from an institution that was retarding its growth, and was standing in the way of its true progress and development. Charleston is the nearest of the important southern ports to the northern cities, and is the first harbor having ample room and good anchorage reached by southward-bound vessels on the long stretch from the Chesapeake; the city is built upon low, level land, and to one approaching by water seems to rise from the sea. The new custom house, built of white marble, and of beautiful architectural design, was an especial object of interest as we steamed up the bay. Since the close of the war rapid progress has been made in the work of rebuilding the city, and in every department of trade and industry. Our good friends in Charleston did not allow their welcome to grow cold in the least; they followed us to the last, and said their last good-by as the train left the station.

Here's a health to you, fair Charleston,
Your name with ours we twine,
And the magic ties that bind our hearts
Are the Palmetto and the Vine.

A brief stop at Aiken, S. C., where we were hospitably entertained by B. P. Chatfield, at his fine hotel there, and where the writer was glad to meet his old friend, Dr. P. G. Rockwell, a former resident and mayor of Waterbury, Conn., concluded our stay on South Carolina soil. Crossing the Savannah river near Augusta, we found ourselves, on Wednesday morning, October 26th, in Georgia, the Empire State of the South, and where another warm and generous welcome greeted us. As we reached the city of Augusta, Mayor May and a numerous committee of the prominent men of the city met us, and after a pleasant ride about the beautiful town we were taken up the canal to the head of this great water power, which is destined to make a second New England of this part of the State. Some of the cotton mills now being completed there will rival in extent and design anything we have in the East. After being joyously entertained on our return at the Planter's hotel, farewells once more were said, and the party sped on its way to Atlanta. We reached the Gate City of the South at an early hour Thursday morning, and were met by Governor Colquitt, Director-General H. I. Kimball, Mayor English, Ex-Governor Bullock, and a host of courteous gentlemen, who were devoted in their attentions to us during our entire stay.

Colonel Barrows, of Governor Bigelow's staff, and the vice-president and treasurer of the Willimantic Linen Company, has a large and commodious residence here, which was at once generously made the home of his brother members of the staff. Colonel Barrows entertained us while there in a princely manner, and we are indebted to his kindness and courtesy for the home-like feeling that came over us as we entered his spacious mansion. After breakfast Governor Bigelow and party were taken in carriages to the Exposition, and escorted about the various departments of this wonderful exhibition. Since our return, many inquiries have been made as to Atlanta's great undertaking, and in reply it can truly be said that as an exhibit of American progress and American industry, and American skill in the arts of manufacture, it is fully up and in some respects exceeds the centennial exhibition at Philadelphia five years ago. I would advise any one who thinks of making a southern trip to go while this exposition is in progress; he will come away realizing more of the immense resources of our country, and feel well paid for the expense of time and money. Connecticut is fairly well represented there, the largest and best display from our State being that of the Willimantic Linen Company, under the able direction of Colonel Barrows. The space occupied by them is fully 40 by 100 feet in the main building, and every department of their immense business is brought into notice. It was the machinery of this firm that made in one day those famous suits of clothes for Governors Colquitt and Bigelow, of which so much has been said. After our party had made the round of the various exposition buildings, we were escorted to Judges' Hall, and were introduced by Governor Colquitt and Director-General Kimball to many hundreds of the people of Atlanta and other visitors to the exposition. After the reception was over, the general exercises of the day commenced, the Governors of Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Georgia, with other guests, were seated on the spacious platform, and the president, Mr. Kimball, introduced Governor Colquitt of Georgia, who made the speech of welcome. He said:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen:* By the people of Georgia and by the citizens of Atlanta, I am commissioned to greet and to welcome you. Most gladly do I accept this commission. Our joy would have been superlative if we could have had with us the governors of all the thirty-eight States of this Union. [Applause.] We

have house room and heart room for them all. While we regret their absence, we have counted it a good fortune to greet you who are here, and claim you as our guests. We open wide our gates, we extend to you a warm grasp and welcome, and we know that you will find, as you grasp the hands of these people, a warm pulse responding to every pulsation of your own. In more senses than one it is not good for man to be alone. Isolation is not a good thing. The looking into each other's faces, the forming of acquaintances between the people of the different States is the surest and best means of binding together the people of these States in one great, glorious, grand sisterhood."

At the close of Governor Colquitt's address, of which the above is but a part, Governor Bigelow was introduced, and responded as follows to the address of welcome:

"*Ladies and Gentlemen:* Born and reared in that little State on Long Island Sound, nevertheless it has been my privilege to visit the South many times; but to-day, as I look upon this wonderful exhibition, I feel that a new sun of greater prosperity has risen over this section of the common country. Now as the people of Atlanta, and this section, have determined to push her advantages, there is no question but that a glorious future is before you. Used, as I am, to the busy hum of industry, I can see that you fully rival us. But in this rivalry we should never be jealous of each other. Let us build up our sections as we can, but let us do it with a feeling of brotherly love, unmixed with any but a friendly rivalry. God grant you all success, is the prayer of the people of Connecticut."

Addresses were also made by Governor Jarvis of North Carolina, Governor Hoyt of Pennsylvania, Governor Blackburn of Kentucky, Ex-Governor Bross of Illinois, and by Hon. N. D. Sperry of New Haven, Mayor English of Atlanta, and Hon. George S. Bowen of Chicago. The closing speech was by Mr. Kimball, after which the large audience dispersed.

Atlanta itself is a series of substantial business blocks built mostly of iron and brick, and located around a railroad depot, and a bewildering array of tracks which run through the heart of the city. In close proximity to the depot is the State capitol, the new and elegant post-office, and the great Kimball House and other large hotels. There are several jobbing houses here that are doing over a million of business a year, and a cotton

mill is booming day and night with 300 looms and 10,000 spindles. The situation of Atlanta is not a natural site for a successful commercial city; it has no very favorable advantages of its own, its coal has to be drawn two hundred miles, and the only river near the city is the Chattahoochie, and that is small and not navigable. Even the soil about the city is inferior, and cotton alone can be raised successfully, and yet Atlanta to-day is the center of a population of near 50,000 people, and represents the best-distributed industries of the South: it represents the new age that is dawning for the whole South, and by its wonderful growth shows itself to be moved by that innovating commercial spirit and enterprise which in times past founded empires, and in later days established the great marts of the world. Atlanta suffered more by the war than any city north or south, but the ashes sown by Sherman contained a social seed that burst forth into another city more beautiful than the one destroyed by the flames of war; they received into their midst valuable accessions from the East and from the West, but the great majority of the men who are making Atlanta famous for its business energy and push are natives of the soil of Georgia. The climate of this part of the State is said to be delightful. The city is about 1,100 feet above the sea, and the long summers here have the invigorating trade winds and their cool and restful nights. Not far to the north and the northeast are the beautiful Kenesaw or Chattahoochee mountains, the last, dying spurs of the Appalachian range, which rests in blue atmosphere along the continent from the gates of the St. Lawrence to the broad channel of the Tennessee.

One of the most interesting features of our visit in Atlanta was the ride over the northern portion of the city to view the fortifications and the scene of some of the bloodiest contests of the war. Our guide on this occasion was Major Howell, one of the proprietors of the Atlanta "Constitution," a paper of national reputation, and one that has done much by its liberality and toleration to develop and bring to the front the State of Georgia. Major Howell was an artillery officer on the Confederate side, of great fidelity, and commanded a battery in Cleburn's division, under Hood. His graphic descriptions of the scenes in which he took part, together with his genial flow of wit and jovial good-fellowship, made this ride one long to be remembered. We started from the Kimball House at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, and rode

out over one of the broad avenues that lead northwestward from the city. About two miles out we reached the brow of the hill, from which elevation could be plainly seen the site of Sherman's headquarters during the siege, and the dark woods where McPherson was killed. Here Major Howell drew out his maps and explained to us how, on that eventful 20th of July, Hardee's Confederate corps had been drawn from left to right, and that thus reinforced they had attacked, 30,000 strong, completely flanking McPherson's corps, and turning his left. It was to restore order to his somewhat demoralized troops, and to reëstablish his line, that McPherson galloped into that somber and tangled thicket, only to meet his death. The clump of trees is shown where the deadly ball came straight to that great and chivalrous young spirit, and where his lifeless body, still warm, was recovered by the onward march of his second column. McPherson was the Bayard of our great war, a warrior without reproach, and his genius and devotion, his gallantry and his modesty, are alike respected by friend and foe. Sherman said, the day he died: "I thought McPherson would have finished up the war after Grant and I were killed or dismissed; he was coming along so steady and strong that he looked to me to be the heir of all our labors." As one stands and looks upon the field where one so young and brave was killed in battle, he is reminded of those pathetic lines of Byron, written after visiting the spot at Waterloo where fell his gallant young kinsman, Lord Howard:

"There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing had I such to give,
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the spring
Come forth its work of gladness to contrive,
With all its reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from those she brought to those she could not bring."

We left Atlanta Friday evening at 6 o'clock, and the cheers of our Atlanta friends rang in our ears as we sped away.

THE PARTY.

The party that accompanied Governor Bigelow on this southern trip was congenial and pleasant from the start. The limited quarters of the steamer "Charleston" brought us all into close

companionship at once, and we became as it were one family and an exceedingly happy one; our commander-in-chief, Governor Bigelow, proved himself to be a model leader to travel with, while not at all prudish and never refusing to join with the "boys" in any wholesome sport or amusement, he at the same time maintained his dignity and commanded at all times the respect due to the high office he so gracefully holds. Another pleasant feature was the readiness and happy manner in which the governor replied to the frequent calls made upon him to respond to toasts and sentiments; easy and perfectly self-possessed, his brief and happily-expressed speeches were exceedingly well received. The Governor's staff is composed of a body of courteous gentlemen, skillful and able to perform their various duties at all times. Next to the chief, General Harmon, the busiest member of the staff was General George H. Ford, who as the head of the commissary department provided for every want, and after Colonel S. J. Fox left us at Atlanta he superintended the various details of our return trip in a very satisfactory manner. The writer is under lasting obligations to each and every member of the staff for kindly courtesies and attentions many times repeated. Hon. N. D. Sperry and Judge Lynde Harrison were valuable additions to our party, and were always listened to with profound respect when they spoke. Hartford sent with us Lieutenant-Governor Bulkeley and his brother, the genial mayor of our sister city; also Joseph L. Barbour, whose eloquent voice was one of the features of many gatherings. The quiet wit of H. T. Sperry of the Hartford "Post" and that of J. G. Rathbun, the Historian of the First regiment, was much enjoyed. Ex-Governor Jewell and Captain Stiles Stanton of Stonington remained with us until we left Charleston, and added much to our pleasure. Colonel Charles A. Jewell, whom we left at Atlanta, was our leader in the many good old songs we sung on southern soil. The gentlemanly bearing and warm and hearty good fellowship of Secretary of State Searls, of Comptroller Batcheller, Executive Secretary Tyler, and S. A. Hubbard of the Hartford "Courant," was duly appreciated by all of the party. Among those who started with us there was none who seemed to enjoy the trip more than Colonel L. L. Morgan of General Smith's staff. At Charleston in particular he was made much of, and won many friends among the young military officers that greeted us, and during the parade his fine appearance

in brilliant uniform and his graceful horsemanship attracted marked attention. I mention as last of our company, but by no means because he was least, that prince of good fellows Major D. M. Read of Bridgeport—jovial, of a warm and generous nature, thoroughly unselfish, witty, and showing much ability in responding to many toasts. I think our entire party will bear me out in saying that the member from Bridgeport was our beau ideal of a pleasant traveling companion. We left the major with several others of our party at Richmond, and as I bade him good-by on the stone steps of the Exchange Hotel at 11 o'clock Saturday night he was sad and pensive, and the tears gathered in his eyes as he thought of the parting he had just taken with his bosom friend, Mayor Bulkeley.

I believe it is Major Read's intention to purchase, while at Richmond, a couple of gondolas to present to the city of Bridgeport for use on their fine park.

We were accompanied part of the way on our return by Governor Jarvis and lady of North Carolina and by Governor Hoyt and his genial adjutant, General Latta of Pennsylvania. Delays were the order of the day on the return trip, but we fretted not nor complained, and reached home at last well satisfied with everything and everybody.

A. H. K.

[From the Hartford "Post" of Friday, October 28th.]

GOVERNOR BIGELOW AND HIS PARTY.

Governor Bigelow and his party arrived at Atlanta early yesterday morning and were received by Governor Colquitt, H. I. Kimball, and a committee of fifty of the prominent men of Atlanta. At 11 o'clock the party was taken in carriages to the exposition grounds and escorted through the centennial buildings. Besides Governor Bigelow there were present Governors Hoyt of Pennsylvania, Jarvis of North Carolina, Blackburn of Kentucky, and ex-Governor Bross of Illinois. In the evening Governor Colquitt gave a grand reception at the executive mansion.

The Connecticut party were the guests of Colonel W. E. Barrows and of the Willimantic Linen company. Under the direction of this company there was performed, during the day, a remarkable feat of quick workmanship. Cotton growing in the field in the morning was picked, cleaned, spun, woven into cloth, dyed

and made into two suits of clothes which were presented to Governors Bigelow and Colquitt and worn by them the same evening when they received their guests. The Willimantic company, which accomplished this feat, has one of the finest exhibits at the fair and one which attracts constant admiration. The party expect to leave Atlanta on their return home this evening.

[From the Hartford "Courant," October 31st.]

THE ATLANTA EXCURSIONISTS.

Governor Bigelow and staff, Secretary Searls, Comptroller Batcheller, Mayor Bulkeley, and others of the Atlanta party, were at Salisbury, N. C., Saturday, en route home, via Richmond and Washington. They are expected home to-day or to-morrow.

Lieutenant-Governor Bulkeley and Joseph L. Barbour arrived home from the south Saturday evening, having started a little in advance of the main party. They left Atlanta shortly after 4 o'clock Friday morning and came through with little delay, making the entire distance of over one thousand miles in forty hours, including stops. Both gentlemen express themselves in the warmest terms concerning the splendid record made by the First Regiment at Charleston, not only as to drill and discipline under arms, but equally so in their admirable behavior while off duty. Mayor Courtenay of Charleston told Mr. Barbour that he could say to the people of Hartford that they had sent down not only a regiment of soldiers but a regiment of gentlemen. Lieutenant-Governor Bulkeley occupied a carriage with Archibald Forbes, while the regiment were going through the dress parade, and he says that the famous correspondent was constantly breaking out into ejaculations of surprise and admiration at the splendid precision with which the orders were executed. Both gentlemen were enthusiastic over the warm-hearted southern hospitality with which the visitors were greeted and entertained in Charleston, and indeed throughout the entire trip. It was a continuous ovation.

Among other souvenirs of the trip which the members of the governor's party have, are boxes presented by the Willimantic Linen company, containing samples of the cotton, the yarn, the thread, the undyed cloth, the dyed, finished and pressed cloth from which the governors' famous suits were made between sunrise and sunset as heretofore recorded in these columns.

In addition to these, I should be glad to incorporate into this book the interesting letters of S. A. Hubbard, Esq., one of the owners and managing editor of the "Courant," who remained several days in Atlanta after the departure of the rest of the party.

Corporal Hubbard (he is not a brigade corporal, but simply an ordinary corporal) wrote a series of letters to his paper, beginning at Yorktown and ending after leaving Atlanta, which were deeply interesting, but which I have not space to record in this history.

The comments of the Atlanta papers, and those of Augusta, and many others in the South, would all be of interest; but I must forbear, and rest on those already given, with this one exception, taken from a number of extracts from Southern papers :—

[From the Kershaw "Gazette."]

We are glad our Northern friends came; it is one more link forged in the interests of peace, concord, and fraternal regard, which should bind in a chain of indissoluble union all the people of our common country.

Celebrations of national events, with the civil and military demonstrations attendant thereon, are right and proper and tend to re-unite us more thoroughly, and kindle more fervently patriotic fires in our hearts.

The money and time spent on such occasions are good investments, and have a heavy interest in making us stronger, healthier, and more united—politically, socially, and economically.

All of which is true; for this visit of so large a body of Northern soldiers cannot fail of doing good, and it has done more to cement friendships between the two sections than has any other event since the close of the war.

The Southern people had an opportunity to see six hundred Yankees from all ranks in life, to watch their actions, and study their characters. The New Englanders had an opportunity to see South Carolinians in public, and, better yet, at their homes; to take them by the hand and to break bread with them; the result of which will be seen in coming

years; and any one of our company can in the future, while in Charleston or even elsewhere, make himself known as one of the First Connecticut, or one of the "famous six hundred," and find a ready welcome. On the other hand, a Charlestonian will always find a cordial greeting awaiting him in the "Charter Oak City," or the "City of Elms." Let us hope that no soldier from either section will bring disgrace on the citizen soldiery.

Undoubtedly some will ask, "What was the good of all this?" In reply, I will mention two facts that have come to my knowledge. The first is, that the legislature of South Carolina has made an appropriation of twelve thousand dollars in aid of their militia, doubtless having been impelled thereto from seeing what the little Nutmeg State has done. The second is this, and it should be printed in large type—*the grand list of the State of South Carolina* has, during 1881, *increased* TWENTY-THREE PER CENT., the discovery having been made since the Connecticut troops left Charleston. What have you to say to this, ye croakers?

To return to the return: Saturday, the day following our arrival home, was a dark, rainy day, the first we had seen since leaving home; for we had been favored with fine weather; very little work was done or business transacted, for all were thoroughly tired; and this and the following Sabbath were largely devoted to rest, and relating the incidents of the trip.

The Quartermaster's department, however, had but little rest, and all day the armory was the scene of clearing away baggage, camp equipage, and stores.

Many firesides were enlivened by the yarns of the soldier boys, who had much of interest to tell, with plenty of interested listeners; and I have no doubt that in the relation the discomforts were forgotten in recounting the very many pleasurable incidents of the trip.

The members of the regiment must not lose sight of the fact, that what cost each of them but a small amount of money actually paid out, cost the State of Connecticut many

thousands of dollars; and cost Col. Barbour and officers many weeks of hard work and anxiety, to arrange for the comfort of the party.

Let us retrace our steps for a moment: six hundred men, five-sixths of whom had never been out of sight of land, had the pleasure of a four-days' ocean voyage on an ocean steamer, with less discomfort than is often experienced on a first-class European steamer. A visit to old Yorktown, the sight of more picked troops from more states than a majority will ever see again, if they live to be three-score and ten; a naval review by the President and cabinet—a rare treat; a visit to Fortress Monroe, under more favorable circumstances than were ever enjoyed by any volunteer regiment; a view of Fort Sumter and Charleston Harbor, when seen at its best in the early morning; a reception, and a two days' round of festivities seldom equaled and never excelled, and an opportunity to test Southern hospitality; a two and one-half days' ride through a very interesting portion of three of the Southern States; a visit to the National Capital, with a review by the greatest soldier in our army; a view of New York City; an opportunity to view intimately a portion of the globe which few of us were familiar with, and none care to see again—Harlem River Junction; and last, and best of all, a safe arrival at our home, and a hearty, glorious welcome; all of which trip would have cost each person a great deal of money, if money could purchase it.

Think of all this, my comrades, especially you who did the grumbling, and frankly say what I know must be in the heart of each, "I wish I might do it right over again."

I have alluded to the reasons why the return trip was not undertaken by sea, and have given them as printed in the "News and Courier," and copied by newspapers throughout the country; and having given one side of the story, in all fairness, as well as justice to the owners of the "Charleston," will give their reply.

PRESIDENT QUINTARD'S STATEMENT.

The steamer "Charleston" was chartered to the State of Connecticut for a stipulated sum, to proceed from New York to New Haven, thence to Yorktown, thence to Charleston, S. C., and return to New Haven. The charter party, which was signed by Quartermaster-General Harbison, of the State, and by myself, expressly stipulated that I was only to furnish the bare ship, cabin furniture, coal and crew, and such boats and life-rafts as were then on board, viz., five boats and one life-raft. The State of Connecticut further agreed to furnish life-preservers, extra life-rafts (and everything necessary for the safety of her passengers, and to pass the necessary inspection of the United States Inspector), provisions, and, in fact, everything necessary to provide for the extra number of men she was to carry. This was done, and she was duly accepted by the State, represented by Colonel Barbour. That the ship was not properly ballasted is not so; neither is the statement that her crew was insufficient to properly man her.

While it is true that the ship was not as deep as she would have been if loaded with freight, it was impossible to put her any deeper on account of the room occupied by the troops, they taking up all of the between-decks, and the lower hold was used for the storage of baggage, provisions, and water, to the exclusion of anything else, had it been necessary or desirable to put anything else in her.

Regarding the complaint made that the ship was not provided with proper safeguards (such as signals, etc., in case of accident), I desire to state most positively that such is not the case, and further desire to say that the steamer was inspected just before leaving port by the regular government inspector, and a special certificate and license issued to her to carry the extra number of people she was to have on board. This, I think, should be sufficient proof as to her proper equipment, etc.

From various comments in the newspapers I select the following:

[New Haven "Palladium."]

There seems to be little question that a gross imposition was practiced upon the Connecticut Yorktown party by the owners of the steamer "Charleston." . . . The contract specified that every-

thing should be arranged by the steamboat managers for the comfort and safety of the passengers, but it is claimed that no additional precautions were taken by the owners over and above the usual preparations made in sending their vessels to sea when simply loaded with freight. . . . For ballast the steamer depended entirely on her supply of coal, which, of course, became smaller and smaller with every hour of her passage, so that the rolling of the ship was terrible, causing great discomfort, not only to the militia men, who were packed away in the hold, like sardines in a box, but also to everybody on board. It is possible that some one blundered in engaging the steamer at all, but the evidence so far presented indicates that the responsibility of the failure of the excursion rests with the managers of the steamer, who have violated both their written and oral agreement. Such being the case, there ought to be some way by which the managers can be forced to make good the extra expense caused by the failure to live up to the terms of their contract.

[Norwich "Bulletin."]

If the half of what the New York "Herald" reports from South Carolina of the condition of the steamer "Charleston" be true, the owners of that vessel should have a round account to settle with the State of Connecticut. Proper arrangements were made, and, after suffering numerous annoyances and running great and needless risks in the voyage down, the regiment has decided to leave it and return by rail, Governor Bigelow paying the chief portion of the extra expense (some $5,000 to $6,000) out of his own pocket. . . . *Anyway*, an investigation seems to be pretty clearly demanded. If the allegations of the "Herald" correspondent are sustained, no rebuke can be too severe for the criminal negligence which endangered the lives of a whole regiment, to say nothing of the State Executive.

Several days after the return of the troops the steamer "Charleston" returned to New York, bringing, according to statements in the newspapers, a cargo of cotton.

Whether now engaged on the line between New York and Charleston, or not, the Historian is unable to state, and feels obliged to say he does not care.

It has also been stated in the State papers that the matter

of payment for the steamer on the homeward trip is to be decided by the court, and those who participated in the excursion will watch with great interest said legal contest.

UNION OF BLUE AND GRAY.

[*Especially suggested by the recent visit of Governor Bigelow and the Connecticut companies to Charleston, South Carolina.*]

The Blue is marching South once more,
With serried steel and stately tread;
Their martial music pealed before,
Their flag of stars flashed overhead.
Ah! not through storm and stress they come,
The thunders of old hate are dumb,
And frank as clear October's ray
This meeting of the Blue and Gray.

A Phœnix from her outworn fires,
Her gory ashes, rising free,
Fair Charleston, with her stainless spires,
Gleams by the silver-stranded sea.
No hurtling hail nor hostile ball
Breaks through the treacherous battle-pall;
True voices speak from hearts as true,
For Strife lies dead 'twixt Gray and Blue.

Grim Sumter, like a Titan maimed,
Still glooms beyond his shattered keep;
But where his bolts of lightning flamed
There broods a quiet, mild as sleep;
His granite base, long cleansed of blood,
Is circled by a golden flood,
Type of that peace whose sacred sway
Enfolds the Blue, exalts the Gray.

The sea-tides faintly rise afar,
And—wings of all the breezes furled—
Seem slowly borne o'er beach and bar,
Dream-murmurings from a spirit world.
Through throbbing drum and bugle-trill
The distant calm seems deeper still—
Deep as that faith whose cordial dew
Hath soothed the Gray and charmed the Blue.

O'er Ashley's breast the Autumn smiles,
All mellowed in her hazy fold,
While the white arms of languid isles
Are girdled with ethereal gold.

All nature whispers: War is o'er,
Fierce feuds have fled our sea and shore;
Old wrongs forgot, old ties renew,
O heroes of the Gray and Blue!

The Southern Palm and Northern Pine
No longer clash through leaf and bough;
Tranquilities of depth benign
Have bound their blending foliage now,
Serene they shine in sun-lit noon,
Or, tranced by cloudless star and moon,
Their equal shadows softly play
Above the Blue, across the Gray.

[*Paul H. Hayne, in Harper's Weekly.*

SPLINTERS

PULLED FROM A HANDFUL.

Gov. Bigelow endeared himself to the soldiers, being at all times solicitous for their welfare, with a kind and pleasant word for every one.

The hearty good nature of the Hon. Comptroller, the pleasant face and twinkling eyes of the Hon. Secretary of State, and the good spirits and jollity of the Member of the Staff from Lakeville, made these three especial favorites with all.

Gov. Jewell, with his usual affability and extensive acquaintance in the regiment, was greatly missed after leaving the "boys" at Fortress Monroe.

The Historian in his labors has availed himself of the help which has been accorded from extracts from Hartford and New Haven papers, from the Charleston "News and Courier" (invaluable), the correspondence of E. W. Baldwin in the "Journal and Courier," S. A. H. in the "Courant," H. T. S. in the "Post," H. in the Hartford "Globe," and was fortunate in obtaining a copy of the "Programme of the Yorktown Celebration," issued by the Commissioners, which proved of great assistance.

There is no one character, on a trip of this kind, quite equal to a real, live Poet.

The writer was under great obligation, at Columbia, to Mr. Orchard, who is a member of the press-gang, and well known to readers of the chess column in the Hartford "Times."

The Assistant Brevet Acting Quartermaster, Al. Spencer of South Manchester, was a useful and hard-working member of the Quartermaster's Department.

I beg pardon for inserting anything in this book of a humorous nature, but among the numerous puns inflicted upon us, two were so wretchedly poor they deserve a place in history.

When the bird was captured off Hatteras, it was suggested that it would be a good idea to have it cooked and sent to Co. K, when somebody replied, "Oh! no; not to Co. K, for they have already got one Burdett."

One day a miserable man among the guests inquired very humbly if Lynde Harrison was an Englishman, and then on being asked why he thought so, remarked, that he supposed so from the fact that he dropped the "H" from his name.

There was one really good thing got off one day, very funny and very laughable; it makes one laugh to just try to write it down. It tickled the hearers immensely. It—but I've forgotten what it was, and who said it, but it would seem awful funny if you should hear it.

Just before arriving at Hartford, Co. K joined in singing "Old Hundred," led by Trumpeter Mack.

One of the pleasantest of the many reminders of the trip came during the Holiday season, in the form of a gift to each guest from Commissary-General George H. Ford of New Haven. This was a handsomely gotten-up and elegantly mounted Banneret, on which was printed in letters of gold the names of the Governor's party, guests of the Regiment, and the Poem read by H. T. S. This beautiful souvenir has a prominent place in the home of each recipient.

The Charleston companies were rather ahead of our folks in the matter of badges, for we were very poorly supplied with anything which could be exchanged. Some of the Connecticut companies had the forethought to provide some before leaving home, others tried to make amends after our return.

About sixty badges were gotten up for the use of the guests by order of Colonel Barbour; but had we known how liberal our hosts would be in the matter of badges the number would have been many times that; but we will badge-r them until they return our visit.

We saw the tallest police force at Columbia it has been our lot to gaze upon for many years. The chief measured 9 feet 6 inches in height, or else it was 6 feet 9, one of the two at any rate; when he gets his growth he will very likely be obliged to resign, he will be so long getting around.

General George H. Ford "got up" some elegant souvenirs of the trip in the form of Bannerets, elegantly mounted, and printed on silk and velvet. On one side the names of the guests, on the reverse, the poem read by H. T. S. These were distributed among the guests as a holiday gift.

In the order named, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania appeared to the best advantage.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Great fraternizing at Charleston. They 're going to wrap a blue stocking about the trunk of the Palmetto on South Carolina's flag, and the Southern pine is to be grafted on the stem of Connecticut's Charter Oak.—*Baltimore American.*

A gentleman of Hartford received a letter from Mr. Daniel Ravenal of Charleston, agent for the Travelers Insurance company, in which he writes:

The First Connecticut regiment has won for themselves laurels in Charleston, and their dress-parade reminds us of the exhibition of the regulars at Fort Moultrie in ante-bellum days.

Many of the members are under obligations to Mr. R. for courtesies shown them.

The Sunday "Globe" of Hartford, in an issue just before the regiment left home, gave an exceedingly interesting sketch of Charleston and various objects of interest in the city, written by its editor and proprietor, Hon. C. C. Hubbard, who is fully posted on such matters. The "Globe" also gave a complete roster of the regiment, which was very useful.

The telephone interviews between Captain Barnum and various officers of the regiment, after the return, in regard to sea-sickness, were quite funny as given in the Sunday "Journal," although their accuracy was in some instances doubted.

It did the boys a power of good to be waited on by so many of the fair damsels of Hartford on the evening of their return.

On Governor's day at the Atlanta exposition, several of the visiting Governors were weighed, with the following results: Colquitt of Georgia, "cotton," 176; Bigelow of Connecticut, "nutmegs," 186½; Jarvis of North Carolina, "tar," 203; Blackburn of Kentucky, "blue grass," 221½; Hoyt of Pennsylvania, "iron," 248, which goes to show that Governors are men of great weight in the community.

Archibald Forbes, Esq., gave a lecture in the Hartford Opera House, on the evening of January 13, 1882, under the auspices of the First Regiment, which was a great success in every way. Colt's Band and the Hartford City Guard Glee Club took part, and H. T. Sperry, otherwise known as the Poet, read a very humorous poem on the Buzzard (which was present, but died a few days after, from hearing it). Lieutenant-Governor Bulkeley introduced the speaker very happily, who interested the great audience in "The Fighting Men of the Old World." This was also more enjoyable, because of a re-union of the officers and guests who went on the trip.

On one of the bright, pleasant days, while we were steaming slowly along, a few of the soldiers from various compa-

nies, who had been so thoughtful as to bring along fishing tackle, tried their luck, and succeeded in hooking several hundred fish, of a peculiar kind, a small, slender fish, about five inches in length, of a dark brown color and a strong odor like tobacco. The boys in lieu of a better name dubbed them Reina Victorias. Feeling hungry some of the fishermen smoked them, and liked the taste better than that of smoked herring.

The sufferings of the soldiers on the steamer excited much sympathy, an example of which we quote from the Hartford "Journal."

"A RETROSPECT."

Inscribed to the Sufferers of the First Regiment.

It was on the cape of Hat'ras,
Midst the fog so dark and thick,
That the soldier murmured faintly,
Stop the steamer, I am sick.

But the captain would not do it,
And he spoke up gruffly then:
'Tis the heaving of the ocean,
Makes the heaving of the men.

So the soldier lay and suffered,
More than words can ever tell,
And he bade them write his mother,
That her darling was unwell.

Then they held the basin nearer,
And they mopped his reeking brow,
'Till he said, you need not write her,
I'm somewhat better now.

CONGRATULATORY ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT C. N. G.,
HARTFORD, Nov. 7, 1881.

General Orders No. 7.

1. The following communications are published for the information of this command.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
NEW HAVEN, Oct. 31, 1881.

DEAR COLONEL:

It gives me great pleasure, upon my return to Connecticut, to congratulate you, and through you the officers and men of the First Regiment C. N. G., upon the great success of your recent trip to Yorktown and Charleston, as well as upon your safe and happy return.

Every one interested, either by birth, residence, or otherwise, in the reputation of our State, is justly proud of what the First Regiment has done for it. Its soldierly bearing, drill, and efficiency were complimented to me personally by such eminent military authorities as Gen. Sherman, Gen. Hancock, and Col. Livingston, the commandant at Fortress Monroe.

Equally generous praise came from Gov. Hagood, Col. Barnwell, Major Brawley, and other distinguished officers of the Confederate Army.

Above all, I desire to commend the whole Regiment for its manly behavior on all occasions, whether as soldiers on duty or citizens upon a pleasure trip. Every man acted as if the honor and dignity of the State of Connecticut was in his keeping.

I have the honor to remain,
Very sincerely yours,
HOBART B. BIGELOW.

To Col. LUCIUS A. BARBOUR,
Commanding the First Regiment C. N. G.,
Hartford, Conn.

CITY OF CHARLESTON, S. C.
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
Nov. 4, 1881.

DEAR COLONEL:

Your valued letter of Oct. 25th, covering the gift of mattresses to the Charitable Institutions of our City, was duly received and laid before the City Council at their last meeting.

I have the honor to express to you, and the officers and men of your command, and the officers and men of the Governor's Foot Guard of New Haven, our unanimous thanks for this useful gift, which was distributed as follows:

To the City Hospital, for indigent sick (white and colored),	150
To the City Alms House,	100
Old Folks' Home (infirm colored people),	100
Confederate Home,	20
House of Rest,	15
Sisters of Mercy Orphan Asylum,	15
	400

A few more were given singly to persons in need, say half a dozen. This comprised the whole receipt. Allow me, Colonel, to renew the expression of the sentiment of our entire community, that of pleasure at your visit, which, it is hoped, will lead to cordial relations in the future between the two states, whose hearts were pierced a hundred years ago, for the cause of civil liberty and self-government in America.

"*Esto perpetua*,"

With great respect, yours,

WM. A. COURTENAY, *Mayor*.

Col. BARBOUR,

First Reg't Conn. N. G., Hartford.

SECOND COMPANY GOVERNOR'S FOOT GUARD,

NEW HAVEN, NOV. 4, 1881.

Col. LUCIUS A. BARBOUR,

Commanding First Regiment, C. N. G.

DEAR SIR:

At a meeting of the company held on the above date, it was the unanimous vote of the company that a vote of thanks be and they are hereby extended to you, and the officers and members of your command, for the kindly manner in which we were entertained on our recent trip to Yorktown, Va., and Charleston, S. C., with the members of your command.

Respectfully yours,

DWIGHT S. TYRRILL,

Sec'y Second Co. G. F. G.

. . . . . .

The colonel commanding desires to add his appreciation of the conduct of the regiment on the occasions referred to, and to congratulate the command on the rare compliments paid upon its appearance, both when on and off duty. Success brings with it additional responsibility, and it is hoped that the high position attained by this regiment will serve as an incentive to every member to make renewed efforts to maintain its degree of proficiency. . . . . .

By order of Col. LUCIUS A. BARBOUR.

John K. Williams,

Official: *Captain and Adjutant.*

From the Annual Report of the Quartermaster-General of Connecticut, dated November 30, 1881, to the General Assembly.

. . . . . .

YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL.

In compliance with Special Act, No. 184, passed January Session A.D. 1881, transportation was furnished for the First Regiment C. N. G., it being designated by the commander-in-chief to represent the State at Yorktown; also for the Second Company of the Governor's Foot Guard of New Haven, and for the Governor and Staff and the Yorktown Commission.

The steamer chartered to convey the delegation was the "Charleston." They embarked at New Haven on Monday, October 17th, and reached Yorktown on Thursday, Oct. 20th. The trip was extended to Fortress Monroe, and Charleston, S. C.

The soldiery appearance and bearing of the troops, and the gentlemanly deportment won for them and the state that so handsomely fosters them, universal commendation. That it was a memorable trip, and that good was accomplished in bringing together the different sections of our country to a better understanding and a more brotherly feeling for each other, will not be doubted.

It having been decided that it was not safe for the troops to return on the steamer, transportation was furnished by rail at an extra expense of about seven thousand eight hundred dollars.

The advance made, viz., six thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars by this department for said transportation, has been refunded by Col. L. A. Barbour, on behalf of the First Regiment.

. . . . . .

I am very respectfully,

ALEXANDER HARBISON,
Quartermaster-General.

Under date of Dec. 1, 1881, the annual report of Adjt.-Gen. Harmon was made, from which I take the following:

Under the provisions of this act the First Regiment was selected to represent the State on that occasion, and as previously stated was excused from camp duty, and the Second Company Governor's Foot Guard performed escort duty to the Governor.

The regiment left the state Monday, Oct. 17th, by steamer "Charleston," for Yorktown, accompanied by the Governor and Staff and escort. The selection of the mode of transportation was unfortunate, and the delays of a sea voyage were such that the steamer did not arrive at Yorktown until the morning of October 20th, and the troops were unable to take part in any of the ceremonies except the march in review before the President. By quickly disembarking from the steamer, and a rapid march through the three miles of Yorktown dust, the regiment and the Governor's Guard were able to join the left of the infantry column of the troops under the command of Major-General Hancock, and passed the reviewing officer in good shape, being received with a hearty welcome and applause by the large crowd of interested spectators. The regiment was very unfortunate in its late arrival, and was obliged to appear in the column without the colonel having time to equalize the companies, the field and staff officers dismounted, and without an opportunity for the men to get accustomed to marching after their long confinement of sixty-six hours on a steamer.

After the review the regiment returned to the steamer, not going into camp. The regiment, desiring to achieve honors in addition to those to be gained at Yorktown, had projected an extension of their trip to Charleston, South Carolina, and were amply repaid therefor. It left the next morning for Fortress Monroe, where a few hours were most pleasantly spent in viewing that famous fortress, so intimately connected with many stirring scenes of the

civil war. Leaving Fort Monroe at 11 A. M. Friday, Oct. 21st, the steamer headed for Charleston, S. C., where it arrived Sunday morning, Oct. 23d. The regiment and its guests, including the Governor and escort, were most royally received by the citizens and military of Charleston, and every hour of their stay in that historic city was made pleasant and agreeable. On Monday, the regiment and the Governor's Guard paraded under escort of the Fourth Brigade, South Carolina Volunteer Troops, commanded by Brigadier-General C. Irvine Walker, and the entire command was reviewed by Governor Hagood of South Carolina, and the Governor of Connecticut. The various companies comprising the military representation from this State were banqueted after the parade, and friendships were formed which will outlast the memories of the first two days' trip on the steamer "Charleston."

The behavior of the members of the regiment in Charleston, and in fact during the entire trip of twelve days, was most exemplary, not one incident occurring to reflect on the regiment, or the State. The cordial good will with which the regiment and the representatives of the State government were received was very marked and fully appreciated by all; and the citizens and military of Charleston will be held in long remembrance, by the members who participated in the delights of the reception so freely and cordially tendered. The excursion has certainly had the good effect to promote a better acquaintance between the citizens, and to bind in a closer union than ever before the States of South Carolina and Connecticut. Not feeling satisfied with the seaworthiness of the steamer, the troops came home by rail, arriving Friday night, Oct. 28th, without any accident.

I feel that I should not do justice to the First Regiment if I did not convey to the Colonel and to the entire command, through this report, my appreciation of their splendid drill, discipline, and military appearance as the representative military body of Connecticut at Yorktown and Charleston. The wisdom of the selection was fully exemplified.

The following is taken from the Message of His Excellency Governor Bigelow, to the General Assembly of Connecticut, January 4, 1882.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

The active militia of the State consists of four regiments and one battalion of infantry and one battery of artillery. These form a brigade, under command of a Brigadier-General. There are thirty-seven infantry companies, divided into one regiment of ten companies, three of eight companies, and one battalion of three companies. By the muster of November, 1881, we have 2,334 men in service, of whom 165 are commissioned officers and 2,169 enlisted men. This is a decrease from last year of 580. Seven companies of infantry have been disbanded, four in accordance with the act of 1881, and three because they failed to reach a proper standard of efficiency. Active service during the year has embraced the customary parades, and an encampment at Niantic for six days of the Second, Third, and Fourth regiments, and the artillery. The First regiment was chosen to represent the State at the Yorktown Centennial Celebration, in accordance with the special act of the last General Assembly. The second company of Governor's Foot Guard were detailed for escort duty, under the provisions of the same act. These organizations took part in the ceremonies at Yorktown on the 20th of October.

As directed by the last Assembly, I was present with my staff. The militia of Connecticut, though they had to contend with the disadvantages and annoyances of delays, presented a most creditable appearance. They did not suffer from comparison with any body of troops in the great line of the general review. In soldierly appearance, perfection of equipment, and precision of movement they were not surpassed. The same qualities, with a very high degree of discipline, were exhibited throughout the entire trip. Their visit to Charleston, by invitation of the city and State authorities, was, in many respects, a memorable event. It was memorable as being, as nearly as such a thing is possible, the visit of one State to another; it was memorable from the representative character, in their respective sections, of the States that took part in it, and it was especially memorable to Connecticut from the liberal, whole-souled, and sincere welcome with which her representatives were received. Nothing was left undone to make the occasion pleasant in every particular. I believe that the visit gave a large body of Connecticut citizens new and truer ideas of the South, its feelings and motives. We hope that those southern citizens whom we met, and to whom we

are indebted for such a fraternal welcome, gained from the visit truer conceptions of the temper of our people toward them. It has certainly given an added cordiality and heartiness to the good feeling between Connecticut and South Carolina.

I cannot refrain from giving a word of well-merited praise to the behavior of the troops on their tedious sea-voyage, under the strange discomforts of an ill-provided troop-ship, and to the excellent interior discipline and admirable self-control exhibited amid the festivities of the two days and nights' entertainment at Charleston. It is no small praise to say that in a body of five hundred soldiers, enjoying the most open-handed and unlimited entertainment at the hands of the local militia, nothing occurred to occasion even the reprimand of a superior officer.

COPY OF RESOLUTIONS, ADOPTED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT.

The officers of this command in meeting assembled, in reviewing the incidents of the recent trip of the regiment are deeply impressed with the attentions and courtesies of which it was from first to last the recipient, and with the unbounded hospitalities which were showered upon each and all of its members. We had anticipated kindly attentions from our friends, and that generous treatment from our hosts which has ever characterized them. And that these anticipations were more than realized, the singular success which attended us, and the rare enjoyment which was our lot, amply attest. As we look back upon the experience of our absence, we increasingly feel to how great a degree we are indebted to all our friends and hosts for the unmeasured kindnesses with which we were greeted. For ourselves we shall never need to be reminded of our debts of gratitude, but that our records may express to those who shall come after us some sense of our appreciation of the favors received, and bear testimony of those who so unsparingly contributed to our pleasure, we are prompted to inscribe thereon this memorial.

To Senator Joseph R. Hawley, and Lieutenant-Commander Henry C. White, U. S. N., we are indebted for most timely services, without which our visit to Yorktown would have been a disappointment, and our duty to the State unperformed. Equally thoughtful and efficient service on the part of the former attended our visit to Washington.

To Major James B. Burbank, U. S. A., who accompanied us as far as Fortress Monroe, and who was from his wide experience and acquaintance able to give us much valuable counsel, and show us many opportune attentions, we return our grateful acknowledgments.

To Colonel L. L. Livingston, U. S. A., and to the officers of his command, we are indebted for many attentions at Fortress Monroe, and for the escort with which we were there honored.

To the citizens of Charleston, one and all, from its honored mayor to the humblest who extended to us a hand of greeting, and contributed to make our visit to their city the brightest spot in the history of the regiment, we are under a debt of uncommon gratitude. They welcomed us to their hearts and homes. They counted not cost, or trouble, or personal inconvenience, if only they could contribute to make our welcome more than royal, and fill the cup of our happiness running over. By all this and the thousand attentions of the military of the city and vicinity, who were our immediate hosts, our hearts were deeply touched. Generous, true-hearted hospitality never had fitter expression. We appreciate its depth of feeling and of meaning, and trust that the day is not far distant when we may emphasize our appreciation by such a return of courtesies as we are able to make.

To Mayor O'Neale and the citizens of Columbia, S. C., we are indebted for hospitalities received and their many expressions of kindness and courtesy, and to the military organizations of the city for the honors which were paid us.

To the Washington Light Infantry of Washington, D. C., we are under obligations for their soldierly escort, the use of their armory, and personal hospitality.

To our friends at home, who by thousands welcomed our returning footsteps, to the military and civic bodies which escorted us to our last halt, and to the ladies who by their generous collation, so thoughtfully prepared, most acceptably satisfied our last desire, we return the acknowledgments of friends and a gratitude which springs from a heartfelt satisfaction that in our absence we were remembered.

The adjutant is directed to enter this memorial upon the records of the regiment, and transmit a copy thereof to those whose kindness it commemorates.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT
CONNECTICUT NATIONAL GUARD,
HARTFORD, March 1, 1882.

[GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.]

I. The following is published for the information of this Command.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY,
JANUARY SESSION, A.D. 1882.

Resolution tendering thanks of the General Assembly to the militia who represented the State at the Yorktown Centennial.

Resolved by this Assembly:

That the First Regiment of the Connecticut National Guard and the Second Company of the Governor's Foot Guard, who represented the State at the Yorktown Centennial Celebration, by their soldierly bearing and gentlemanly conduct during their entire trip to Yorktown and Charleston, reflected credit and honor upon the State, and merit and hereby receive the thanks of the General Assembly.

Passed, February 14, 1882.

Very handsomely-printed cards were issued at Charleston, with a pretty design on the cover, containing a complete list of the committees who so thoroughly and well attended to their duties in arranging for our reception, and entertaining the visitors while there, as follows:

CITY COUNCIL.

Mayor.

HON. W. A. COURTENAY.

Aldermen.

G. W. Dingle,	Blake L. White,
Thomas Roddy,	Wm. Ufferhardt,
A. Johnson,	P. Moran,
John R. Mauran,	F. S. Rogers,
John Feehan,	D. C. Ebaugh,
Robert G. Chisolm,	H. H. Knee,
Oscar Aichel,	E. F. Sweegan,
Samuel Webb,	J. H. Loeb,

A. B. Rose, M.D.,	A. W. Eckel,
C. B. Nell,	Wm. Thayer,
C. B. Sigwald,	R. C. Barkley.

CITIZENS' COMMITTEE.

Committee on General Management.

C. Irvine Walker, Chairman.

A. S. J. Perry,	Samuel Wragg,	Thos. Frost, Jr.,
G. L. Buist,	W. M. Bruns,	H. T. Williams,
D. Ravenel,	B. Mantoue,	Theo. D. Jervey,
L. S. Jervey,	A. H. Mowry,	Wm. E. Breese.
Jno. Von Oven,	F. P. Salas,	

W. G. DeSaussure, Jr., Secretary.

Committee on Entertainment.

G. Lamb Buist, Chairman.

H. C. Robertson,	W. G. DeSaussure, Jr.,	G. Follin,
W. Carrington,	J. B. Bissell,	Henry Card,
A. S. Johnston,	F. Tupper,	E. Willis,
R. G. Murdoch,	C. C. Patrick,	W. K. Ryan,
D. S. Silcox,	J. N. Robson,	S. H. Wilson,
R. Siegling,	C. J. Huguenin,	Geo. Von Kolnitz,
Wm. Moran,	E. Waltjen,	J. L. Sheppard,
Arthur Barnwell,	T. R. McGahan,	H. H. De Leon,
C. Kerrison, Jr.,	C. O. Witte,	A. D. Cohen,
W. S. Hastie,	D. E. H. Smith,	S. Y. Tupper,
E. C. Williams, Jr.,	W. H. Jones,	H. Bulwinkle,
E. H. Frost,	G. D. Bryan,	H. E. Young,
B. Vollers,	T. P. Lowndes,	W. H. Brawley,
S. Lord, Jr.,	A. B. Murray,	Henry Buist,
W. K. Steadman,	C. H. Simonton,	J. S. Schirmer,
J. C. H. Claussen,	R. C. Gilchrist,	S. R. Marshall,
James Simonds,	H. J. O'Neill,	Lee Howard,
Thad. Street,	A. G. Magrath,	J. R. P. Ravenel,
Alva Gage,	C. A. Chisolm,	R. N. Gourdin,
C. P. Poppenheim,	G. W. Williams,	F. Melchers,
C. S. Bennett,	W. L. Trenholm,	L. D. Mowry,
W. P. Carrington,	W. G. Eason,	C. Inglesby,
F. W. Dawson,	James Allan,	Jacob Small,
B. F. Huger,	J. B. Steele,	A. T. Smythe,
J. W. Barnwell,	G. W. Kinck,	Jas. B. Campbell,
G. H. Walter,	Samuel Wragg,	A. Simonds,
F. J. Pelzer,	Peter Macqueen,	M. Furchgott,
S. B. Pickens,	W. D. Clancy,	R. M. Marshall,
C. U. Shepard, Jr., M.D.,	Arthur Ma[illegible],	W. M. Bird.

Committee on the Reception at Academy of Music.

F. P. Salas, Chairman.

H. T. McGee,	F. E. Taylor,	B. Bollman,
T. P. Turner,	W. W. Whilden,	J. G. Luhn,
W. C. Courtney,	J. Adger Smyth,	J. B. Reeves,
B. G. Pinckney,	P. P. Toale,	P. Shuckman.

Committee on Badges and Printing.

D. Ravenel.

Committee on Finance.

A. H. Mowry, Chairman.

E. C. Williams,	L. D. DeSaussure,	H. P. Foster,
W. P. Holmes,	T. A. Wilbur,	A. L. Bristol,
B. F. Moise,	L. B. Doolittle,	F. W. Wagener,
Alex. McLoy,	T. S. O'Brien,	Hutson Lee,
W. J. McCormack,	A. H. Hayden,	F. Von Santen.

Committee to meet Governor Hagood.

Theodore D. Jervey, Chairman.

Jas. Connor,	C. R. Miles,
L. J. Walker,	A. B. Rose.

ROSTER OF OFFICERS, FOURTH BRIGADE, S. C. V. T.

Brigadier-General and Staff.

Brigadier-General C. Irvine Walker, Commanding.
Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Mazyck, Adjutant-General.
Major A. G. Magrath, Jr., Brigade-Inspector.
Major B. Wohlers, Brigade-Quartermaster.
Major D. O'Neill, Brigade-Paymaster.
Major T. Grange Simons, Jr., M.D., Brigade-Surgeon.
Rev. W. F. Junkin, D.D., Brigade-Chaplain.
Captain C. R. Holmes, Jr., Aide-de-Camp.

First Regiment of Rifles.

Colonel W. M. BRUNS, Commanding.
Lieutenant-Colonel L. DEB. MCCRADY.
Major W. E. BREESE.
Captain J. L. GANTT, JR., Adjutant.
Captain A. J. CHISOLM, Paymaster.
Captain H. M. MANIGAULT, JR., Quartermaster.
Captain R. B. RHETT, JR., Surgeon.
Captain J. ANCRUM SIMONS, Judge Advocate.

Irish Rifles.

Captain James Armstrong.
1st Lieutenant D. F. Gleason. 2d Lieutenant P. F. May.

Sumter Guards.

Captain Charles F. Hard.
1st Lieutenant Simeon Hyde, Jr. 2d Lieutenant G. W. McIver.
2d Lieutenant C. M. Trott.

Washington Light Infantry.

Captain Alexander W. Marshall.
1st Lieutenant Joseph S. Hannahan. Junior 1st Lieutenant Geo. B. Edwards.
2d Lieutenant W. Lucas Simons. 2d Lieutenant J. Lamb Johnston.

Irish Volunteers.

Captain Patrick O'Neill.
1st Lieutenant M. Quinlivan. 2d Lieutenant C. A. McHugh.
2d Lieutenant J. C. Mandeville.

Montgomery Guards.

Captain James F. Redding.
1st Lieutenant T. J. Kennedy. 2d Lieutenant M. D. Maguire.
2d Lieutenant J. B. Comar.

Palmetto Guard.

Captain Samuel Wiley.
1st Lieutenant T. P. Mood. 2d Lieutenant P. W. Sanders.
2d Lieutenant L. E. Williams.

German Fusiliers.

Captain Henry Schachte.

1st Lieutenant J. Boesch. 2d Lieutenant Henry B. Schroder.

2d Lieutenant Wm. Michaelis.

Charleston Riflemen.

Captain J. C. R. Taylor.

1st Lieutenant W. H. Davenport. 2d Lieutenant Thomas S. McCarrel.

2d Lieutenant Jas. T. Pregnall.

Carolina Rifle Battalion.

Major THOMAS FROST, JR., Commanding.

1st Lieut. TREZEVANT WILLIAMS, Adjt. 1st Lieut. JAS. G. HOLMES, JR., P.M.

1st Lieutenant W. J. MCCORMACK, Q.M.

Company A.

Captain James P. Lesesne.

1st Lieutenant Geo. M. Coffin. 2d Lieutenant C. F. Hanckel, Jr.

Company B.

Captain W. St. Julien Jervey. 1st Lieutenant Wm. Mure.

First Regiment Artillery.

Captain B. MANTOUE, Commanding.

Marion Artillery.

Captain W. James Whaley. 1st Lieutenant K. K. Huger.

2d Lieutenant H. Nott Parker.

Lafayette Artillery.

Captain B. Mantoue.

1st Lieutenant C. W. Stiles. 2d Lieutenant L. L. Soubeyroux.

Washington Artillery.

1st Lieutenant H. H. Riggs, Commanding.

2d Lieutenant J. E. Follin. 2d Lieutenant H. A. DeSaussure.

German Artillery.

Captain F. W. Wagener.

1st Lieutenant James Simons. 1st Lieutenant J. F. Lilienthal.

2d Lieutenant D. W. Gotjen. 2d Lieutenant H. Buck.

Lieutenant of Pioneers J. H. Thiele.

Cavalry Battalion.

Major JOHN C. MINOTT, Commanding.

2d Lieutenant GEO. H. TUCKER, Adjt. 2d Lieutenant J. A. BULWINKLE, Q.M.

German Hussars.

Captain E. J. Hesse.

1st Lieutenant J. A. Simons. 2d Lieutenant F. W. Jessen.

2d Lieutenant John A. Bulwinkle.

Charleston Light Dragoons.

Captain Lewis S. Jervey. 1st Lieutenant P. G. Stoney.

2d Lieutenant George H. Tucker. 2d Lieutenant S. G. Stoney.

ROSTER OF SECOND COMPANY GOVERNOR'S FOOT GUARD OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.,

OCTOBER, 1881.

Captain.

E. J. MORSE.

First Lieutenant.

A. M. JOHNSON.

Second Lieutenant.

F. D. BRETT.

First Sergeant.

F. J. Checkeni.

Quartermaster-Sergeant.

A. B. Wells.

Color-Sergeant.

E. M. Beebe.

Sergeants.

Daniel McNeal,
W. N. Storer,
E. P. Bush.

Corporals.

T. N. Geirding,
D. S. Tyrrill,
C. E. Case,
H. T. Potter,
J. J. Wooster,
C. E. Mack,
H. E. Thomas.

Musicians.

L. Hendricks,
R. C. Hart,
J. Martin.
A. Hillsdorf,

Privates.

W. E. Adt,
G. W. Adt,
C. H. Benham,
E. Brockett,
E. Brockett, 2d,*
J. L. Brockett,
W. N. Brockway,
W. L. Chamberlin,*
O. Davis,
J. N. Deming,
C. F. Dibble,
F. C. Foote,*
G. W. Gongaman,*
E. F. Hendricks,*
J. Hendricks,*
J. Hermance,
W. Herschaft,
G. Hoey,
G. Hosmer,
W. L. Huntley,
L. A. Huntley,
E. Hurlbut,
D. Ingraham,
E. A. King,
C. Krengle,
C. Kinney,
J. J. Manley,
H. T. Mix,
C. Northrop,
H. J. Nicholson,
G. Marx,
E. J. Morse,
C. E. Rand,*
W. M. Redgote,
W. L. Royce,
E. C. Spencer,
F. H. Simmons,
Wm. B. Swift,
W. J. Swanters,
Daniel Tolles,
D. Tobin,
M. A. Tucker,
J. C. Tucker,
A. D. Tyrrill,*
H. R. Wells,
C. E. Whiting,
W. L. Warner,
C. E. Wheeler.

Those marked (*) did not go, for various reasons.

ROSTER OF FIRST REGIMENT C. N. G., OCTOBER, 1881.

Those marked with a star (*) were unable from various causes to accompany the regiment on the Yorktown and Charleston excursion.

FIELD, STAFF, AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

FIELD.

Colonel.

LUCIUS A. BARBOUR.

Lieutenant-Colonel.
WILLIAM E. CONE.

Major.
ARTHUR L. GOODRICH.

STAFF.

Adjutant.

Captain JOHN K. WILLIAMS.

Quartermaster.
First Lieut. RICHARD O. CHENEY.

Paymaster.
First Lieut. WM. B. MCCRAY.

Surgeon.
Major GEO. W. AVERY, M.D.

Assistant-Surgeon.
First Lieut. H. G. HOWE, M.D.

Inspector of Target Practice.
Capt. JABEZ L. WOODBRIDGE.

Chaplain.
Rev. JAMES W. COOPER.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant-Major.
WILLIAM G. SIMMONS.* †

Quartermaster-Sergeant.
JOHN D. WORTHINGTON.

Commissary-Sergeant.
WALLACE T. FENN.

Hospital-Steward.
PHILO W. NEWTON.

Drum-Major.
WILLIAM C. STEELE.

Fife-Major.
WILLIAM C. SPARY.

REGIMENTAL BAND.

William Behre,
William F. Behre,
William B. Boyle,
Arthur E. Baker,
G. Edward Bishop,
Henry A. Chamberlin,*
James Daly,
Charles Elwin,
Charles P. Hatch,
Edward A. Johnson,
Edward A. Johnson, Jr.,
Charles J. Johnson,
Thomas W. Morgan,
Edward O'Brien,
Albert H. Prutting,
Edmund Severn,*
Charles Stone,
William Westphal, Jr.,
William O. Walker,
John B. D. Wilson.

EXTRA MUSICIANS.

Thomas Hallam,
Charles O. Baldwin,
Charles V. Dunlap,
John Gould.

† Sergeant DeWitt P. Preston, Co. K, was appointed Acting Sergeant-Major.

COMPANY A.

Captain.

WILLIAM WESTPHAL.

First Lieutenant.

EDWARD SCHULZE.

Second Lieutenant.

HENRY F. SMITH.

First Sergeant.

George Newshafer.

Sergeants.

Emil Schmidt,
Amos Brumbaum,
James P. Brennan,
Jacob B. Sprewenberg.

Quartermaster-Sergeant.

George Senk.

Corporals.

Frederick C. Krug,
James W. Camp,*
Charles Fisher,
Harry Miller,*
Charles A. Lotze,
Herman Bodenstein,
Frederick E. Nissen.

Musicians.

Joseph Heck,*
Dayton W. Lyman.

Privates.

George Adamson,
George Brand, Jr.
Charles F. Bodenstein,
Frederick H. Bacon,
Thomas F. Brabazon,
James C. Bailey,
William Bubser,
Frank N. Bacon,
Frank A. Connolly,
William H. Carter,
Thomas J. Cornniff,
Joseph W. Criddle,
Patrick Daley,*
Edward Felhage,*
Charles J. Fisher,
Frank Gropp,
Frank Gans,
Frank Heise,
George Heise,
Christopher Hawerwass,
Philip Hansling,
Albert W. Hutt,
William F. Kropp,
William W. Keller,
Albert Kaser,
Harry Kenten,
Frederick M. Kowalsky,
Frank G. Lutz,
George Lind,
James F. Leonard,
William J. Milton,
George M. Menze,
Charles Mantie,
Charles H. Noble,*
Charles E. Prout,
Otto Sickmann,
Thomas R. Swift,
Henry A. Swift,
Mattias Southeimer,*
Charles Sommer,
Alfred Teweles,*
Thomas Wright,
Robert J. Wilson,
Joseph H. Winters.

COMPANY B.

Captain.

PATRICK J. MORAN.

First Lieutenant.

THOMAS F. FLANIGAN.

Second Lieutenant.

PATRICK H. SMITH.

First Sergeant.

John J. Leahy.

Sergeants.

Thomas Langrishe, Jr.,
Bernard H. Fallon,
James Clark,
Garrett F. Roach.

Quartermaster-Sergeant.

John F. O'Brien.

Corporals.

James D. Dunn,
John J. Dahill,
Dennis J. Starkey,
Patrick B. McGivney,*
James Cunningham,
John F. Lawler,
Richard J. Kingsley,*
John Broderick.

Musician.

Florence Meafoy.

Privates.

James J. Allen,*
Samuel J. Burke,
Samuel J. Bishop,
Reuben Bishop,
John P. Collins,
John P. Carmody,
James Crane,
William M. Cleary,
Thomas Clark,
John Coakley,
Edward E. Coughlin,
Edward A. Duff,
John C. Doyle,
Robert Fallon,
Thomas P. Fallon,
John Feign,
William J. Grace,
Michael J. Henson,
John Hurley,
Thomas F. Hayes,
John J. Lawler,
Jeremiah H. Leon,*
Michael K. Lally,*
John F. Losty,*
Peter J. McLaughlin,*
Thomas E. McCann,
John McCarthy, Jr.,
Joseph J. Maloy,*
Morris W. Murphy,
Michael F. Maloney,
John J. McCann,
Patrick A. McCann,
Robert McGonigal,
John McLaughlin,
Patrick Muldoon,
John F. Moran,
James F. Noonan,
Andrew Noonan,
John J. O'Neil,
Terrance P. Quirk,
James Roper,
Timothy M. Roper,*
Charles F. Renard,
Richard J. Rice,
William Sparks,
Thomas J. Whalen,
Michael T. Ward.

COMPANY D.

Captain.

AUGUSTUS N. BENNETT.

First Lieutenant.
JOHN C. BINGHAM.

Second Lieutenant.
WILLIAM E. ALLEN.

First Sergeant.

George W. Caswell.

Sergeants.

Max J. Smith, John McBriarty,
Thomas J. Toohy.

Quartermaster-Sergeant.

Edward A. Moore.

Corporals.

Charles T. Martensen, Patrick P. Lynch,
Michael Cosgrove,* Gottlieb Stingel,
Philip V. Burkarth.

Musicians.

George Cooley, Henry Scheuy.

Privates.

Charles H. Allen,
Frank Andrews,
Austin N. Bennett,
Edward Bailey,
Elmer A. Bennett,
Charles W. Bailey,
Frederick J. Bittermann,
William Burkarth,
James Cronin,
James Clinton,
Martin Corbett,
William Corker,
John Fenton,
Henry G. Gerber,
John Gormley,
August Hallbauer,
John H. Herman,
Thomas Jackson,
Andrew Johnson,
Michael Loughman,
Samuel Loughman,
Ervin A. Lawton,
Andrew J. Lee,
Isaac T. Morris,
Michael J. McCarthy,
Daniel Mack,
Michael H. Malone,
Charles Nothnagle, Jr.,
James M. Quin,
Charles E. Riecker,
Albert Scoville,*
George E. Steele,
George Scheidler,
Edward F. Schutz,
Arthur E. Strickland,
Augustus Simpson,
Erastus B. Valentine,
Frank L. Whaples,
George Wilhelmy,
Joseph W. Wischek,
Gustave Weshe, Jr.,
George Wolfer,
Nelson J. Yates,
John Young.*

COMPANY E.

Captain.

CHARLES B. ERICHSON.

First Lieutenant.

FRED. M. HEMENWAY.

Second Lieutenant.

J. LESTER OSGOOD.

First Sergeant.

George O. McLean.

Sergeants.

Frederick W. Carnell,
Alfred L. Thompson,
Arthur G. Judd,
Thomas A. McConkey.

Quartermaster-Sergeant.

Charles E. Lee.

Corporals.

John P. Gorman,
Henry E. Porter,
Frederick C. Wilson,
Henry W. Pritchard,
Frederick P. Godry,
James A. Turnbull.

Musicians.

Irwin E. Hubbard,
Charles H. Volkmann.

Privates.

Frederick Brown,
William G. Burg,
Herbert Brown,
Frederick W. Birmingham,
Charles A. Chamberlin,
George W. Coates,
William S. Case,
Peter Dorsey,
Henry A. Eddy,
Frederick E. Fairbanks,
John E. Fisher,
William C. Fisher,
John E. Greenwood,
Henry P. Gangloff,
Joseph D. Gibbons,
Hugh Gibb,
Merritt W. Humason,
William M. Kellogg,
Herman Lumpp,
Henry F. Latham,
Arthur J. Mathews,
Edwin R. Mitchell,
William H. Morgan,
D. Hawley Marion,
Andrew M. McBrayne,
Matthew Nunney,
Arthur D. V. Newcomb,
Lawrence Preisinger,
Frank E. Price,
Edgar D. Penfield,
Clarence H. Rockwell,
James Riley,
John J. Smith,
Louis Schwab,*
James H. Service,
Robert Sloan,
Frank J. Spring,
William W. Stickels,
Hugh Tiernan,
Willard A. Thompson,
Frank E. Vensel,*
John J. Wright,
William E. Wright,
Gustave G. Winger,
Merwin H. Williams,
Charles O. Williams,
William B. Wallace.

COMPANY F.

Captain.

JOHN L. WHITE.

First Lieutenant.

LEVI H. HOTCHKISS.

Second Lieutenant.

GEORGE E. LEE.†

First Sergeant.

Thomas T. Welles.

Sergeants.

Alexander Allen,
Everett L. Morse,*
George B. Newton,
Francis B. Wilson.

Quartermaster-Sergeant.

Ernst C. Bluehdorn.

Corporals.

Robert H. Douthwaite, Jr.,
James S. Bryant, Jr.,
Alfred W. Green,
William C. Messinger,*
George H. Burt,
Frank W. Rogers,*
William P. Barber,*
Franklin P. Dickinson.

Musicians.

George F. Douthwaite,
George S. Carey.

Privates.

George A. Bolles,*
Howard F. Boardman,
Edward B. Cook,*
Caldwell H. Colt,*
Frederick P. Chapman,
Frederick H. Crosthwaite,
Edward F. Copeland,
Alexander F. Emmons,
Charles N. Farnam,*
Frank G. Foster,*
George H. Foster,
William S. Goodrich,
Curtis P. Gladding,
Justin J. Gates,
Gilbert H. Gleason,
Elmer W. Griswold,
Louis F. Heublein,*
Henry C. Humphrey,
Chauncey F. Houston,
Louis B. Hubbard,
Walter K. Havens,
Louis Q. Jones,*
David J. Jordan,
Walter H. Jones,
Frank D. May,
Herman J. Maercklein,
Edward E. Mandeville,*
Louis N. Mansuy,
Charles W. Newton,
John K. Parsons,
Charles E. Poindexter,
Fred. H. Robertson,*
Frank W. Rood,*
William S. Richardson,
Gustav Schwab,*
Everett L. Stevens,
Henry H. Templeton,
Herbert W. Thompson,
Samuel W. Tuttle,
Edwin H. Williams,
Richard G. Waterous, Jr.,
Clarence H. Wickham,
Fred. W. Weildon,
William Wilsey,
Israel W. Williams,
Eugene A. Welles,
James M. Walkley.

† Lieutenant George E. Lee died suddenly in New York City, March 15, 1882, the first death among the officers who took part in the excursion.

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